

METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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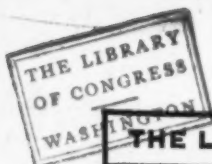
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METHODIST REVIEW

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ART. I.—THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF ITALY AND SWITZERLAND—A CONTRAST

WHEN we left Lucerne, about the first of November, everything was cold and gloomy, the hotels were empty, the Lion of Thorwaldsen and the Glacier Garden were deserted; across the lake came a chilling blast that drove everyone indoors or caused the passers-by to hurry along, crouching and shivering, in a vain attempt to keep warm. A few days later, when we issued from the railroad station at Rome and took the cab for our lodgings on the Via Boncompagni, the sun was shining brightly, the sky was blue, and a soft, springlike breeze whispered among the stone oaks and cypresses which rose picturesquely over the villa walls. Seven months later we left the hot, dusty cities of Italy and after passing through the long tunnel of Saint Gothard came out once more among the mountains and valleys of Switzerland—this time clothed with all the charm of spring, fresh and beautiful in the velvet of its green upland meadows, the murmur of its clear-flowing streams, and the keen air blowing down from the high mountains

“Where the white mists forever
Are spread and upfurled
In the stir of the forces
Whence issued the world.”

Many a time as I sat on the porch of our little chalet, high up on a cliff above Meiringen, and looked out over the valley beneath to the summits of the Weishorn and Eiger, has the thought of Italy come back to me—warm and sweet in winter, hot and enervating in summer—and involuntarily the words of Tennyson came to my mind:

“Dark and true and tender is the north,
And bright and false and fickle is the south.”

For these lines can apply to the climate as well as to the people of the north and south, whom the poet had in mind when he wrote them, and it may not be overfanciful to look on the contrast between the climatic conditions of Italy and Switzerland as typical of the difference in character of the peoples inhabiting them, the one quick-witted, artistic, yet passionate and changeable, the other rude and simple, yet honest and true.

The first thing I did at Rome was to visit in turn and as thoroughly as possible all those wonderful monuments which make the city so full of invincible charm to every intelligent traveler, but when the first keen edge of sight-seeing had worn off I began to be aware of the world beneath the surface of the show places, and one of surpassing interest to the student of history and society. For here in Rome is being fought out, perhaps to the bitter end, the old contest between conservatism and progress in the field of religious life. Here in the Vatican mediævalism is shut up, and the Roman pontiff can look out of his window across the Tiber to the Quirinal, which symbolizes the end of the temporal power of the church; to the university, where freethinking and even atheism are publicly avowed, and to the handsome Methodist building on the Via Venti Settembre which personifies the fact that religious tolerance has found a refuge even in the very citadel of Roman Catholicism. But in studying the religious life of Italy the first thing that strikes us is its objectivity. Not in the quiet seclusion of his own chamber, in the reading of Scripture, communion with God, and in prayer does the Italian give expression to his religious instincts, but in outward form and ceremony. The gorgeous churches, encrusted with precious marbles, gold, and silver; the multitude of blazing candles, the chant of the red- and white- and purple-robed priests, the incense and the swinging censers all produce a wonderful spectacular effect. It is difficult to describe the charm of all this, especially when the great miracle of the mass is about to be consummated, and when

"the organ sounds and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost."

This objectivity finds especial illustration in the worship of sacred

pictures, statues, and relics. One day I went to the Church of Saint Agostino, where a statue of the Madonna and Child is worshipped with a peculiar reverence. The figures are beautiful, but so covered with rich garments, jewelry, and precious stones that it is hard to see clearly the features. The walls are covered with votive offerings, for the most part consisting of silver hearts or legs or arms, presented by those who had been healed of sickness by the Madonna. In some cases rude pictures were hung up representing, for instance, a shipwreck, or a man falling from a window, or a deathbed scene, with the Virgin Mary appearing and saving from destruction those who were in peril of death. All the offerings were marked with the letters P. G. R. ("for grace received"). Before the altar, lighted with never extinguished candles, a constant stream of worshipers kneeled and prayed to the miraculous image, then rose and reverently kissing its foot departed. Similar scenes are to be found in almost every church in Rome. The worship of relics, one of the strangest features of mediæval history, can be seen in all its primitive superstition in the Rome of to-day. No church but has its sacred relic—bone, or garment, or something else that once belonged to saint or martyr. Everybody knows of the lance of Longinus at Saint Peter's and also the Veronica, the image of the Saviour imprinted on a cloth given him by a woman to wipe away the perspiration from his face, on his way to Calvary, but the strangest of all may be seen at Santa Croce del Gerusalemme, one of the seven pilgrimage churches at Rome. The official list of these relics includes "the finger of Saint Thomas, apostle, with which he touched the most holy side of our Lord Jesus Christ; one of the pieces of money with which the Jews paid the treachery of Judas; great part of the veil and of the hair of the most blessed Virgin; a mass of cinders and charcoal united in the form of a loaf with the fat of Saint Laurence, martyr; one bottle of the most precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; another of the milk of the most blessed Virgin; a little piece of the stone where Christ was born; a little piece of the stone where our Lord sat when he pardoned Mary Magdalene; of the stone where our Lord wrote the Law given to Moses on Mount Sinai; of the stone where reposed Saints Peter and

Paul; of the cotton which collected the blood of Christ; of the manna which fed the Israelites; of the rod of Aaron which flourished in the desert, of the relics of the eleven prophets." It must be confessed that to the ordinary observer religion in Italy seems to have but little influence on the heart and soul of the people. What they do is apparently perfunctory. Watch the crowds as they murmur the Litany and see how little real expression of true feeling there is. Nay, watch the officiating clergymen themselves. In the Church of Saint Eusebius a bishop was celebrating mass on the feast of Saint Anthony. Before touching the sacred vessels which held the blood of Christ he washed his hands in a silver basin and wiped them on a clean towel. Then he reached his hand under his cassock, took out his handkerchief, and after blowing his nose, deliberately spat on the highest step of the altar so sacred that he alone, as bishop, was allowed to stand on it. Perhaps the two most popular churches in Rome are the Gesù and San Carlo al Corso. In the former Padre Passavich, a Venetian friar, preached every day at eleven o'clock during the whole of Lent. His sermons were not like those with which we are so familiar in Protestant countries, discussions of the life and teachings of Christ with a direct application to the individual souls. I confess I was not attracted to Padre Passavich. He seemed to me insincere and casuistic. One day I went to the Gesù by way of the Capitol and stopped for a moment to look at the wolf that paced restlessly back and forth in his cave on the side of the Capitol steps. As I leaned over the balustrade two soldiers came by and looked into the cave. One asked the other, "E volpe?" ("Is it a fox?") and the other replied, "No, è lupo" ("No, it is a wolf"). A few minutes afterward as I stood in the crowded church and saw Padre Passavich moving back and forth in his narrow pulpit and heard his smooth plausible tones stealthily attacking the government and arraigning with bitterness all modern civilization, involuntarily the words came up in my mind, "E volpe o è lupo?" Father Crisostomo at San Carlo was the most popular preacher I heard. He impressed one as sincere. He had a powerful and yet pleasant voice, his language was choice, and the musical periods of the Italian flowed from his lips in an uninterrupted stream of eloquence.

Yet the range of his ideas seemed narrow. His subjects were largely the same preached by all Catholic preachers—faith, love, repentance, observance of Sunday, the sacraments of the church, etc. It seemed as if the ideas were furnished beforehand and that the individual could only vary the method of presenting them. In sermons by different preachers the general scheme was always the same. One on keeping the Sabbath by Padre Crisostomo in Rome was almost exactly the same as that preached by Padre Bonfiglio in Venice. Padre Crisostomo, however, seemed not to have the stuff of the martyr in him, to judge by an incident which occurred during my stay in Rome. The year before a famous preacher who had cast reflections on the king had been hooted from his pulpit by a crowd of students. Padre Crisostomo in this instance made an attack on modern society and some one in the crowd cried out, "Viva il socialismo." Instantly the priest stopped, looked around for a moment, then hurriedly left his pulpit and went to the sacristy escorted by a burly guardsman. Many of the sermons deal with the present status of the papacy, and are full of bitter complaints of the loss of the temporal power, but in them, as in the methods of worship, stress was chiefly laid on outer observances, little on the training of character. The bitter and unyielding struggle between the upholders of the temporal power and the patriotic party is probably responsible for the fact that a large proportion of the Italian people to-day are without any religion. I heard the well known criminologist, Ferri, publicly declare at the University that he was an atheist. His talk on this occasion was an interesting one. He had been lecturing on the delinquent classes, endeavoring to prove his theory that the true criminals were degenerates, representing a trend toward their animal ancestors. After touching on the physical characteristics he discussed the psychology of the degenerate criminals, among other things their religion. This he declared had little or no influence on their lives, and that murderers and robbers, pious in all the outward observances of religion, often were known to pray to the Virgin Mary for success in some particular enterprise. In this connection Ferri spoke of the Protestants, and declared that with their simple meetinghouses

and lack of ceremony they would never succeed in proselyting the Italians, who by nature as well as by custom were attracted only by the brilliant spectacle afforded by the Catholic service, with its magnificent cathedrals, its gorgeous decorations, its lights and music. Ferri was led to make the statement because more and more every year the efforts of Protestant missions are attracting the attention of the Italians themselves. Curiously enough, the Methodists have become perhaps the best known, and to-day the Pope himself is greatly troubled by the outward evidences of their activity. It is interesting to read what the clerical papers say about these missions. Such papers as the *Voce della Verita* constantly allude to them as the "mercanti di anime [buyers of souls] di Via Firenze." On the occasion of the Duke of Norfolk's visit to Rome a few years ago the Pope in one sentence praised Queen Victoria for her spirit of tolerance, which allowed so much freedom to Catholics in England, and then in the very next paragraph deplored the tolerance under the new government of Italy which allowed Protestant propagandism to go on in Rome itself.

From Italy to Switzerland—how short the distance yet how great the contrast. On the one hand an almost tropical country, flowing with oil and wine, with an ever-blue sky and springtime lasting nearly all the year, on the other hand the temperate zone, where the winter is cold and rigorous and where even the summer is tempered by the snow and ice which lie eternal on the mountain tops. What a difference likewise in the people. On the one hand the haggard, emaciated, fever-stricken peasant on the desolate campagna, on the other the healthy, sturdy, independent, and often well-to-do owners of comfortable farms. What is the cause? Is it race, or religion, or climate? Who can tell? At any rate the difference exists, and is as striking to the traveler as is the contrast between the winter-cold of Lucerne and the sunny fields of Italy on the other side of the mountains.

There is no country on the continent of Europe so like our own, in history and customs, as Switzerland. The people as you meet them seem more like Americans in their ways of thinking and in general character than do the French, Italians, or even Germans. Many interesting parallels might be traced between

their political development and our own, even down to their civil war—the Sonderbund—when a part of the cantons tried to found a separate confederacy. And this resemblance is seen especially in their religious life. As a contrast to the services in the churches of Italy I will here briefly describe a typical church scene in Switzerland. The observance of Sunday as I saw it in Zurich, while far more complete than in most American cities, irresistibly reminded us of home. Every store was tightly closed and the people hurried to the services in streams in the morning. The Grosse Münster, the scene of Zwingli's sermons, was crowded, among others being a solid mass of soldiers in uniform. Custom devotes the seats in the center of the churches to the women while the men sit in the pews along the side. These seats are usually raised when not used. The men stand during all the preliminary service, prayer and hymn, and only sit down when the preacher begins his sermon. Then a loud banging is heard all over the church as the seats are lowered. The interiors of the Swiss churches are extremely bare. This poverty of ornament gives a cold appearance to the great stone pillars and walls of such churches as the Grosse Münster in Zurich and the cathedrals of Bern and Lausanne. Once they were adorned with frescoes, altars, and tombs, but Calvinism was radical. During the first zeal of the Reformation even the organs were removed and no music was allowed. Probably no Protestant denomination has a service so simple as the Reformed Church of Switzerland. It is all over in less than an hour. First two stanzas of a hymn are sung, then comes a short prayer, then the reading of the text, the sermon, two more stanzas of the hymn already sung, the benediction is pronounced, and all is over. The collection is taken by men at the door or the offering is put into boxes there. The sermons are simple, practical, and are listened to with devout attention by the congregation. The faces, both of men and women, are not handsome, perhaps, or refined, but they bear witness of sterling qualities of character, sober living, honesty, sincerity, and moral strength. Although the Reformed Church is the state religion of Zurich, Bern, Basel, and other cantons, great freedom of worship is allowed. The four original cantons, Uri, Schwyz, Lucerne,

Unterwalden, are still Catholic, and it will be remembered that it was the religious questions between Protestant and Catholic which brought on the war of the Sonderbund some fifty years ago. In addition to these two great confessions there are many other denominations and sects for the growth of which Switzerland has ever been a fertile soil. Hence we are not surprised to find Methodism and the Salvation Army flourishing here. The former has several prosperous churches in Zurich. On communion Sunday service at the largest Methodist church at least three hundred people went up to the altar. On the afternoon of that same Sunday there was special interest at a large gathering of the Salvation Army in the fact that General Booth was present. Around the building—a bicycle rink—there were many idlers and sight-seers while here and there were little booths where refreshments were sold. Strangely enough for revival services, an entrance fee of ten cents was charged in addition to the usual collection and to the vending of copies of the War Cry and hymn books. For revival service it was. There was a large crowd, hundreds of men and women being in the uniform of the army. General Booth preached in English and a man interpreted his sermon, sentence by sentence, into German. It was the most skillful thing of the kind I ever saw, and very effective. General Booth was evidently very much in earnest; he shook his long gray beard over the desk at the people who seemed deeply moved by his eloquence even though uttered in a foreign tongue. In Bern I had the opportunity of seeing another side of Swiss "Sektenwesen." At the *pension* were two English ladies with whom we became very well acquainted. They were Irvingites, and to my surprise told me there was a church of this denomination in Bern. I went with them one Sunday and was much interested in the services. Most of those present were of the lower classes, but there was also a Baron and a member of the von Mülinen family, one of the oldest families in Bern. The white-robed angels and prophets produced a picturesque effect. One old peasant who sat on the same seat with me began to tremble as the spirit of prophecy came upon him, and in a strange, strident voice he called out from time to time, "Sie werden zum verderben" ("They will all be destroyed").

Perhaps it is not generally known that Switzerland furnished to the American colonies a body of early settlers not inferior to the Puritans in sterling character and in stern, unbending purpose to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Up to the year 1710, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was an unbroken wilderness inhabited only by Indians. The first permanent settlements were made by the Swiss Mennonites, or Quakers, as they were sometimes called, who under the leadership of John Herr and Martin Kendig settled on the banks of the Pequea Creek, near the present city of Lancaster. The land was soon brought under cultivation, and so skillfully was farming carried on that to-day Lancaster County is the richest agricultural county in the United States. Martin Boehm, father of Henry Boehm, Bishop Asbury's traveling companion, belonged to these Swiss Mennonites who came chiefly from the cantons of Zurich and Bern. The story of their trials, persecutions, and final departure for Pennsylvania, is told in a volume by Pastor Müller, of Langnau, about two hours' ride on the railroad from Bern, and I gladly accepted the invitation of Pastor Müller to spend a day with him in Langnau, which is a large and flourishing village in the Emmenthal, one of the most fertile valleys in Switzerland. The great barns, the picturesque chalets, the broad fields and meadows told of the prosperity of the people. There are many Methodists here, and—what interested me still more—a continuation of that Mennonite community to which I have referred. To-day the same principles and customs prevail among the Mennonites in the Emmenthal and in Pennsylvania: the same refusal to take oath or to go to war, the same simplicity in dress and worship, the same effort to live free from worldly ambition and in strict accordance with the teaching of the fifth chapter of Matthew. As I sat in a bright, sunny room of the town hall, looking over the old records, imagination made real that time—1709—when several hundred families left the Emmenthal, made their way to Bern, there embarked on boats, sailed down the Aar to the Rhine, down this to Rotterdam, and thence over the ocean to Philadelphia.

One of the most primitive villages in Switzerland is Reuti, high up on a cliff above Meiringen, with a view of the Hasli valley

as far as the Grimsel, of Lake Brienz, the Reichenbach Falls, and the mountains of the Bernese Oberland. Our landlady in the beautiful, picturesque little chalet came from Wädenswyl, on Lake Zurich, where she had been a Methodist. Her husband belongs to an old Hasli valley family and is a member of the Reformed Church. The village of Reuti, however, is too small to support a separate church organization, and so on Sunday the people, dressed in their best, walked for an hour or more down the steep, zigzag road to attend church at Meiringen. One Sunday afternoon some half dozen members of the Salvation Army came toiling up the hill and, standing at the crossroads, sang, prayed, and exhorted, while the people, attracted by the sounds, came across fields from all directions. In our chalet all things spoke of the religious feelings of the people. On the walls were mottoes or communion certificates framed. The few books were all of a religious nature, and on Sunday afternoons we sang Moody and Sankey hymns in a German translation. One scene that occurred at Reuti is indelibly fixed in my memory. At the house where we were stopping was a minister from a small town in the canton of Bern. One Sunday morning he conducted services on the little plateau behind our chalet beneath the spreading branches of a tree. As we sat there on that beautiful day in early July, and sang the old German chorals, we could see far below us the Hasli valley, with the Aar running through it like a silver thread, till it was lost in the blue waters of Lake Brienz; on the opposite side of the valley, were the Reichenbach Falls and the Scheideck Pass, over which we could see the snow-covered summits of the Weishorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Eiger. The air was fragrant with the odor of grass and flowers and musical with the song of the birds, and the murmur of running water. The sermon was simple, yet appropriate. Many a time as I think of that Sunday morning do the words of Pastor Lenz's text come back to me with new meaning: "Ich hebe meine Augen zu den Bergen wovon mir die Hilfe kommt" ("I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my help"). Perhaps the most striking evidence of genuine religious character that I met in Switzerland was on a farm in the canton de Vaud, not far from Lausanne. This farm contained about fifty acres of rolling land,

hill and valley, meadows, and fields of grain, interspersed with beautiful groves of trees. It was situated high upon the hill called Le Mont, and one could see in clear days the Salève behind Geneva at one end of the lake, and at the other the Rhone valley with the snowy Combin in the distance. Across the blue waters which lay at our feet was Meillerie, rendered so famous by Rousseau, over one shoulder of which peeped Mont Blanc. This was the view we had when we took our meals, as we often did, outside under a large linden tree where we "ate and drank and saw God also." The farm at Penau is owned by the widow of a Bernese peasant, but she herself is of old French Vaudois stock. She is perhaps between fifty and sixty years old, tall, straight, with a look of dignity, refinement, strength, and command in all her bearing. Nor do her looks belie her. This woman, who works from 4 A. M. till 10 P. M. nearly every day, has yet found time for reading many good books. She was the personal friend of the late Urban Olivier, whose stories of Swiss peasant life have made him deservedly beloved and popular. In the general sitting room of the old white farmhouse, built in typical Vaudois style, the ornaments are largely of a religious nature. Mottoes such as "Moi et ma maison, nous servirons l' Eternel," hang upon the wall. The books are all either of an agricultural or religious nature. In these days when American goods seem to be overflowing Europe it may be of interest to note that even American religious books are very popular in Switzerland. Here in our own farmhouse we found translations of Sheldon's *In His Steps*, and of the *Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss*. Our landlady has two grown sons, both of whom work on the farm, although one is a lieutenant in the army and the other is president of the cantonal Young Men's Christian Association. Both are married and live at home. A more harmonious family I never saw. All the farming operations go on without a hitch, and everyone deeply enjoys the life of labor, hard as it is. No more idyllic picture have I ever seen than when late on a spring evening, as the sun was setting, we all went out to the fields, children as well as men and women, to rake hay. The rays of the setting sun flushed with rosy light the fields, the hills, the valleys, the broad surface of the lake, and the distant snow-peaks of the

Grand Combin. When the work was done the wagon started on its way to the great barn, the young men walking beside it whistling, while the old lady and her daughters-in-law moved homeward with their rakes thrown across their shoulders. Involuntarily the words of Horace came to my mind:

"Happy the man in busy schemes unskilled,
Who living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold."

On Sunday, however, a great change took place. The great yard had been swept the night before. Not a stroke of work was done the whole day. Men and women, dressed in their Sunday clothes, when not at the little rustic church—a half a mile away—sat restfully beneath the great chestnut trees or gathered about the melodion singing religious songs. One Sunday evening we all gathered in the sitting room and listened to a simple sermon by a Waldensian pastor who was here convalescing from a severe sickness. He came from the far-away valleys of northern Italy, which the Waldensians for many centuries have made famous by their heroism and their sturdy persistence in worshipping God according to their own conscience. This night Pastor Micol told us, as we sat in the dimly lighted room, about that "Glorious Return," which is the classic story of the Waldensians. How their ancestors had been driven out of their native valleys by terrible persecution and forced to flee into Switzerland. How in 1689 some hundreds of them left the shores of Lake Geneva, at Nyon, where a monument commemorating the event still stands, and made their way over almost impassable mountains covered with snow, till, reaching their native valleys, this handful of God-fearing men conquered some sixteen thousand French soldiers sent against them by Louis XIV and thus regained their ancestral homes, where they have remained to this day.

One fact kept growing on me constantly while in Italy and Switzerland, and that is, that Protestantism makes for character, for progress, and for civilization. Italy is to-day in a state of poverty, political corruption and crime that is in sad contrast with the high hopes of the founders of United Italy. It is at times

hard to see what will become of it, if things go on as they are now. Undoubtedly, if the country could be suddenly and completely colonized by English, Americans, Swiss, or Germans, an enormous change would take place at once. Agriculture would flourish, malaria would be banished, commerce set in motion. Can the Italians themselves be metamorphosed thus? Can the Gothic and Lombard elements of the north, the old Latin and Etruscan element of middle Italy, the Greek and Saracenic blood of the south, be amalgamated into a homogeneous people fit to compete with the other nations of Europe? Or is it that the race that once conquered the world has spent its force, and that Italy must forever be the scene of ruin, beautiful and gorgeous, but with the iridescent beauty of decay? No one can tell, but none who bear in mind what this country has done for the world, how modern law, religion, scholarship, civilization, art, have come from Italy, can think of such a possibility without a feeling of sadness.

L. Oscar Kuhns.

ART. II.—LITERATURE AND ETHICS

IN this caption the word "ethics" is not used in any technical sense, referring to what is known or studied as the formal subject of moral philosophy, but rather in the more current and the wider sense of morality, as designating that which is true and pure and in accordance with the established principles of right and goodness. Perhaps the adjectives, the literary and the ethical, would more nearly convey our meaning. Judging from the attention which this topic has received from the very beginnings of modern literature, and the increasing attention given it in the last two decades of European and English history, it is well worth the while of every student of letters and of morals to acquaint himself with the history of opinion thereupon, and to examine for himself the grounds of such opinion so as to be able to give a good reason for his personal views respecting it. So extreme are the positions taken by different critics that it would seem well-nigh impossible to secure any common ground on which conflicting interests might meet.

Such an author as Selkirk, in his admirable discussion of *The Ethics and Aesthetics of Modern Poetry*, speaks of the "correlation of the religious and the poetical instincts;" as if, indeed, the one were the necessary complement of the other. "I only demand of the poet," writes Vinet, "that he be true and do not interest himself in vice," the supposition being that it would require an actual effort of the will for an author to be other than moral in his writings, and he adds, "When thought is nothing more than the slave of matter there is nothing literary." So that concise statement of Bacon's, that "poetry has a participation of divineness," brings into exercise what Wordsworth, with the same idea in view, has called "the vision and the faculty divine." Nor is such opinion confined to the sphere of poetry; it finds its expression applicable as well to prose, where the author, according to Mr. Arnold, must deal with "the best that is known and thought," and must be possessed of that "sense of conduct" which, in its place, is fully as important in letters as the "sense of beauty." Even so free an

author as Chateaubriand asserts that "unbelief is the chief cause of the decline of taste and genius," arguing, *per contra*, that in an age of positive and sound convictions literature might be expected to flourish. It needs but a casual glance at the pages of literary history in Europe to find the confirmation of this statement. It was so especially in Roman letters when the empire was socially and civilly corrupt; so in Arabia and the East under the blighting influence of Mohammedanism; so in France in the days of the Encyclopedists and freethinkers; and so in England in the middle of the seventeenth century under the degrading influence of the second Charles. When the church has been untrue to her trusts, and a false theology has begotten a false theory of life and conduct, contemporary and subsequent literature has always revealed the presence of the decline. So has a false philosophy begotten a correspondent type of authorship, while in its morality and immorality the history of European art can be said to mark the history of European letters. Archbishop Trench raises at this point the practical question whether what is known as The Renaissance, referring to the revival of art at the time of Francis the First, can in justice be called a renaissance, or new life, in that the art which was revived was pagan, and not Christian, and thus calculated to lower rather than elevate the tone of life and letters. If it be asked, What is meant precisely by the ethical in literature as a principle or method? it may be answered, The indissoluble union of literature with truth and faith, with the highest and best interests and instincts of man, correlating it with all those departments of thought and forms of personal human activity which have to do with the raising of men to a higher level of life and outlook. It is a study in literature, and by it, of character and motive; of those great influences, individual and general, which tend to regenerate and uplift. When Posnett speaks of literature as "a spiritual reality" he states this truth in most emphatic form. A phrase used by some critics of prose fiction, "the novel of purpose," has special reference to the same generic idea. Most of the references in literary criticism to the inner spirit of literature and to its controlling tone and tendencies magnify this principle. When a modern writer in referring to Arthur Hugh Clough speaks of his

"conscientious skepticism" he is discovering the ethical side of his verse, as he must do who speaks of that "honest doubt" to which the late English laureate refers in the pages of his "Elegy." When we are told that authors as a class "aim at a purely artistic effect" the lesson to be learned is that this is not enough to constitute true authorship, an essential element—the ethical—being omitted.

One of the best evidences of the normal relationship of the literary and the ethical is found in the fact that literature has always given it a commanding place despite all desire that might have existed to evade it. In the department of history such authors as Clarendon and Hallam, Mahon and Lingard, Palgrave, Knight, Stanley and Turner have recognized it, while even on the side of skeptical authorship the ethical has played a most important part in the pages of Hume and Gibbon, Buckle and Taine, John Morley and John Stuart Mill. Biography, as the history of personal character and action, must, in the nature of the case, be of this cast. The large circle of philosophic or didactic authors have necessarily dealt with this element, as Paley and Bentley and Boyle and Warburton and Locke and Cudworth, Hobbes and Butler, Maurice, Coleridge and Emerson, while most of the miscellaneous prose of England has evinced it, as in the pages of the great British and American essayists—Landor, Forster, Arnold, Newman, Addison and Burke and Lowell. In poetry, as the expression of human life and feeling, we naturally seek it, whether in the profound study of character, as in the Shakespearean drama; in the stately and serious course of the Miltonic epics; in the reflective verse of Wordsworth; or in such a philosophic elegy as "In Memoriam." When Milton speaks of poetry as "passionate" it is but saying that it treats of human character. It is certainly a striking fact that in the development of modern prose fiction, where we would, perhaps, least expect to find the province of moral teaching, this tendency is more and more conspicuous.

If, as Lanier insists, the prime object of the English novel is to detect and reveal human personality, what is this but saying that the prime object is a moral one? Hence it is that such a novelist as George Eliot, whom he selects as the representative of this

theory, is scarcely more or less than a moralist in fiction. Such examples as *Daniel Deronda*, *Adam Bede*, *Middlemarch*, and *Romola* we call philosophical; and so they are, but especially on the side of conduct and character. The very word "characterization" applied either to the drama or the novel is significant, as expressive of the dominance of character in these types of literature, the dominance of soul and purpose and motive. A great play, such as *Othello*, or a great novel, such as *The Scarlet Letter*, might fittingly be called a study of conscience, a study in ethical philosophy, only that the imagination is more distinctly prominent than in other forms of literature. Russian fiction in the person of Tolstoi represents the same tendency. So pronounced is this drift that much abstruse theological discussion is now contained in the pages of what is called fiction, as in Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere* and her later works, *David Grieve* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale*; in Mrs. Deland's *John Ward, Preacher*, and in Celia Parker Wooley's *Rachel Armstrong* (*Love and Theology*). Charles Reade, in his *Never Too Late to Mend*, is a moral teacher, as is Charles Kingsley in all his attempts to lead the way in social reform.

In Mr. Stedman's latest discussion of poetry, under the title *The Nature and Elements of Poetry*, four out of the eight chapters are on the distinctly ethical side of verse, namely, *Poetry and Truth*, *Poetry and Faith*, *Melancholia*, and *The Faculty Divine*, while even in the other four it enters as an important factor. An explanation of this is not far to find, since the ultimate object of the author is the ultimate object of the philosopher and moralist—the obtaining of the truth, the realization of ideals and, more profoundly still, the solution of the great problems of human character and destiny. Nowhere else as at this point do the highest literature and the highest ethics meet, so that when the author sits down to pen a poem or an essay he has in hand—only by another method—the purpose of the moral scientist in studying the fundamental truths of God and man and the visible world. One of the most characteristic expressions of this common purpose is seen in the attraction that literary work has always possessed for the clergy, in the union of the Divinities and the Humanities;

the seeking and finding and teaching of truth being prominent in each, the sacred and the secular. Stopford Brooke has called the attention of scholars to "The Theology of the English Poets" as it is seen in Pope, Cowper, Burns, and Wordsworth. Such a theological tendency on the part of authors has been fully reciprocated in the literary tendency of the clergy and theologians. Meeting one another in the spirit of brotherhood, theology and literature have alike been the gainers and done a more beneficial work.

In treating of this relation of literature to ethics a caution is in place, lest at any time the literary become too subordinate and the author take the place of the mere moralist. "A certain kind of preachment," writes Stedman, "antipathetic to the spirit of poesy has received the name of didacticism. Instinct tells us that it is a heresy in any form of art. An obtrusive moral in poetic form is a fraud on its face and outlawed of art. Pedagogic formulæ of truth do not convey its essence." What the American critic here applies to poetry is applicable to literature in general, and it is safe to say that just as all art is to be concealed art, so as to have the freshness and force of nature, so all didacticism or ethical teaching in literature is to be so concealed as to have the reader feel that the author is not so intent upon pointing a moral as upon expressing his thought and feeling and taste. Often the best way of doing good is by seeming not to be too intent upon doing it, and more is accomplished by indirectness than by directness. The history of literature affords suggestive examples of this undue conspicuousness of the ethical intent on the part of authors. In southern Europe, and in France more particularly, it took the form of Pietism, or Mysticism, carried to such an extreme as to repel those minds honestly intent upon seeking the truth, and to offend the taste of those who, when they came to literature for literary purposes, were more than displeased to find themselves inside a conventicle where they were obliged to sit in silence and listen to the homily. In the British Isles, especially at the middle of the seventeenth century, it expressed itself at times extremely in the form of Puritanism, when Baxter and Bunyan and George Herbert and Jeremy Taylor and Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne

set the form of authorship in the line of the homiletic and didactic. Even John Milton wrote his prose pamphlets mainly in this ultra ethical spirit. One of the special reasons why Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler* holds such a high place in literary miscellany is that it was absolutely free from professional ethics, expressing in a genial, natural and readable manner what he had to say on the art of angling. The correct and over-careful school of the time of Queen Anne has not escaped censure in this particular, as carrying poetry to the extreme of professionalism and making prose too prosaic and proper. Students of English criticism are familiar with the stinging comments made by Taine upon the moralizing in which Addison indulges in the pages of *The Spectator*. It is clear that the English essayist lost his influence with his French critic by trying too laboriously to reach his conscience and correct his morals. Here, again, Daniel Defoe, in his *Robinson Crusoe*, relieved this moralistic monotony very much as Izaak Walton relieved it in the days of the Commonwealth. Later on, in the Georgian era, we have what has been called the prolonged and pious descriptions of Thomson's *Seasons*, the somewhat forced and overdrawn teachings of Richardson's *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*, Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and the prosaic morality of Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*. When Voltaire was asked what estimate he placed upon these he sharply answered, in the line of what we are emphasizing, "Very good for night thoughts." The extreme literary libertinism of such authors as Savage and Smollett and Sterne and Bolingbroke is partially a reaction from the stilted and conventional ethics of the time, and readers preferred, if they must choose, Roderick Random and *Tristram Shandy* to Shenstone's *Schoolmistress* or Akenside's prosaic poem on the *Imagination*. Equally severe have been the strictures at this point upon the poetry of Wordsworth, who is represented by his critics as literary for a purpose—to reform the English morals of his day. Hannah More may have been an able and estimable woman and authoress, but the average Englishman and the average man is too worldly, it is urged, to enjoy his literature prepared and dispensed just as she insisted on giving it. Cowper and Blair, Campbell and Maria

Edgeworth and Jane Austen and Martin Tupper came, to an extent, under the same condemnation, while by way of literary and mental relief the Englishmen of that day betook themselves to the natural and sprightly pages of Goldsmith and Sidney Smith; of Sheridan and Burns and Lamb and Scott, even at the risk of passing to the other extreme. The immense influence of Lord Byron in his day and later is partly attributable to this same opposition to the professionally ethical. Recent critics have not hesitated to question the method of so pronounced an educator and author as Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, in keeping his ethical intent so prominently before his pupils and readers as at length to reduce it to what Taine calls the commonplace, and awaken thereby a feeling of aversion. It is not altogether aside from truth to suggest that the opposite course assumed by his gifted son, Matthew Arnold, may have been in part occasioned by this indiscreet procedure. All this is necessary by way of caution, and in no sense militates against the theory that literature in its essential nature and purpose should conserve and express truth and purity, should be ethical in spirit and final result, it being the part of its best exponents to keep this side the line of the professional moralist and not to make a show of goodness in their character as authors.

A brief examination of literature as related to doubt and unbelief is in place. The reference here is to literature as denying that there is any essential or even formal connection between letters and morality. Any such element is ignored; with the inevitable result that such a type of literature is found at length to be an outspoken exponent of infidelity and skepticism. The denial of the ethical leads to the assertion of the unethical. Not that there is an inevitable tendency in the highest literary art to take on such form, which has sometimes been asserted both as to philosophy and letters, nor that the skeptical element or tendency is at all the dominant one in the ablest literature, but that in Continental and English literature there is enough of this to demand the careful examination of the student into its causes, the varied forms and periods of its manifestation, the results of it in literature itself and kindred spheres, and the best means by which it may be minimized or eliminated. As to its causes, apart from

the inherent human tendency to misinterpret or evade the truth, an unethical literature is generally the fruit of a skeptical philosophy or science, or due at times to those exceptional crises in national life and history when the very foundations of morality are shaken and all the worst elements of society come into prominence. Hume in philosophy, and Priestley in science, and Voltaire in French national life are sufficient proofs of this connection. As to forms and periods, they may be said to be as diversified as the forms of thought and the different eras of historical life. Literary skepticism has thus been expressed in the forms of stoicism, or gross materialism, or in sensualism, or in pantheism, while it often takes the type of negation and indifference. The results are evil, and only evil; not only within the province of literature itself, in the lowering of its tone and the impairing of its rightful influence, but in all related departments and spheres of thought, so that an unbelieving literature is at once the effect of antecedent conditions and the gauge and test of general national life. The remedy must needs be found in a new order of philosophy and science and in purified public opinion; in the prevalence of Christian as distinct from pagan or antichristian principles. The original and historical trend of English literature has been a sound and wholesome one, as initiated by Cædmon and Bede and Alfred and Wiclif, and the existing tendency in a counter direction is in despite of precedent and the best interests of the English race. Such gifted poets as Tennyson and Whittier evince the presence of this historical tendency, as Swinburne and Whitman belie it. One of the most decided and one of the saddest forms of literary doubt is found in the line of literary despondency, where faith has given way to unbelief and hope has given place to moroseness, or where, apart from any preexistent belief, the mind has been, from the first, under the control of error. The most significant recent example of this declension on the side of melancholia is found in the person and work of Arthur Hugh Clough. Such of his poems as *Qua Cursum Ventus*, *Qui Laborat Orat*, *The Shadow*, *In Venice*, *The Stream of Life*, *Where Lies the Land*, and, *Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth*, clearly evince the truth of this statement. As he says in his *Peretie Perchè*:

"To spend uncounted years of pain,
Again, again, and yet again,
In working out in heart and brain
The problem of our being here;
To gather facts from far and near,
Upon the mind to hold them clear,
And, knowing more may yet appear,
Unto one's latest breath to fear
The premature result to draw—
Is this the object, end and law,
And purpose of our being here?"

Though Clough's skepticism was sincere, and partly constitutional, it was none the less harassing. It almost shipwrecked his sensitive soul. Out on a wide waste of waters, and anxious to make the right port, he tossed about aimlessly and verily died at sea. Goethe, in the pages of Wilhelm Meister, and Faust, and especially in *The Sorrows of Werther*, was the victim of the same mental and moral unrest, and never found that "More light" for which it is said that at the time of his death he longingly asked. So Byron, in his disappointment as to all things human and his desire "to quit the scene," as affording him no peace of spirit or satisfied ambition.

There is, then, a valid connection between literature and ethics and Christian faith. He who ignores it is unwise. Truth has its claims on every man and insists upon asserting them and demands their acknowledgment and satisfaction. The natural and the supernatural are so involved in each other in the present order of things that he essays no easy task who attempts to disjoin them and write and speak on the level of a purely worldly philosophy. The "mundane" school of literature and art has had its day and place and is still in being, but always under the protest of the deepest instincts and interests of men. The best literature must rest after all on what we now term "the primary human convictions," and must find its fullest and most natural expression in what the British poet Watson has called "the things that are more excellent."

J. W. Hunt

ART. III.—NOTES ON THE BOOK OF MORMON

THE confidence with which men of all creeds have staked their lives and destinies on their beliefs, and the earnestness with which they have embraced their various faiths, ought to incline all honest men to at least a respectful consideration of any book which is regarded by a numerous people as the inspired word of God. Such a claim is made for the Book of Mormon, and as such it should be examined with impartiality, for Truth does not love to show herself where Prejudice rules. I have begun and continued this study in the same spirit in which I would pursue all studies, willing to receive the truth wherever and in whatever form it may be found. Six hundred pages before I read the book's request in its own behalf, I asked "God, the eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things" were true (Moroni 10. 4). The claim is made for this book that it is a translation of the records contained in a set of metallic plates divinely revealed to Joseph Smith and translated by him "by the gift of God through the means of the Urim and Thummim," which latter were two transparent stones set in a silver frame. The work is supposed to contain the records of the earliest inhabitants of the American continent. The families of Jared and his brother, on account of their righteousness, were spared the affliction of the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel (Ether 1. 35). They traveled south and east till they reached the ocean, which they crossed in a vessel of strange construction (Ether 2. 16, ff.). In the new world their people became very numerous and reached a high degree of civilization, but were finally destroyed on account of their sinfulness (Ether 15. 15, ff.). In the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, Lehi with his family left Jerusalem. His wanderings brought him to the western coast of South America. This second colony had a history of varying prosperity and adversity, peace and strife, righteousness and wickedness for a period of one thousand years. After the death of Lehi dissensions arose among his people, and the more wicked part were made dark-skinned. These Lamanites, who were the ancestors of the North American Indians of modern

times, almost completely annihilated the more righteous people in a battle which took place in 384 A. D. in Ontario County, New York (Mormon 6. 4, ff.). About the year 400 A. D. Moroni, the last of the race of the Nephites, in obedience to the will of God, hid the sacred writings of his people in the large hill near the scene of their great battle, being assured that they would "be brought out of darkness unto light" (Mormon 8. 16). On the twenty-second of September, 1823, the plates were shown to Joseph Smith, but not until four years from that date was he permitted to take possession of them.

The work bears the name of Mormon because it was he who prepared the ancient records and delivered them to his son Moroni, who, after making some additions, deposited the plates in their secret place. The Book of Mormon is a little over one third as large as the English Bible. It is divided into fifteen books. These are divided into chapters and verses. The books differ greatly in length. Alma has sixty-three chapters, and comprises nearly one third of the entire volume. The books of Enos, Jarom, Omni, 4 Nephi, and the Words of Mormon contain but one chapter each. The chapters also are very unequal in length. Jacob 5 contains seventy-seven verses, and 4 Nephi 1, forty-nine, while 3 Nephi 30 and Moroni 5 have only two each. Many verses are of ordinary length. Others are extremely long. Alma 60. 16 contains one hundred and thirty-six words. Jacob 6. 75 has only three less. The following will illustrate the division into verses:

13. And it came to pass that he did according as the Lord had commanded him. And they departed out of the land into the wilderness, as many as would hearken unto the voice of the Lord; and they were led by many preachings and prophesyings. And they were admonished continually by the word of God; and they were led by the power of his arm, through the wilderness, until they came down into the land which is called the land of Zarahemla. (Omni 1. 13.)

11. And they were handed down from king Benjamin, from generation to generation, until they have fallen into my hands. And I, Mormon, pray to God that they may be preserved, from this time henceforth. And I know that they will be preserved; for there are great things written upon them, out of which my people and their brethren shall be judged at the great and last day, according to the word of God which is written. (Words of Mormon 1. 11.)

15. And the brother of Jared repented of the evil which he had done, and did call upon the name of the Lord for his brethren who were with him. And the Lord said unto him, I will forgive thee and thy brethren of their sins; but

thou shalt not sin any more, for ye shall remember that my Spirit will not always strive with man; wherefore, if ye will sin until ye are fully ripe, ye shall be cut off from the presence of the Lord. And these are my thoughts upon the land which I shall give you for your inheritance; for it shall be a land choice above all other lands. (Ether 2. 15.)

11. O my beloved son, how can a people like this, that are without civilization;

12. (And only a few years have passed away, and they were a civil and a delightful people;)

13. But O my son, how can a people like this, whose delight is in so much abomination,

14. How can we expect that God will stay his hand in judgment against us? (Moroni 9. 11-14.)

It is not perfectly clear why each of the first three passages should be counted as one verse and the last should be divided into four. Literature is not to be measured in inches, and such facts as these concerning the division of the work into chapters and verses would have no significance whatever, provided there appear to be any natural reason for the divisions being made as they are. When chapters are cut into verses without consideration of the natural requirements of the sense, we are compelled to believe that the work has been done according to some artificial plan. However truthful it may be in its teaching, the Book of Mormon is certainly artificial in its minor subdivisions. The remarkable thing about this fault is that it so closely resembles a similar one in the King James version. Unwarranted as are the subdivisions adopted in our Bible, there is no great difference between them and those of the Book of Mormon. The compiler of the records himself wrote: "And whoso receiveth this record, and shall not condemn it because of the imperfections which are in it, the same shall know of greater things than these" (Mormon 8. 12); "And if there be faults, they be the faults of a man. But behold, we know no fault" (Mormon 8. 17). If inerrancy was not claimed for the original plates, it may be taken for granted that the English translation was not verbally inspired, yet one would not expect to find so many manifest mistakes as appear in the work. It is a shock to one reading a book that purports to be the message of God's truth to find the following: "they done all these things" (Ether 9. 29); "our first parents could have went forth" (Alma 12.

26); "I should have wore these bands" (Mosiah 7. 13); "he has fell" (Alma 47. 26); "he . . . had gave them power" (Alma 55. 20); "Moroni, . . . had began his march" (Alma 52. 15); "the church had began to dwindle" (Helaman 4. 23); "there was still great contentions in the land" (Helaman 3. 19); "there never was greater things made manifest" (Ether 4. 4); "blessed be him that shall bring" (Mormon 8. 16); "if my days could have been in them days" (Helaman 7. 8); "Moroni, . . . he resolved" (Alma 52. 21); "Moroni seeing their confusion, he said" (Alma 52. 37); "Am-moron, when he had received this epistle, he was angry" (Alma 54. 15); "the Lamanites, . . . they began" (Alma 56. 29); "Pac-umeni, . . . he did unite" (Helaman 1. 6); "his brother did raise up in rebellion" (Ether 10. 14).

The writer evidently had but an indefinite idea of the significance of capitals and marks of punctuation. In one case we have a direct quotation begun as it should be with a capital: "Then Jared said unto his brother, Cry again unto the Lord" (Ether 1. 36). In exactly the same construction, two verses before, the capital is not used: "for Jared his brother said unto him, cry unto the Lord" (Ether 1. 34). In other places he seems to mistake indirect for direct quotation, and uses capitals where they should not be: "Behold I say unto you, That this thing shall ye teach" (Moroni 8. 10); "And he that saith, That little children need baptism" (Moroni 8. 20). Out of the many passages that might be cited, three are given as examples of illogical punctuation: "And when the armies of the Lamanites saw that the people of Nephi, or that Moroni had prepared his people with breastplates, and with armshields; yea, and also shields to defend their heads; and also they were dressed with thick clothing. Now the army of Zerahemnah was not prepared with any such thing" (Alma 43. 19-20); "Behold, two thousand of the sons of those men whom Ammon brought down out of the land of Nephi. Now ye have known that these were descendants of Laman, who was the eldest son of our father Lehi (Alma 56. 3); "Or what man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will give him a stone?" (3 Nephi 14. 9). Such mistakes as these in punctuation, forms, and construction, however illogical and contrary to the principles and

usage of the language they may be, might prove nothing more than that the translator did not use good English. The Greek of our own New Testament is not classically pure, yet that fact detracts nothing from the essential truth of its contents. Suppose the verb in Matt. 8. 3 was spelled with an epsilon instead of an alpha, the leprosy was just as thoroughly healed. If the preposition did accompany the verb in Matt. 10. 32, it changed not in the least the importance of confessing Christ. If epsilons were left out of the adjectives in Luke 11. 34, the difference between light and darkness is just as great. Yet these changes might have sounded as bad to a native Greek as "had began" (Alma 52. 15) and "in them days" (Helaman 7. 8) do to us.

The mistakes that are the simple and natural results of the writer's lack of education are numerous enough in the Book of Mormon, but they are not so conspicuous as are those of another class of a much more significant character. In reading the book one constantly meets serious blunders in form, construction, and diction, the mistakes being of such a kind that it seems impossible for them to have resulted naturally from ignorance or habit. They are heavy, labored, artificial. "They had arriven to the land of Middoni" (Alma 20. 30) has a peculiar sound, and we know what meaning it was intended to convey, but there is no such word in the language as "arriven." The writer was acquainted with the form "smitten," for he uses it—"ye shall be smitten" (Mormon 8. 18). In another place he wrote: "be smote down to the earth" (Alma 51. 20). He missed the forms of one verb three times in two verses: "they did fall the tree to the earth, and did cry with a loud voice, saying, May the Lord preserve his people in righteousness and in holiness of heart, that they may cause to be fell to the earth all who shall seek to slay them because of power and secret combinations, even as this man hath been fell to the earth" (3 Nephi 4. 28, 29). "The brother of Jared, . . . did moulten out of a rock" (Ether 3. 1) sounds something like old English, but "melt" has no such form as "moulten." "Moult" means a very different thing. Birds moult; men cannot. The writer was doubtless familiar with such expressions as, "Do what seemeth thee good" (1 Sam. 1. 23); "shew us the Father, and it

sufficeth us" (John 14. 8). He himself uses the same construction: "write somewhat as seemeth me good" (Moroni 10. 1); "it seemeth me that" (Moroni 9. 5); "it sufficeth me to know" (Alma 40. 5). Not satisfied with these alone, he invents other expressions that sound like them, but are in fact very different: "it sorroweth me" (3 Nephi 27. 32); "it supposeth me that he will witness" (Words of Mormon 1. 2); "it supposeth me that I talk" (Alma 54. 11). The following are very significant because they are so strained: "unto they who are" (2 Nephi 10. 21); "of . . . they who shall go" (Ether 1. 43); "redemption cometh on all they that have" (Moroni 8. 22); "remembereth all they who" (2 Nephi 10. 22); "among those who they so dearly beloved" (Alma 27. 4); "resurrection of the dead, of which has been spoken" (Alma 12. 25); "And how be it my church, save it be called in my name?" (3 Nephi 27. 8); "there were a great remission of sins" (3 Nephi 1. 23); "I were about to write" (3 Nephi 26. 11); "men toiling with their mights to fortify the city" (Alma 56. 15); "the army of Antipus, pursuing them, with their mights" (Alma 56. 37); "they contended in their mights" (Ether 15. 24); "And it came to pass that I began to be old; and, having no seed, and knowing king Benjamin to be a just man before the Lord, wherefore, I shall deliver up these plates" (Omni 1. 25); "notwithstanding I being young, was large in stature, therefore the people . . . appointed me" (Mormon 2. 1); "every man kept the hilt of his sword thereof, in his right hand" (Ether 14. 2); "maintaining those parts of the land, of which we had retained of our possessions" (Alma 58. 3); "they had been taught by their mothers, that if they did not doubt, that God would deliver them" (Alma 56. 47); "Gid, . . . should secrete himself in the wilderness, and also that Teomner should, with a small number of men, secrete themselves also in the wilderness" (Alma 58. 16); "and Mosiah, nor the people of Mosiah, could understand them" (Omni 1. 17); "they should not lay their hands on Ammon, or Aaron, or Omner, or Himni, nor either of their brethren" (Alma 23. 1); "that one jot nor tittle should not pass away" (3 Nephi 1. 25); "wherefore, write somewhat a few things" (Moroni 9. 24); "I write somewhat that which is greivous" (Moroni 9. 1). In 2 Tim. 4. 15, "ware" is used properly as a predicate adjective in connec-

tion with the imperative "be," "Of whom be thou ware." This book has "fraid": "they were exceeding fraid" (Alma 58. 24); "the Lamanites were exceeding fraid" (Helaman 4. 3). The adjective "brim" does not mean "full" at all, but violent. Yet we find, "my joy is full, yea, my heart is brim with joy" (Alma 26. 11).

The peculiar nature of the mistakes which have been noticed is strong proof of the artificiality of the work. The writer evidently has tried to follow a certain literary style, of which he had but a superficial knowledge. In using what he imagined was appropriate to this style he has made egregious blunders. A careful study of the book inclines one to the belief that the style of composition was the writer's first care and consideration. He does not seem specially concerned about the thought, nor how to express it most accurately and clearly. If he were, he would not be so fond of such unusual expressions as "the more part." This occurs twice in Acts: "and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together" (19. 32); "the more part advised to depart thence" (27. 12). This is one of the commonest expressions in the Book of Mormon, appearing constantly: "a man who had been with Moroni in the more part of all his battles" (Alma 53. 2); "the Lamanites had become, the more part of them, a righteous people" (Helaman 6. 1); "And it came to pass that all these iniquities did come unto them, in the space of not many years, insomuch that a more part of it had come unto them in the sixty and seventh year of the reign of the Judges over the people of Nephi" (Helaman 6. 32); "had seduced the more part of the righteous" (Helaman 6. 38). The writer is fond of using "much" as an attributive adjective in connection with a possessive, apparently not knowing that his construction is not the same as, "they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking" (Matt. 6. 7): "a man . . . noted for his much strength" (Alma 1. 2); "boast . . . of your much strength" (Alma 38. 11); "overpowered them, because of their much fatigue" (Alma 51. 33.); "because of their much provision which they had" (3 Nephi 4. 18). Tediousness of the repetition does not prevent the frequent appearance of whatever may seem to conform to the requirements of style: "On this wise

shall ye baptize" (3 Nephi 11. 22); "on this wise shall ye baptize" (3 Nephi 11. 23); "after this manner shall ye baptize" (3 Nephi 11. 27); "thus shall ye baptize" (3 Nephi 11. 28). "It came to pass" is used seventeen times in fifteen verses (Ether 9. 23 to 10. 5), and in another place, thirteen times in fifteen verses (Ether 15. 4-18). The author seems to have believed that involved and illogical forms of expression were desirable in a work of this kind, and he inserted such regardless of meaning:

15. And it came to pass that after there had been false Christs, and their mouths had been shut, and they punished according to their crimes;

16. And after there had been false prophets, and false teachers and preachers among the people, and all these having been punished according to their crimes; and after there having been much contentions and many dissensions, away unto the Lamanites, behold, it came to pass that king Benjamin, with the assistance of the holy prophets who were among his people;

17. For behold, king Benjamin was a holy man, and he did reign over his people in righteousness. And there were many holy men in the land; and they did speak the word of God, with power and with authority; and they did use much sharpness because of the stiffneckedness of the people;

18. Wherefore with the help of these, king Benjamin, by laboring with all the might of his body and the faculty of his whole soul, and also the prophets, did once more establish peace in the land. (Words of Mormon, 1. 15-18.)

16. Now the leader of the Nephites, or the man who had been appointed to be the chief captain over the Nephites; now the chief captain took the command of all the armies of the Nephites, and his name was Moroni;

17. And Moroni took all the command, and the government of their wars. (Alma 43. 16, 17.)

7. And they did cause a great contention in the land, insomuch that the more righteous part of the people, although they had nearly all become wicked; yea, there were but few righteous men among them.

8. And thus six years had not passed away, since the more part of the people had turned from their righteousness, like the dog to his vomit, or like the sow to her wallowing in the mire. (3 Nephi 7. 7, 8.)

Certain strange words are retained in the book as if they were in the original plates and could not be translated into English. It would not be remarkable to find in a dead language a word whose meaning is absolutely unknown. The plates are said to have been written in reformed Egyptian (Mormon 9. 32); but the claim is made that they were translated, "by the gift and power of God through the means of Urim and Thummim." Since these could not fail in their task, or at least would not be expected to fail, there appears to be no necessity for meaningless words being

used in this book. Consequently they give one the impression that they have been intentionally inserted for a purpose, that they might seem to be evidences of the antiquity of the work. As examples of this kind of words see "ziff," mentioned in lists of metals in Mosiah 11. 3 and 8; "cureloms" and "cummoms" spoken of as animals in Ether 9. 19. When one considers that the English of the Book of Mormon was written in the first part of this century, he cannot but notice how much it differs in form, construction, and diction from the English of that time, and how much it resembles in the same points the King James version of the Bible. There is no need of citing examples to prove this. Let the reader take any passage from the first chapter of 1 Nephi to the last chapter of Moroni and he will see how much the two books are alike in arrangement and general style. But the resemblance goes farther. There is a close similarity of thought. Here are a few illustrations: "Yea, every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess before him" (Mosiah 27. 31); "I say unto you, that I know that Jesus Christ shall come; yea, the son, the only begotten of the Father, full of grace, and mercy, and truth" (Alma 5. 48); "Behold, the axe is laid at the root of the tree; therefore every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, shall be hewn down and cast into the fire; yea, a fire which cannot be consumed; even an unquenchable fire" (Alma 5. 52); "there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; and this because of their own iniquity" (Alma 40. 13); "My soul standeth fast in that liberty, in the which God hath made us free" (Alma 61. 9); "whatsoever ye shall seal on earth, shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven; and thus shall ye have power among this people" (Helaman 10. 7.); "O ye people . . . how oft have I gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and have nourished you" (3 Nephi 10. 4); "And I soon go to the place of my rest, which is with my Redeemer; for I know that in him I shall rest: and I rejoice in the day when my mortal shall put on immortality, and shall stand before him: then shall I see his face with pleasure, and he will say unto me, come unto me, ye blessed, there is a place prepared for you in the mansions of my Father. Amen" (Enos 1. 27); "Wherefore, my be-

loved brethren, if ye have not charity, ye are nothing, for charity never faileth. Wherefore, cleave unto charity, which is the greatest of all, for all things must fail" (Moroni 7. 46); "that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is, that we may have this hope, that we may be purified, even as he is pure" (Moroni 7. 48). The scenes in the Book of Mormon are familiar to one acquainted with the Bible. Even the details of the pictures are often the same:

10. And now it came to pass, that while he was going about to destroy the church of God; for he did go about secretly with the sons of Mosiah, seeking to destroy the church, and to lead astray the people of the Lord, contrary to the commandments of God, or even the king;

11. And as I said unto you, as they were going about rebelling against God, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto them; and he descended as it were in a cloud; and he spake as it were with the voice of thunder, which caused the earth to shake upon which they stood;

12. And so great was their astonishment, that they fell to the earth, and understood not the words which he spake unto them.

13. Nevertheless he cried again, saying, Alma, arise and stand forth, for why persecuteth thou the church of God? For the Lord hath said, This is my church, and I will establish it; and nothing shall overthrow it, save it is the transgression of my people.

19. And now the astonishment of Alma was so great, that he became dumb, that he could not open his mouth; yea, and he became weak, even that he could not move his hands; therefore he was taken by those that were with him, and carried helpless, even until he was laid before his father.

23. And it came to pass after they had fasted and prayed for the space of two days and two nights, the limbs of Alma received their strength, and he stood up and began to speak unto them, bidding them to be of good comfort;

32. And now it came to pass that Alma began from this time forward, to teach the people, and those who were with Alma at the time the angel appeared unto them: travelling round about through all the land, publishing to all the people the things which they had heard and seen, and preaching the word of God in much tribulation, being greatly persecuted by those who were unbelievers, being smitten by many of them. (Mosiah 27. 10-13, 19, 23, 32.)

Noah's story is repeated in that of Jared (Ether 2. 1, ff.). Jared's daughter was exceeding fair, and she danced before Akish, and her demand, made for her father's sake, was the head of her grandfather, the king (Ether 8. 8, ff.). The agreement between the two books includes more than mere similarity of ideas and scenes. Five per cent of the Book of Mormon is almost exactly the same as corresponding passages of the Bible, chapter for chapter, verse

for verse. Compare 2 Nephi 7, 8 and Isa. 50, 51; 2 Nephi 12-24 and Isa. 2-14; 3 Nephi 12-14 and Matt. 5-7; 3 Nephi 22 and Isa. 54; 3 Nephi 24, 25 and Mal. 3, 4. There are some slight differences. For instance, 2 Nephi 8, instead of closing with the twenty-third verse, as the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah does, adds a twenty-fourth and a twenty-fifth, corresponding to the first and second verses of the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah. The Lord's Prayer is given as follows: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen" (3 Nephi 13. 9-13). On the whole, the correspondence is very close. Even the untranslated word "Raca," in Matt. 5. 22, is found in 3 Nephi 12. 22. Passages in the King James version that are now believed with a great degree of certainty to be incorrect have their exact counterpart in the Book of Mormon. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake" (Matt. 5. 10) ought to read, "have been persecuted," but the Book of Mormon uses the present tense (3 Nephi 12. 10). It is well established that the Gloria with which the Lord's Prayer closes in Matt. 6. 13 in the King James version does not belong there; but in the Book of Mormon this old mistake is found and Jesus is there made to close his prayer with, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen" (3 Nephi 13. 13). Nearly all the teachings of the book are the ordinary doctrines of Christianity, variously elaborated. It strongly emphasizes the doctrine of the resurrection (Alma 40. 1, ff.). It insists on baptism (3 Nephi 11. 33, ff.), requiring immersion (3 Nephi 11. 23, ff.), and declaring that the rite should not be administered to children (Moroni 8. 5, ff.). It rebukes polygamy repeatedly:

There shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none;

28. For I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me; thus saith the Lord of Hosts.

32. And I will not suffer, saith the Lord of Hosts, that the cries of the fair daughters of this people, which I have led out of the land of Jerusalem, shall come up unto me, against the men of my people, saith the Lord of Hosts;

33. For they shall not be led away captive the daughters of my people, because of their tenderness, save I shall visit them with a sore curse, even unto destruction: for they shall not commit whoredoms, like unto them of old, saith the Lord of Hosts.

35. Behold, ye have done greater iniquities than the Lamanites, our brethren. Ye have broken the hearts of your tender wives, and lost the confidence of your children, because of your bad examples before them; and the sobbings of their hearts ascend up to God against you. (Jacob 2. 27, 28, 32, 33, 35.)

Behold, the Lamanites your brethren, whom ye hate, because of their filthiness and the cursings which hath come upon their skins, are more righteous than you; for they have not forgotten the commandment of the Lord, which was given unto our fathers, that they should have, save it were one wife; and concubines they should have none; and there should not be whoredoms committed among them. (Jacob 3. 5.)

And it came to pass that Riplakish did not do that which was right in the sight of the Lord, for he did have many wives and concubines. (Ether 10. 5.)

The book also censures priestcraft: "He commandeth that there shall be no priestcrafts; for, behold, priestcrafts are that men preach and set themselves up for a light unto the world, that they may get gain, and praise of the world; but they seek not the welfare of Zion" (2 Nephi 26. 29). The Book of Mormon not only contains very, very much that is the same as what is found in the Bible, but there is hardly a thing in it that is distinctive or peculiar to the religion which claims this work as its foundation. Only a very few of the doctrines specially characteristic of Mormonism are found in this work. We are told that God has or had a physical body: "and the vail was taken from off the eyes of the brother of Jared, and he saw the finger of the Lord; and it was as the finger of a man, like unto flesh and blood" (Ether 3. 6); "And the Lord said unto him, Because of thy faith thou hast seen that I shall take upon me flesh and blood" (Ether 3. 9). The American Indians are said to be the descendants of Joseph. It was the record of their more righteous brethren, the Nephites, which was hidden in a secret place to be revealed in these latter times (Mormon 8. 14, ff.). We are told that men still have the power of working miracles (Mormon 9. 15, 21), and may have the gift of tongues (Mormon 9. 24).

These are some of the notes taken while making a careful and, I trust, an honest examination of the Book of Mormon. And what have we found? There are countless mistakes of a simple

kind that would be made naturally and inevitably by an uneducated person. These prove nothing more than what is freely admitted by his followers, that Joseph Smith had but little education. In addition to the natural and consequently insignificant mistakes, we have found the book filled with others that are most unnatural, labored, and artificial. They could not possibly be the simple result of ignorance or carelessness. They can be accounted for only by supposing that the writer was trying to produce what would sound like the Bible. We have found that the general style of the composition is unlike the English of the period in which it was written, and that it is as nearly like that of the King James version as a comparatively ignorant man would be able to make it. There is hardly a trace of originality in the entire work. Scene and thought and teaching are almost identical with those of the Bible. Not only is the truth of the Bible copied, but even its peculiarities and the mistakes appearing in its translation. We can scarcely imagine how mortal men could be so bold as to testify that they had "seen the plates which contain this record," and "the engravings which are upon the plates"; and knew that "they have been translated by the gift and power of God" (The Testimony of Three Witnesses). But we can understand why these men should fear to enter the more immediate presence of their God with such a blighting lie upon their lips, and why Oliver Cowdery, David Whitner, and Martin Harris should wish to free themselves as far as they could from the guilt of their sin by confessing their wrong.

Edward B. T. Spencer

ART. IV.—THE NEW WRITING OF HISTORY

THE use of the word "new" in connection with so much of the life and learning of our time is justified by the remarkable transformation which has taken place in the arts, the sciences, and the common life of the period. The "new education," the "new era of arts and inventions," the "new social conscience," the "new theology," are not meaningless and boastful terms, but imperfect symbols of an evolution and revolution in the education, the arts and industries, and the social conditions of the modern world. They are evidences of another renaissance, in science, art, philosophy, education, and industry, and through these life itself is being transformed and enlarged. History, as well as science and the arts and industries, has been largely re-created by modern discoveries and new methods of study and investigation. The historian Freeman has said of this process of transformation at its keenest period: "We in the nineteenth century are called on to do a work of the same kind as that which was wrought by the scholars of the sixteenth century. They brought to light a new learning which seemed like the discovery of an elder world. We have to put all worlds and all learning, old and new, past and present, in their due relation toward one another."

It is difficult not to feel that our own time is remarkable above all others in its great achievements and its marvelous progress, yet it is well to remember that other centuries have had their marvels of change and progress. Fourteenth and fifteenth century folk doubtless gloried in the amazing progress of their civilization, and we can hardly claim events more far-reaching in our time than in theirs with its invention of printing with type, its renaissance of learning and art, and its discovery of a "new world." The end of the eighteenth century was not less noteworthy, when new political ideals brought about a French revolution overturning the civilization of one continent and an American revolution laid the foundations of a great empire of freedom in another, while marvelous inventions wrought a complete industrial revolution. No hard and fast line can be drawn between the new writing of history and

the history writing of an earlier time. We can point to no sudden change in the method or manner of its writing. The old and the new blend into one another, but it is true that the past quarter century evidences a change in the method and manner of history writing which justifies the use of the phrase "the new writing of history," and goes far toward establishing a new science of history. The vastly increased accumulation of the materials of history, their accessibility, and the use of scientific method in research have had the greatest influence upon the writing of history in our day. "To the law, to the charter, to the chronicle, to the abiding records of each succeeding age the modern writer of history must go more than ever before and lay the foundations of his narrative in the rock of original research." Professor Henry Adams has said, "Like other branches of science, history is encumbered and hampered by its own mass." In compiling the official records of the Rebellion it is said that the papers examined were almost beyond computation, being counted not by documents and boxes, but by tons and roomfuls or the contents of buildings. The endless mass of evidence, old and new, which the modern historian must examine and sift upon any period or series of events necessitates, from the limitations of human life and capacity for work, the treatment of only brief periods by one writer, and that he must live his life largely in libraries and among dusty archives in endless search for facts and for interpretations and illuminations of these. The historian finds his materials also in the monuments, coins, inscriptions, art remains, and implements of past civilizations. "Only since we have begun to recognize monuments and remains as included in historical materials," says Droysen, the German historian, "and to avail ourselves of them methodically, has the investigation of past events gone deeper and planted itself on a firmer foundation."

The archives of each government are great storehouses from which the facts of history are authenticated or drawn directly. "Our own venerable nation," as President Eliot has called it, has perhaps the most complete records. An immense amount of this material is still in manuscript, but of this the more valuable portions will eventually be published and made more accessible for reference in the great libraries. The past quarter century has

witnessed an awakening of interest in our national history. "Those who have the literary interests of the country at heart," says Mr. Hamilton Mabie, "may find good cause for encouragement in the extraordinary growth of the historical feeling in this country during the past twenty years, and in the increasing activity of students and writers in the field of American history." This is the point of view of the literary man, but the revival of interest in history and the development of the science of history mean far more to sound statesmanship, to practical politics, to the solution of social problems and the inspiration of social ideals than to literature. The organization of minor historical associations in the United States to the number of some two hundred and fifty evidences the wide interest in historical research and writing. The organization and rapid development of the American Historical Association has also been a notable factor in promoting and concentrating a keener and more scientific study and appreciation of the national history and institutions. The patriotic societies have had no little influence in awakening interest in historical studies and stimulating the movement for the preservation of historic buildings and remains. The United States government has spent large sums in the acquisition and preservation of records pertaining to the country's history, and in the erection of historical memorials. Perhaps no nation ever undertook a more remarkable effort to preserve and make available the records of its past than the work of our government in the publication of *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*. It is in one hundred and twenty-eight volumes, besides an atlas containing some one thousand maps and sketches, and its cost was about three million dollars. The records of service of the soldiers of the American Revolution and the War of 1812 are now being compiled with the same precision which applied to the Civil War. Another great mass of material, covering the colonial period of our history, has been collected by the government and a small portion of it published, while the original colonies preserve in their archives still greater collections, and the official papers of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Hamilton, Franklin, and other eminent Americans have been secured by the government at great cost.

Similar effort, more or less thorough, to preserve the materials of its history is being made by every modern nation, and the chief burden of the student and writer is the embarrassment of riches. The materials for the history of vanished nations and peoples and for the early history of the older nations have vastly increased through modern discoveries, and through all the marvelous advance in archæology, anthropology, philology, and kindred sciences, until the historian is able to reconstruct for us with rare accuracy the story of the forgotten past. A recent reviewer has aptly said: "Everyone who attempts to write an important work upon a period or a movement of modern times is sore beset by the bulk of his materials. He has one hard problem in choosing what he shall read, but it is less critical than the other problem of choosing what he shall present after his twenty years of research are ended." This increase of material and the consequent amazing toil have led in recent times to what is called the cooperative writing of history. Various writers selected for their scholarship in special lines contribute more or less valuable monographs on the social, political, economic, or literary history of a period, or each writer deals with all the aspects of a brief period. The *Critical and Narrative History of the United States*, edited by the late Justin Winsor, in the writing of which a number of clever historians were associated, is an excellent example of this method. Similar works preceded and followed this, and so many others are announced for the near future that the reviewer of a projected work of this kind is led to exclaim, "Of making histories on the cooperative plan there is apparently no end." Yet, however brilliantly or adequately this is done, it is generally conceded that no historical work, whatever the circumstances of its composition, can win the highest success unless it is the product of a single mind. That first essential, unity in conception and presentation, no historical work so constructed has yet attained.

In his interesting book, *Literary Industries*, Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft describes the less usual methods he employed, with a corps of literary workers under his personal direction, in ransacking libraries and archives to furnish forth his exhaustive works on the archæology, history, and ethnology of the Pacific Coast. He felici-

tates himself that an enterprise far beyond any one man's power of execution was brought to completion by his organized efforts within the compass of some thirty years. The success of this method would seem to depend almost wholly on the genius of the one directing mind, on his power to grasp all the vast detail gathered by many minds and weld it into an historical whole; to place in true perspective and proportion and interpret clearly from the various groups of facts the complex life of a period. For the writing of annals and chronicles some such literary bureau method would no doubt be invaluable, but it seems alien to the genius of real historical writing. Charles Francis Adams says, regarding the limitations of the modern historian and the way in which the best results can be obtained, that the scholar should explore the inner recesses of his subject, publishing from time to time critical essays or monographs on special topics. Then, after he has finished his preparation, let him offer to the public in concise form the fruit of his diligence. His mature opinion, his summing up, after he has mastered a certain portion of history, will be his profitable addition to existing literature. And Dr. Woodrow Wilson says graphically: "The investigator must display his materials, but the historian must convey his impressions. He must stand in the presence of life and reproduce it in his narrative; must recover a past age, make dead generations live again and breathe their own air. To do this his own impression must be as fresh as an unlearned reader's. . . . He must take care to push forward the actual writing of his narrative at an equal pace with his reading, painting thus always direct from the image itself. His knowledge of the great outlines and bulk of the picture will be his sufficient guide and restraint the while." How ill this agrees with Mr. Bancroft's literary bureau method is evident. But only in this way, President Wilson believes, shall we have real and great history writing: "By art, by the most difficult of all arts; by fresh study and first-hand vision."

Our age runs strongly to vast executive projects. Organization and combination are the dominant notes in the workaday world, but history and literature and the higher learning may well keep tolerably clear of this phase of modern progress. We need

to beware of sacrificing high individual endeavor and mental creativeness to feats of technique and organized mastery. The new writing of history demands a more complete intellectual equipment than ever before. The broadened field of research and the necessity of applying scientific principles in the use of the materials of history requires a wide general culture and the severest special training for the work. Some one has said that "every science of man is an auxiliary to the making of history." This is literally true. The historian must know something of every science and all of certain sciences. He must have a good linguistic training, especially on the side of philology; for without a knowledge of languages no historic study can be more than elementary. He must know much of Economics, Social Science, Jurisprudence, Philosophy, and Theology, and be familiar in some measure with the physical sciences. It is more than ever necessary that he know certain subjects which have been called "satellites of history"; as Numismatics, Genealogies, Chronology, Mythology, and Archaeology. He must have literary training to make his story readable; the art that will give a vivid impression to the reader and create a real picture of the time of which he writes. He must possess a power of selection, an artist's sense of perspective, and something of a prophet's insight into character if his history shall not be the mere piecing together of bits of original research or of documents. The historian of our time must, in fact, be an artist and a profound scholar, and—beyond this—be dowered with the spark of genius which shall fuse his work into a live whole. With the development of history into a science dependent upon many auxiliary sciences, and the systematizing of the technique of research into various branches known under learned names, the new writing of history has come to be the work of specialists trained for it and devoting their lives to it, the work of professors in the universities almost exclusively, and their writing is marked less by finished literary style than by accuracy and clear interpretation of social phenomena. A recent thoughtful critic of the work of Irving, Prescott, Hildreth, Bancroft, Motley, and others of the earlier time, claims that their aims were distinctly literary, and their writings genuine contributions to polite literature, but that as historians they had little

insight into popular movements, and their political philosophy and interpretation of social and economic phenomena were extremely crude. This criticism applies equally to certain English historians of the same period, and incidental to it is the interesting controversy between the advocates of history as literature and of history as science.

The scholar's accuracy, the scholar's devotedness, are in the new writing of history. With prodigious labor, in toiling days and weary nights of ceaseless industry, the accurate and vivid pictures of the near and remote past are painted for the delight and instruction of the student of other times and peoples and as a guide and warning for the statesman and the empire builder. In a large measure the patient writer reaps the high reward of having contributed sensibly to the sound progress of society. The state and the individual reap the benefit of the scholar's toil and renunciation. There is something uplifting and admirable in the attitude of the true scholar toward his time and toward life, and university walls cannot shut in its lesson and influence even in an era when material ideals are dominant. The historian Freeman, in his inaugural address at the University of Oxford, bade to his fellowship "any who feel a call to learning as an object to be sought for its own sake." "But remember," he adds, "that it is to the pursuit of learning for its own sake that I would call you; to the pursuit of knowledge, the pursuit of truth, to that learning which is said to be better than house and land, but which perhaps is not the path best adapted to the winning of house and land; or if there is any object beyond, higher than the search after truth for its own sake, it will be the hope that our studies of the past may be found to have, after all, their use in the living present." No other branch of knowledge has so close a connection with mere literature as history, and this has led to the controversy between those who think everything should be sacrificed to historical accuracy, to scientific method and detail, and another group who insist on the preëminent claims of history as literature. "The champions of history as science and history as literature mutually yearn to exterminate one another," says a clever critic. Even those holding a middle ground, that would combine accuracy with fact and

interpretation with excellence in literary style, admit that the unavoidable connection of history and literature gives rise to certain difficulties. There is the constant and almost unconscious temptation to sacrifice accuracy to effect. Professor Freeman admits that "the historian if he is to get beyond annals must have some kind of style, good or bad, and it would better be a good one," but he thinks the danger is great of preferring a way of writing history which tickles the popular fancy. "We may be tempted," he says, "to envy the lot of the geometer or the chemist, in whose way are no such pitfalls. The most winning style, the choicest metaphors, would be thrown away if they were devoted to proving that any two sides of a triangle are not always greater than a third side. When they are devoted to prove that a man cut off his wife's head one day and married her maid the next morning out of sheer love for his country, they win believers for the paradox." So serious is the revolt in some quarters against a mischievous use of literary graces in perverting facts and conveying false impressions that we find certain scholars turning to the ideals of the mediæval chronicler who "set down in order what he heard or saw, and left the rest to God." On the other hand, we have Mr. Froude declaring that, for the mere hard purposes of history, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the most effective books ever written, and "the most perfect English history which exists is to be found in the historical plays of Shakespeare"; that "no such directness of insight, no such breadth of sympathy, has since been applied to the writing of English history." We have President Woodrow Wilson declaring, "The historian needs an imagination quite as much as he needs scholarship, and consummate literary art as much as candor and common honesty. It is as bad to bungle the telling of the story as to lie, as fatal to lack a vocabulary as to lack knowledge." The new writing of history would seem to maintain the conclusion of Mr. Lecky that "the supreme virtue of the historian is truthfulness." It stands first of all for accuracy of fact and soundness of interpretation. A forceful and finished literary style is an essential requirement, but not of equal necessity. To know the truth about the past is the great end and aim, and better in the rough than that it be made secondary to the

artistic telling of the tale. "A narrative that is true and dull is better than one that is false and lively," if we must make the sad choice. But the ideal, needless to say, is the narrative which combines accuracy of matter with vigor and excellence of style. Another significant fact is its fuller recognition of the ethical ends of history. History is no mere story of the past to satisfy our curiosity: it is "humanity becoming and being conscious of itself." Its main value is what Froude so nobly sets forth: "That of a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. That justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last to them in French revolutions and other terrible ways." The world is coming to see with Carlyle that, "of all Bibles, the frightfullest to disbelieve in is this Bible of Universal History."

The new writing of history deals with the story of the people; their toils, their oppressions, their struggles into a measure of liberty and opportunity. It shows the world's problem to be the moralization of the common man and how to extend the area of the common good. It teaches lessons of patience to the social reformer with his hope of speedy cure for the ills of humanity, as he learns that "revolutions, reformations—those vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium—have not borne the fruit that they looked for," but were only slow steps toward the final goal. The millennium is still remote, but impatience ceases in the light of the steady upward progress of the race through universal history.

Emma Tanner Rogers.

ART. V.—THE STATE IN ITS RELATION TO ETHICAL PROGRESS

WHEN Socrates, the Athenian, peremptorily refused to make his escape from the prison in which he was spending his last days, in spite of the urgent remonstrances of his friends, his conduct was in direct antagonism to much of his former teaching, in fact to a fundamental postulate of his system of morals. He strenuously asserted that right and wrong, justice and injustice, truth and error, are matters over which the state has no control, and that men have no more power to change the relations of virtue and vice to each other than they have to give life to the dead. If, then, as he maintained, fundamental principles are unchangeable and unvarying; if they can neither be modified nor annulled by circumstances of time or place; if morality is a matter that concerns the individual directly and the state only indirectly as a congeries of individuals, then what more natural or more consistent than, if the individual feels himself aggrieved, he should take his vindication into his own hands? If the conduct of the upright man traverses the law of the state the fault lies with the state and not with the individual. It is true, Socrates did decide this question for himself, and in a way that will redound to his credit as long as he is remembered. But this fact does not acquit him of a certain inconsistency in his conduct.

Socrates, with all his independence, was a thorough Greek. In spite of his untiring quest for absolute truth and of his defense of the right of private judgment, he was, to some extent unconsciously no doubt, still in bondage to the current opinions of his time. The state occupied a larger place in his mind than he was aware of. Though probably the first man that ever gave himself to systematic introspection, he was still dominated by the inherited conviction that he was a part of the community amid which he dwelt and under obligations to it of which he could not rid himself. After all, the state represented to him a moral force, and he only was the complete man who recognized his duties in that direction as coextensive with others, or at least as sup-

plementary to others. And this was a point of view from which the ancient Greeks never emancipated themselves. So conspicuous a place did it occupy in their system of morals that, when they no longer had a country, the great majority lost all respect for themselves and sank into hopeless degradation from which the efforts of the later philosophers to raise them were fruitless. Greece had not long been a part of the Roman empire before the *Graeculus esuriens*, the fawning Greek whose stomach was always empty and whose appetite was insatiable, becomes a representative character among the Romans. In him we have, to a certain extent, the prototype of the modern tramp; for, while he had more culture and less aversion to the bath, his morals were often no better, and he was, equally with his modern representative, a disciple of the philosophy the fundamental tenet of which may be expressed in the formula, "*Ubi bene, ibi patria.*" The Asiatic Greeks were always notorious for their luxurious and effeminate habits. No doubt this was partly due to their situation and to other physical causes. But political influences were not without weight. They dwelt in a country where their political activities were circumscribed and there was no place they could properly call home. For them the strongest motive to a certain kind of political training was lacking, and consequently the training also. We are sometimes inclined to wonder at the bravery displayed by the Greeks at Marathon, at Thermopylae, and at Salamis, when we consider what dissensions rent their ranks. But when a majority or any other circumstance of a like character had once decided that a thing should be done it became a sort of divine decree that must needs be executed. To them more than to any other the *vox populi* was a *vox dei*. Very properly, then, the inscription over the remains of Leonidas and his three hundred heroes informed the passing traveler that they had met death in obedience to the unwritten law of the state.

In modern states where the laws are in the main the form in which the collective will of the nation finds tangible expression they interfere as little as possible with the right of private judgment, even when translated into acts. Where the laws lag behind public opinion, as is almost always the case, or are the decrees of

a coterie, no man is the less esteemed by the great mass of intelligent men for having committed a political crime. We have here a case where the moral sentiment outstrips the feeling of solidarity; that is, the rights of a man, as an individual, claim precedence over those accorded him as a citizen. Persecutions for conscience' sake, where the law with its penalties is brought to bear on men in order to interfere with the relations which they assume to exist between them and their Creator, fall under the same category of condemnation. The very large minority voting for the acquittal of Socrates on the triple charge on which he was tried is plain evidence that, in spite of the somewhat supercilious tone of the accused, many persons in Athens saw no reason for condemning him on any of the charges upon which he had been cited before the tribunal of justice.

It is clear from an examination of the growth of ethical feeling that it was sometimes aided by public opinion—that is, by the state or the social force that antedated the state—sometimes impeded. When the latter was the case, private judgment was in the van. In other words, great men, or at least prominent men, especially under exceptional circumstances, have a potent influence upon the development of public morals and have at times greatly accelerated it. The individual and society, private judgment and public opinion, may be compared to two men clambering up a rough and craggy mountain where they are only able to advance by alternately pushing and pulling each other forward. Within the historical period it is comparatively easy to trace the relation of these two forces to each other, and to define pretty clearly in what parts of the domain of ethics they exerted the strongest influence both progressive and retrogressive.

A careful study of the radical meaning of many of the terms now current in the realm of morals in all modern languages makes it plain that the relations of kinship and comradeship exercised a powerful influence on the conduct of men as members of the tribe long before such a thing as abstract virtue was thought of. This is not denying that there was among primitive men an intuitive recognition of certain distinctions between virtue and vice, and that conduct might be either good or bad according to circumstances.

The child has certain notions of right and wrong that it would be utterly unable to express in words, except perhaps in the vaguest manner. As we cannot conceive of men existing otherwise than as a community, it is not surprising that it is impossible to penetrate farther than this stage in all matters that bear upon anthropological psychology. The paleontologist may find, in the remains of the individual anthropoid, some data that will carry him beyond this point; but such evidence can have no bearing on the question we are concerned with here. It is an accepted hypothesis among comparative philologists that the radical elements of all languages are based upon phenomena cognizable by one or more of the five senses. For, while the physical act underlying these elements is in many cases obscure or ambiguous, there is no difference of opinion among competent judges as to the substantial correctness of the theory. What light do we get from this source upon the terms used in ethics? I am not assuming that there is anything novel in this mode of investigation. I take for granted a great deal, and at most hope to throw a little additional light on one of the most interesting phases of morals in relation to the development hypothesis in the social domain.

Let us begin with the Germanic language. *Tugend*, the most abstract term in German for virtue, is clearly related to *taugen*, a verb still in common use. It was applied primarily to persons with reference to the vigor that is characteristic of the prime of life. But its application is far wider; it is used of horses, of wine, of a sword, etc. Goethe in his time could still speak of "*die Tugenden natuerlicher Edelsteine*," and English writers until shortly before his time used "virtues" in this sense, though this usage in both languages is now practically obsolete. Singularly enough, the English has lost its etymological equivalent and put in its stead a word of Romance origin; namely, virtue. Its meaning is closely akin to the German *Tugend*, though perhaps slightly more extended. The Romance words, however, throw no light on the primitive signification of the term, as the Latin *virtus* had shifted somewhat long before the rise of its modern descendants. Still *virtus* was plainly the quality or trait that distinguishes a man from other men; it is mental and corporal excellence. Whatever

traits or characteristics of a person or a thing gave to it the highest value in the eyes of men was *virtus*. What was most esteemed by primitive man we learn not so much from a study of the words that constituted his vocabulary as from a careful examination of primitive society. It was not moral worth, but those powers of mind and body that contributed most to the conservation of the tribe as understood by its members. These were before everything else strength, cunning, fortitude, and fidelity. When Horace wrote

"Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio, popularis aurae.

"Virtus, recludens immeritus mori
Coelum, negata tentat iter via,
Coetusque vulgares et udam
Spernit humum fugiente penna,"

he had in mind a comparatively modern conception of virtue. But when he expressed himself thus:

"Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
Ensis arces attigit igneas,
Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

"Hac te mercentem, Bacche pater, tuas
Vexere tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes; hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,"

his thoughts recurred to that virtue which is almost entirely of the old material type. Strangely enough, virtue, once the manly quality *par excellence*, has for some time been shifting its ground until in a very different sense it has come to designate the most highly prized of all womanly traits. In common speech the virtuous woman is the chaste woman, and the epithet would be regarded as rightly applied to one who had no other recommendation than chastity.

There is some doubt as to the etymological relationship of the Greek ἀρετή, but none as to its primitive signification. In Homer the word has only a faintly discernible moral content; it

has regard solely to the value a thing possesses in the eyes of men. It means not *Tugend* but *Tuechtigkeit*, worth, efficiency. In the earlier Greek it is not of frequent occurrence. In the *Iliad* it is met with about a dozen times and somewhat oftener in the *Odyssey*. *Ἀγαθός*, which may be regarded as the adjective embodying the same idea, is used very often, perhaps for the reason that the noun had already become colored with a tinge of abstraction. A thousand years after Homer *ἀρετή* still bears traces of its former objective character, for not only does Plutarch speak of *δόξα καὶ ἀρετή* as synonymous terms, but even the New Testament coördinates *ἀρετή καὶ ἔπαινος*. We have already spoken of the many different shades of meaning attaching to virtue, and we may in this connection call attention to the distinction made by Dryden between the virtues of a private Christian and a magistrate. Those of the former are chiefly subjective; those of the latter, objective. Among the Greeks the notion that the state was the chief promoter of morality had taken such deep root that most of their philosophers concerned themselves with the problem. The conviction had taken so firm a hold on the mind of Plato that he gave a great deal of attention to its elaboration into what he conceives to be a workable system. He seems to have believed it possible to call into existence some lawmaking power so potent that it could compel obedience on the part of all the citizens. His state was to be a sort of theocratic commonwealth, the supreme ruler of which was to be, not a god, but a man or a set of men endowed with attributes far above ordinary men. The predilection for the Spartan constitution that crops out so often in the writings of Athenians was founded on the deep-rooted faith in the power of government to make men such as they ought to be. That the results in practice were so generally disappointing was not the fault of the system, but of those intrusted with its management. At a much later time the Platonic idea was again taken up and elaborated from a different standpoint by Saint Augustine, who believed that the reign of righteousness could be established upon the earth by means of a commonwealth founded on the fundamental tenets of the Christian religion. In fact, Utopias have been the dream of a certain class of thinkers from

the days of Moses to those of Edward Bellamy, so thoroughly are men's ideas of right and justice in this world bound up with the activity of men as represented by the state.

Another word that in its earliest use bears a strongly materialistic color is *bonus*; and its direct descendants as well as its equivalents in other languages are by no means free from it. *Bona* means the good things of this life, earthly possessions, a signification that is almost exactly covered by the French *biens*. In the *homme de bien* we still have the word, but its meaning is shifted from *bonus homo* to *homo probus*, where the adjective designates what is probably the highest degree for moral excellence, though of a negative rather than a positive type. The German *Gut* is a familiar designation of landed property, a farm, an estate, while the plural, like our "goods" has a more amplified signification. *Der Gueter Zug* and "the goods train" are familiar equivalents of our freight train. So, too, the shopkeeper who wants to sell you "good goods" is a ubiquitous character in commercial circles. A careful examination of *honestus* makes it evident that, if it ever means honorable or honest in their subjective sense, the instances are rare and late compared with those in which it means honorable, that is, honored with public office. Its Latin congeners have all more or less regard to outward appearances; and, as in a state of society where the good of the tribe or of the community was of prime importance, to be entrusted with an office where its interests could be most effectually guarded or promoted was the highest mark of esteem that could be bestowed. Closely akin in meaning is the German *Ehre*, rank, dignity, magnificence, respect, though its Anglo-Saxon related root has not passed into English. *Der Ehrwuerdige* is covered by our "honorable" when applied purely as an official title; but it does not mean *der Ehrliche* any more than our honorable means honest or upright. There is, therefore, little occasion for the frequent criticisms of "honorable" on the ground that it is often borne by dishonorable men. This mistake arises from the failure to distinguish between the adjective as an official title and its later signification. The gentleman is not necessarily a gentle man, nor a nobleman a noble man, and the goodman of the house may be the worst man in it. In the popular

conception, "honorable" as a mere titular designation has been largely absorbed by the moral attributes commonly associated with the term, so that its original meaning is usually lost sight of. This is due to a very natural and frequent process of psychological evolution, and there is little doubt that the process will continue until the ethical significance of the word makes up its entire content. In the German a distinction has arisen between *das Recht* and *das Rechte*, just as in English we make a difference between the right and rights. Again, *rechtschaffen* means made or created according to what is right and proper. It is *rechtgeschaffen*. *Der rechtschaffene Mann* was primarily the man who lived according to the right as established by the community of which he formed a part. We are here dealing with a legal, though not with a statutory phrase. We come again upon the "straight man," a being created by the human imagination—where he still dwells—to designate an ideal toward which the hopes and aspirations and strivings of man are advancing by imperceptible graduations. The upright man, the righteous man, is the highest type of the human species as pictured in speech by the consensus of the community.

It has long been the fashion to talk glibly about "rights" as if it were a term in regard to which there was no room for dispute. Men in general think, if they do not say, that they hold these truths to be self-evident: All men are endowed with certain inalienable rights. In practice, however, these so-called self-evident rights are constantly alienated and circumscribed by the state. They must be defined before they can be adequately defended; and definition is limitation. Most rights are creations of the body politic and differ more or less with different countries and periods. In practice, it is often found necessary to define and restrict what one man regards as his self-evident rights in order that his neighbor may also get his equally self-evident rights. A man may sit down and, in the solitude of his own bosom, convince himself that he has certain "inalienable rights"; but as soon as he attempts to put them in practice he finds himself in conflict with other rights that are equally self-evident to their champions. Thus, neither can be admitted as general rules of action. No settlement is possible except through the interference of the community, which must cur-

tail, restrict, and define, in order to make a status possible. We are thus confronted with the question, Can the state or its antecedent, the tribe, make that right which is not intrinsically so? We shall not here answer this question, which is no easy one; but in practice this has been largely the case. It has gone considerable lengths to do so, not only in what are termed political rights but in what are now generally regarded as purely moral or personal rights. Every state is continually called upon to legislate on this question, and there is no prospect of a final solution in sight that shall be satisfactory to all parties.

It may be assumed that no law that had not an avowedly beneficial object in view ever received the sanction of a considerable body of men. Every law is enacted with the express purpose of benefiting a very considerable body of those who come under its operation. The ideal of the state is clearly the straight man. The underlying physical act still faintly discernible in the word seems to be that of stretching a cord between two points, this being the simplest concept of straightness in the mind of primitive man. We still speak of a right line to designate a straight line, a stretched line. I do not deny the place occupied by the individual in the process. We can scarcely conceive of an initiative taken by a whole community. This is always the act of an individual; yet the individual is the occasion rather than the cause; and when he undertakes that which is contrary to the spirit of the times he can at best achieve but temporary success. No experience is more common than that a law unsupported by public opinion is a dead letter. It is the defunct and soon forgotten rubbish of which our statute books are only too full. The influence exercised by their environment on even the strongest minds is amply attested by history. They have gone counter to their better judgment because public opinion was against it. They yielded to the pressure of public opinion in spite of the opposing dictates of reason and prudence. No one will deny the potent influence of that indefinable sentiment called patriotism, nor yet its essential unreasonableness in many cases. Its boundaries are gradually enlarging; yet there are few people who do not think a fellow countryman better than a foreigner, in spite of weighty adverse

moral reasons that may exist. This feeling is not dictated by motives of self-interest, but by the unconscious tribal instinct that still survives within the breast of every man, and is strongest with those who are least accustomed to analyze their feelings. An interesting survival of this selective gregarious instinct is found in the modern party spirit within the state or nation. On political questions the great majority wait until they learn the position the party takes, and then rush to its defense with a zeal that is too often worthy of a better cause. I do not deny the influence of great, greater, and the greatest men in the progress of morals. The world needs leaders and can accomplish little without them. But no man becomes a leader unless he puts himself in harmony and sympathy with those he proposes to lead. The masses are terribly afraid of innovations. They look to the past a hundred times for once they look to the future. Those whom the world calls reformers have all been men who placed themselves in the van of movements that were already in the incipient stages of progress all around them. Under the spur of great abilities masses of men may be aroused to momentary action in enterprises that are, in a sense, against their sober conviction; but these sporadic efforts rarely produce any permanent results. The traditional veneration accorded to real or supposed lawgivers is evidence that people cannot get hold of the idea that their institutions are the creations of their ancestors *en masse*. The Hebrews had their Moses, the Spartans their Lycurgus, the Athenians their Solon, but to these heroic figures was attributed a wisdom far in advance of that possessed by any mortal of later ages. And we are still in the dark as to the amount of truth there is in such popular traditions.

It is not contended here, in the spirit of the old sophists of the more revolutionary type, that man is the measure of all things, but certainly it would be hard to maintain that in the domain of ethics he is chiefly or even largely influenced by innate ideas. As in his general development he owes so much to the relations he sustains to society, so in morals he is indebted to the same influences for the strengthening of his moral ideas, whatever be their ultimate source. We cannot ascertain what is one man's due without taking into careful consideration what is due to every

other man about us. We can no more form a conception of virtues in the abstract than we can form a conception of the properties of matter apart from the substances in which they inhere. A thorough investigation of the radical elements of human speech would throw much light on this entire problem. It has been done to some extent by writers who have discussed the subject, but I am not aware that it has been exhaustively treated by anyone. The line judiciously pursued, and extended into the uncivilized languages, would throw much light on one of the most difficult problems that has ever engaged the attention of thinking men.

It is historically demonstrable that public opinion has from very early times oscillated between the two extremes of collectivism and individualism. In spite of some evidence to the contrary, the movement has in the main been from the former toward the latter. At no time in the past have educators—and I use the term in its widest significance—laid so much stress upon the importance of developing and stimulating the self-activity of the young as at present; yet they do not ignore the influence of the state, the church, the school, and the family—in short, of institutional life. There will always be men who cannot be allowed to be a law unto themselves and who must be kept within bounds by some sort of external pressure. The chief problem to be solved by the modern state is how to harmonize as nearly as may be the largest measure of individual liberty, on the part of those who will not abuse it, with the restraint necessary for those who do not hesitate to trespass on the rights of others when opportunity offers. It is a common saying that laws are made to protect honest men but rascals take advantage of them. The maladministration of law is the fruitful source of injustice, though human law is full of imperfections. It is easy to point out the mischievous consequences to morality of individualism carried to extremes, but it is much easier to show that grievous injustice has often been done to citizens by governments that have taken less account of the rights of individuals than of results produced by the state as a whole.

Chas. W. Super.

ART. VI.—PRESENT-DAY METHODIST PREACHING

THE publication during the past year, by the Book Concern at Cincinnati, of twelve volumes containing very nearly one hundred (ninety-eight) sermons, all of which had been recently delivered in the leading pulpits of the denomination, furnishes a unique opportunity to test the trend and scope and quality of present-day Methodist preaching. It is with no little curiosity—indeed, with intense interest—that we have scanned the contents of these books as from month to month they have dropped from the press. There were many questions that arose in advance and begged for answer: How far, in these prominent churches, are the old doctrines fearlessly proclaimed? Are the severer notes of the ancient message being left out? Are some of the things once considered essential and fundamental omitted now? Are sensational and fanciful topics given large room? Is the drift toward metaphysical and philosophical subjects? How far have socialism and politics come in? What modifications, if any, show themselves in the way of handling the Bible? What is the prevalent attitude toward the highest developments of Christian experience? These and a dozen other queries were no doubt in the minds of many as they stately sat down to this sermonic and homiletic feast. There was much also which they might fairly expect to learn in regard to the best style of treating pulpit themes, the proper analysis and illustration of topics, the most effective method of demonstration or appeal. For here were, presumably, the best preachers, or those holding rank with the foremost, in the largest Protestant church of the land, taken from different parts of the country, and presenting, of course, those specimen discourses by which they were most willing to be judged. A rare opportunity, surely, for forming some important conclusions. Of the preachers three were from the Rock River (Chicago) Conference—Drs. C. J. Little, P. H. Swift, and C. M. Cobern; two from the New York Conference—Drs. W. F. Anderson and Wallace MacMullen; two from the Saint Louis Conference—Drs. M. S. Hughes and W. A. Quayle; one each from the Newark, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Nebraska Conferences

—Drs. A. H. Tuttle, F. M. Bristol, J. B. Young, George Elliott, and D. W. C. Huntington. Five of these eight Conferences are in the West and three in the East. Of the twelve men ten are pastors, one is a university chancellor, and one the president of a theological school. It would hardly be held by any that there are not just as good preachers and just as excellent discourses outside the number selected as inside. But the dozen chosen are doubtless fairly typical, to be classed, let us say, among the first fifty in the church, and some of them could scarcely be excluded from the first ten. It is clear, however, that by no means all these hundred sermons would come out victorious if there were a set competition before competent judges, charged with picking that number from such as might be submitted to them in sealed envelopes with no names attached. It is quite conceivable that some of the volumes might not be able to furnish a single specimen of supreme excellence under such severe conditions. We would much like to see a book made up in some such way, a book that would contain twenty or twenty-five of the very best and strongest sermons preached during the last twenty-five years in the Methodist pulpits of the land. But the hundred here given us, though by no means beyond criticism from several points of view, and certainly not of uniform excellence, are all good and well deserve careful study. It is our purpose to set down briefly a few of the conclusions reached after careful examination.

One interesting, although, of course, somewhat subordinate, line of investigation concerns the books of the Bible whence the hundred or more (one hundred and three) texts are taken. We find that all the books of the New Testament are drawn upon except seven, namely, Galatians, Philemon, Second Thessalonians, Second Peter, Second and Third John, and Jude. The following six furnish one text apiece: Philippians, First Thessalonians, First Timothy, First John, Titus, Revelation. The following five give us two apiece: First Peter, Second Timothy, Colossians, Ephesians, James. First and Second Corinthians supply three each; Luke has five, Hebrews five, Acts six, Romans six, Mark six, Matthew eight, John ten. Only fifteen books of the Old Testament are employed, in the following proportions: Psalms nine, Isaiah

seven, Exodus three; Job, Proverbs, Ezekiel, and Ecclesiastes two each; and the following one each: Genesis, Deuteronomy, Judges, Malachi, Esther, Second Samuel, First Kings, Second Kings. Much more important is the classification by topics. Some few do not lend themselves readily to arrangement under any special head, and some others might be variously set down according to the taste or idea of the reader. But it will at least serve a useful purpose to attempt to collocate them in certain general groups roughly indicative of the leading themes discussed. Much the largest department, as might naturally be expected, is that which takes up the Privileges and Perils of Christian Experience or the Joys and Duties of the Christian Life. Here are found such titles as, "The Sin of Fretfulness," "The Inward Real," "The Correlation of Spiritual Forces," "The True Type of Religion," "The Temptations of Christ and of Ourselves," "The Fellowship of Christ's Sufferings," "Marching to Music," "Eagles' Wings and Patient Feet," "The Inner Life," "The Ministry of Affliction," "Consecration," "Self-care," "Unbelief," "Strength for the Day," "Warring Nature." Eight of the preachers have sermons in this list. Their teaching is, as the subjects would indicate, to the effect that the law of heaven is the music of earth, that the various animals which a man finds within himself making a discord can be so tamed that there shall be entire harmony, that sorrow is disciplinary and blessed, that love is the essential force in the Christian life; that there is such a thing as idolizing Christian experience, and a self-centered life is to be guarded against, all attainments being for service, not for mere enjoyment; that fearfulness is useless, harmful, and dishonoring to God; that the heart life is the real life, and that only by a constant sight of Christ can we get the true ideal on which to form ourselves. Nothing startling or strikingly novel in all this, it may be said, and said truly. But the congregations to which such discourses are preached are not a collection of philosophers and scholars looking for profound originality or recondite reflections. They are hungering for help in bearing the burdens of existence, and the old simple gospel, presented warmly, freshly, with immediate application to present needs, satisfies them fully. Quite a group of discourses center in the person and life of the

Saviour. "The Beauty of Jesus," "The Joy of Jesus," "The Compelling Power of His Love for Us," "The Magnetism of the Cross," "Jesus as a Conversationalist," "Light and Life in Him," "The Healing Touch," "A Man as a Hiding Place," "The Captain of Our Faith," "The Love of Christ as a Fact and an Experience"—in each one of these there is much that might be quoted and that must have thrilled the hearers. It was shown that Jesus is altogether lovely to those who love and follow him, although without beauty to the spirit of this world; that his table-talk and conversation, for brilliancy, consistency, sobriety, simplicity, spontaneity, is nowhere equaled; that in discipleship, art, and music he is drawing the world to his ideals of greatness, of the value of human life, of the brotherhood of man, and of the union of morality and religion; and that his joy, which may very largely be ours, a joy not incompatible with sorrow and grief but stronger than either, consists mainly in five elements: his consciousness of manifest destiny, his consciousness of strength adequate to any emergency, the joy of an unstained memory, of anticipated beneficence, and of widest ownership.

Treating more or less fully and closely the burning question of the inspiration of the Bible we find four sermons by as many different authors. One of them, however, "The Living Word," does not touch the modern discussion, but simply enlarges on the unchangeable preservation of God's word and the power there is in it for helping men. Another, taking for its title "Higher Criticism and Human Documents," emphasizes the point that the epistles of Christ, written "not in tables of stone but in tables that are hearts of flesh," are the main thing, that "the primary revealing of spiritual truth has never been given to man on paper," that "the characteristic method of God is to make himself known in life and history," and that "each newborn man rejoicing in God's mercy and walking in white is a living manuscript of revelation carrying in his heart and life a gospel that may never know a written or printed form." But this preacher, Dr. Hughes, also speaks some words in grateful recognition of the heavy debt of obligation which Bible students owe to the critics, both "lower" and "higher." "Critical inquiry has full rights in applying the same tests of

authenticity and credibility to the Scriptures that are used in dealing with other literatures." "The final deposit will be wholesome." Two other sermons, entitled "Our Bible" and "The Stars and the Book," discuss the subject very completely and conclusively, with breadth of view and vigor of statement. In the former, by Dr. Huntington, we find these sentences: "This theory of mechanical inspiration needlessly exposes our Bible to criticism, and gives to its enemies their most favorable grounds of attack. Bishop R. S. Foster has stated the case admirably when he says, 'While there is abundant evidence that the Bible is characteristically a divinely inspired book, it would be the height of absurdity to suppose it inspired in every word. Nor does this affect the truth of any word; the uninspired parts may be as true as the inspired parts.'" "Many who are included among higher critics are able and devout men, as well as scholars of eminence in their chosen lines. The Christian faith is dear to them, and they have reached their conclusions in painstaking and prayer." "Higher criticism is no new or strange thing. It has arisen at every period of marked intellectual advancement. Every commentator works in higher criticism. Every student of the Bible is a higher critic." "And what is the harm in raising these questions? What has the result to do with the Bible as a revelation of God?" "Let us welcome all searchers after truth as our fellow workers. On every man who finds out a truth which we have not before found let the church of God pronounce a blessing." Still more pronounced is the sermon by Dr. Cobern on "The Stars and the Book," whose secondary title is "A Plea for the Critical Study of the Scripture." He says: "I look with favor on the higher criticism and every other criticism which applies historic and literary tests to this great revelation. Some people are scared at criticism, but not those who believe that the word of the Lord endureth forever." "We Protestants, most of us, believe that the revelation was infallible, but that it was recorded, transmitted, and translated by fallible human agents." "It is not the ink marks (the letters and words of the book) that are inspired, but the thought and spirit of it. It would not seem to matter fatally if these inspired men themselves had made a slip of the pen in putting down a number,

or a slip of the memory in quoting an ancient historian, or even a slip of knowledge in the use of the many documents which they themselves tell us they consulted in their writings. That is not an important thing if the spiritual argument can be trusted. We are injuring our cause to act and talk as if the Bible would be destroyed if any such incidental human infirmity could be detected in the Scripture." "The style is human: the knowledge of current events and current science is human, but the message—that for which the book was written, that which makes it the Bible—is divine." "It was not given to teach history or philosophy or science, but to teach religion." We find but two sermons that specifically take up the subject of the Atonement. One, by Dr. A. H. Tuttle, is entitled, "He Died for Me." The preacher states his thesis as follows: "Christ's death is the God-appointed method by which we who are under the curse of death come into the joy and victory of life." Having found this fact written on every page of Scripture, on every page of nature, on every page of history, and on the face of the cross itself, and having thus established "the fact of Christ's vicarious death without making any attempt to explain its contents," he proceeds to note briefly the principal bearings of this fact on our personal divine life, as awakening the conscience to a sense of the infinite horror of sin, assuring us of the absolute certainty of our salvation, and furnishing the secret and source of our participation with him in his life. The other sermon is by Dr. Cobern, entitled "The Cross," from the text, "Having made peace through the blood of his cross." The following statements are made: "The atonement was not necessary for God (except as his own heart compelled it), but it was necessary for man because nothing short of this divine love offering could break down the barrier of man's guilt and lack of feeling and growing brutishness which separated him from the vision and likeness of God." "The atonement was not an arbitrary scheme to meet an emergency, but the natural outpouring of God's eternal nature which meets a response in human nature since humanity is kin to God. The necessity of the atonement was not artificial, or perhaps even judicial; but it was a necessity of love, since only thus can a man such as I am be won to the new manhood revealed in

Jesus." "The cross was the divine heartbreak over human sin." "I think of the atonement as a fact so great and far-reaching that no human thought can compass it, and no human language symbolize it, a fact eternal as the being of God, a thought vast as the orbit of divine love."

One rather remarkable fact about these twelve books is that in all their eighteen hundred pages there is no one sermon that takes up definitely and specifically the subject of entire sanctification or Christian perfection, which used to be a prominent topic in Methodist pulpits. Many indications show that it is not prominent now. The trouble seems to be that there is no longer any generally accepted theory, at once philosophical, scriptural, and experimental, which commends itself to the best minds and justifies itself by proved results. Careful attention to definitions (an attention scarcely ever given) shows that the old terminology can no longer be approved; and yet there is so much pride of denominational consistency and unwillingness to break with the fathers that few of those in authoritative positions are willing to incur the stigma of heterodoxy so easily flung upon all who venture to do a little independent thinking. It is far from creditable to us as a church that this state of things should continue. While it does continue, however, it is not surprising that our pulpits in the main are silent upon the subject and our people suffer, being largely left to the instruction of those least capable of wise leadership and much given to fanatical extravagances. The Book Concern would seem to be now barred, by the strange action of the last General Conference, from publishing anything on this matter that diverges at all from the standards. The inevitable consequence of such an endeavor to paralyze inquiry and stifle light is to make people ignore the whole theme or touch upon it so vaguely and gingerly that it amounts to about the same thing. We do not believe this to be the best policy for the church either mentally, morally, or spiritually. What do these sermons say as to the burning questions in eschatology? Very little, practically nothing. There are two discourses on immortality, taking the usual view; there is one on the joy of heaven, and one raises the question, "Are we all going to heaven?" The preacher says we

can all go, we are all invited and all needed, but he thinks there are some facts which cast a very dark shadow over the probability that all will get there. From which it is seen that no very straight answer is given to the important inquiry, and the reader, or hearer, is left in the main to form his own conclusion, although the preacher does venture to say at one point, "This looks as though many were not going to heaven." The doctrine of the witness of the Spirit does not seem to be mentioned at all; nor is there any discourse devoted to the third person in the Trinity, save one on "The Holy Spirit as a Remembrancer." The other main doctrines, such as regeneration, justification, repentance, and faith, are scarcely touched. Nor are the church and the sacraments and the means of grace, save that there is one sermon on fasting, almost wholly devoted to combating the Roman Catholic idea that fasting is a prescription of our religion. There are only three sermons that can in any way be called expository: one on Eph. 3. 14-21, one on Rev. 2. 1-5, and one on the incident at the gate of the temple described in Acts 3. There is no sermon upon a Bible book. There are six sermons more or less biographical, taking up "Paul and Nero," "Moses at the Burning Bush," "Elijah Under the Juniper Tree," "Simon Peter and Judas Iscariot," "Peter, Paul, John," and "Trophimus as an Example of Unachieved Ideals." Four sermons are evangelistic, that is, addressed directly or mainly to sinners—"Modern Jehus," "Wild Grapes," "Will a Man Rob God?" and "The Soul Damaged by Sin." Four are on Missions, four are apologetic, three on Theism, three on Providence, three on Easter, two on Christmas, one on the Ascension, and one on the Responsibility of Methodism. A dozen or two would not come strictly under any of these classes, being national, or ministerial, or domestic, or ethical, or literary, or quite miscellaneous. But all are dignified and wholesome and helpful, in harmony with a reasonable gospel, and suited to a worshipping congregation.

As to the form in which the truth is presented, we have two distinct types in these twelve volumes. In six of them there is not a single trace of a plainly articulated skeleton or outline, there are no numbered divisions, no first, secondly, thirdly. The matter flows right out, with a more or less close concatenation of

thought, and few specific points stand out. The aim evidently is to give a strong unified impression of some single idea, illustrated and presented in different phases, rather than to hold the attention by a chain of argument or carry the citadel of the will by a regular approach. Six, however, do this latter to a greater or less degree, and furnish convenient pegs to hang the truth upon. One has always three or four main divisions struck out, and then under each head three or four subdivisions. Another has an extended series of numbered "remarks" with which to close each discourse. The other four make the outline quite prominent, though not extremely so. The fact that the twelve are just evenly divided on this question of the best method of constructing a sermon would appear to leave the young minister quite at liberty to follow his own individuality, sure of good company whichever plan he adopts. Of the four preachers from the East two have divisions and two have not; so with the eight from the West. There are only two, Drs. Huntington and Quayle, that have no poetical quotations whatever, although one or two others have very few. In one case, Dr. Elliott's, there are no less than sixty extracts from the poets, and in another case thirty-five. Browning and Tennyson are the ones most constantly referred to. Other poets drawn upon are Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Pope, Faber, Luther, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Dante, Ibsen, Omar Khayyam, Stedman, Uhland, Musset, Holland, Addison, Young, Longfellow, Arnold, Thomson, Mrs. Browning. Several entire poems are given, among them, "Haste, traveler, haste, the night comes on," "Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old," "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," "God holds the key of all unknown," and "O for a heart to praise my God!" Literary allusions and quotations from great numbers of prose authors attest wide reading on the part of the preachers. Among those quoted are Carlyle, Goethe, Bjornsen, Romanes, Lecky, Drummond, Fiske, William James, Mill, Neander, Pascal, Coleridge, Hawthorne, Huxley, Novalis. The compulsion of brevity has evidently been felt in many of the discourses, preventing or hindering elaborate introductions, ornate conclusions, and bursts of oratory. The sermons average about four thousand words, whereas those of

Bushnell and Phillips Brooks average six thousand three hundred. There are a few fine descriptive passages, but not much can be said as to special beauties of style or remarkable analysis of texts and themes, such as the masters of pulpit oratory favor us with. There is very little epigrammatic writing, such as one finds so constantly, for example, in the productions of Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of New York. There are not many instances of great thoughts strikingly expressed, not many passages that could be included in any collection of gems of literature. As a rule, we have a series of strong and noteworthy sermons that must have made a deep impression on their hearers, sermons throbbing with life, in close touch with the practical affairs of men, animated by a true purpose to benefit the people and uphold Christ. There is very large variety of treatment. Some discourses are pretty strictly academic, smacking of the lamp and the study, with very little glow in them, little imagination or illustration, but abounding in dissection of motive and portraiture of character and insight into truth. Others are as distinctly built for popular effect, bordering at times on the colloquial, full of rhetorical and oratorical artifice, with brilliant declamation and exclamation, with abundant interrogation and exhortation, much ringing of changes on favorite phrases, pictorial, biographic, evidently requiring no little of gesture and posture effectually to set them forth in the process of delivery. Nearly all bear marks of thorough study, and must have been either read from the manuscript or committed to memory.

That the Methodist pulpit of to-day makes, on the whole, a very creditable and satisfactory showing in these pages may be positively affirmed, as was, of course, to be expected from the class of men chosen to prepare them, those occupying some of our foremost pulpits East and West. There is nothing crude or raw, or obsolete or objectionable. All, without exception, are friendly to liberal thought, so far as they touch upon it at all, yet all are clear in statement and sound in doctrine upon every essential point. No one declaims against the modern views of the Bible, or warns people of the danger of departing from the faith, or runs amuck against evolution and higher criticism. No one bewails the

degeneracy of the times or insists on the backslidden condition of the church. Some silences on certain points are to be regretted; and the nondoctrinal character of the discourses, on the whole, is rather marked. Yet it is evident that too much may be made of this. It should certainly be remembered that the contents of these volumes are not the product of one man, nor were they selected after mutual consultation with any eye to preserve a balance of doctrine. They are necessarily somewhat adapted to the tastes of the purchasing public, as they were doubtless adapted in their preparation to the wants of a miscellaneous congregation not much interested in the creed. They are not designed to furnish a system of theology, nor a series of oratorical masterpieces for declamation, nor authoritative deliverances on political and social questions. These they are not. But they are, in the main, excellent specimens of earnest endeavor by cultured spiritually-minded men to press important scriptural truth upon the hearts and minds of intelligent hearers. Not a little can be learned by our young ministers from a study of these volumes. And very many laymen in the large congregations that have listened to them will be glad to purchase them for the frequent perusal which they deserve. They will stand as good specimens of current Methodist preaching in the first decade of the twentieth century.

James Mudge

ART. VII.—DANTE'S MESSAGE TO THE PREACHER

THERE is a growing interest manifested in the writings of Dante. This interest shows itself in the number of interpretative books recently written and in the growing number of students who are studying Dante with pleasure and profit. One cause of this revival may be found in this new age refusing to bow to the dictum of the masters of the eighteenth century. That century characterized Dante as harsh, obscure, and extravagant. Walpole described the great Florentine's writings as "absurd, disgusting—in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam." Chesterfield said, "I never could understand Dante, for which reason I had done with him." We no longer agree with these men. The great writers of the nineteenth century who devoted themselves to the study of Dante found as they penetrated the gloom of the *Inferno* and mounted "the Eternal Palace Stairs" of the *Paradise* new horizons of truth; and they also found in the *Divine Comedy* the autobiography of the greatest soul that ever recorded his struggle from gloom into light. A second cause for this revival may be found in the interest Dante took in the affairs of the state, city, and church. He was an ideal citizen in so far as his love for them is concerned, and in the passion he had for the purity of all; the revival to-day in civic and municipal righteousness finds a herald in Dante. His love for Florence and Italy made him a reformer; his passion for a purified church made him a prophet. The third cause for this revival may be found in the interest we take in things deeply spiritual. We are tired of this age of negation and doubt. This scientific age, while it has startled and delighted us, has not fed us. We hunger for the deeper things of the Spirit. "No man," says Mr. Carroll, "ever had a greater conception of the range and scope of the moral and spiritual life," and no man ever emerged from the suffering which sin causes with a faith so purified and serene. Mr. Carroll, in his recent book, *Exiles of Eternity*, devotes the last chapter to the "Conversion of Dante." I read it with profound interest and emotion. Dante's

struggle is my own. His passion for purity also is mine. If he arrived at God I too may; I will! Like Paracelsus,

"If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day."

Mr. Dinsmore is right when he says: "Dante is the greatest prophet of the Christian centuries, because he has given utterance to the largest aggregation of truth in terms of universal experience, and in a form permanent through exceeding beauty. That so many minds are turning to him for light and vigor is most significant and hopeful." I have no concern in this article with the biography of Dante, his astronomy, or the many interesting features of his great poem. I have but one aim: to tell what Dante has done for me, and this is after the manner of Methodists. In the first place, Dante has made a new student of me. When the noble tyranny of college life was released I felt the freedom of the hour, and suffered what many a young clergyman suffers—the temptation to become a tramp on the highways of literature; working if in the mood, but most of the time shambling and browsing. Dante halted me; he held me under the spell of his genius, and holds me still. His power over one is intense, but gentle and good. Mr. Dinsmore quotes Mr. Lowell as saying that in the study of a great piece of literature "you will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to studies and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and will find yourselves scholars before you are aware." The *Divine Comedy* is surely a great piece of literature, and to master it, even in English, demands a scholar's habits. Dante cannot be read. He must be studied, thought, and mused upon. His great poem, like the poetry of Browning, is not for the man with a cigar and his afternoon siesta, but for the student. In the second place, Dante has fired my imagination as no poet has ever done. His power over the imagination is almost creative. In these dull times when there is no sky, no vision; in these times when "the sluggish intellect of this continent looks from under its iron lids"; in these

times when the illustrations for our sermons are taken from ships, wars, mines, money, Dante comes with an irresistible appeal to the imagination. He lifts it up, he chastens it, and on the sky of that rare world he puts his leagues of pictures which memory holds undimmed. When one closes Dante he is ready to give to his exalted work a faculty heightened and intensified. Hallam says: "An English mind that has drunk deep at the sources of southern inspiration, and especially that is imbued with the spirit of the mighty Florentine, will be conscious of a perpetual freshness and quiet beauty resting on his imagination and spreading gently over his affections, until, by the blessing of heaven, it may be absorbed without loss in the pure inner light of which that voice has spoken as no other voice can." Again, Dante has taught me a new lesson in patriotism. He has enlarged and yet intensified its meaning. Dante loved Italy with a passion. The glory of her past, the hopes for her future, created in his mind an ideal state for which he wrote and suffered. His idea of the state was that it was to be perfect. The emperor was to guide the affairs of the state and be the protector of the church. Italy was torn by internal strife. There was a constant warfare between the pope and the emperor:

"Ah! slavish Italy! thou inn of grief!
Vessel without a pilot in loud storm!
Lady no longer of fair provinces,
But brothel-house impure."

The condition of Italy brought him intense grief; but he looks for a deliverer who would destroy the "She-Wolf"—her worst enemy—"with sharp pain." Dante loved Florence no less than Italy. Municipal righteousness was as essential to his ideal condition of society as a righteous state. Florence was rich, but corrupt, and before his dream could be realized Florence must be pure. His attacks on those who corrupted the city and made it "one universal burst of unmitigated anarchy" sounds modern. Dante never divorced his religion from his politics. With him religion and politics were one. To be a patriot in times of political corruption is to be a reformer. Dante was that. "He became a resolute foe of the corruptions of his time." Unfettered by fear or favor,

he sits supremely as the judge of the good and evil of his day. No office or personage is too great or exalted to escape his condemnation or the scourge of his relentless attack. He incarnated the betrayers of the empire in the personages of Brutus and Cassius, whom he hangs in the "murky jaws of Lucifer, champed and bruised as with ponderous engine" in the nethermost hell, trans-fixed in ice. In paradise Dante meets with Cacciaguida, an ancestor of the family Alighieri. In discoursing about the purity of the former days and lamenting the corruptions of Florence Cacciaguida enjoins Dante to return and tell the truth:

"Conscience dimmed, or by its own
Or others' shame, will feel thy saying sharp.
And let them wince who have their withers wrung.
What though, when tasted first, thy voice shall prove
Unwelcome, on digestion it will turn
To vital nourishment."

If Dante's patriotism developed in him the spirit of a reformer, his religion made him a prophet. The church was as corrupt as the state. During the Middle Ages the fierce battle was between the popes and kings over the rights of temporal power and the rights of investiture. The emperor fought stubbornly for the power, as necessary for the existence of the state; but the popes claimed the same power for the church. Dante held that they should be separate. Each had its place. The state was to care for the welfare of the citizen, the church for his soul; and both "were to bring those who are living in this life out of a state of misery and to guide them to a state of happiness." He laments the assumption of the temporal power by the popes:

"Rome was wont to boast two suns, whose several beams
Cast light on either way, the world's [the king] and God's [the pope].
One since hath quenched the other; and the sword
Is grafted on the crook; and, so conjoined,
Each must perforce decline to worse.
The Church of Rome
Mixing two governments that ill assort
Hath fallen into mire."

The mantle of the prophet falls on him. We stand almost amazed at his fierce attacks on the popes. He seems savage. His words bite and sting; but his wrath came from a heart that was torn

and bruised and hurt by the sins of the men who stood in Peter's shoes. Dante was a layman in a church which to him was divinely sanctioned, and to see the shepherds false and profligate aroused his deepest hatred. He is not resentful, not vindictive; his cry is the cry of pain. To be a prophet requires courage no less than to be a reformer. In his prophetic role he never hesitates; he is sad, and often asks God for help, but he never excuses, palliates, or extenuates. Dante's critics condemn him because he assumed to sit in the seat of the Almighty and hurl his thunderbolts. We have no apology to make, but it is well for us to remember that a true prophet holds the prerogatives of Heaven. If we use the interdict of Jesus against judging, as far as it concerned Dante he was ready to be judged. In the eighth circle of the *Inferno* Dante puts three popes all accused of the guilt of simony. In canto xix he contrasts the simple life of Saint Peter and the apostles with the fat leaders of the church whose hands were full of guilty gold, and says:

"Abide thou there;
Thy punishment of right is merited;
And look thou well to that ill-gotten coin."

The very last words of Beatrice to Dante in paradise are a condemnation of Clement V:

"Whom God will not endure
I' the holy office long; but thrust him down
To Simon Magus, where Anagna's priest
Will sink beneath him; such will be his meed."

The clergy no less than the popes met Dante's withering condemnation. He lamented the corruption of the orders:

"The walls for Abbey reared turned into dens,
The cowl to sacks choked up with musty meal.
Foul usury doth not more lift itself
Against God's pleasure than the fruit which makes
The hearts of monks so wanton."

His wrath is kindled against the clergy who preach error for truth, and teach what they have long ceased to practice. Heaven's anger is kindled against those who take the "Book of God"—the Bible—and make it yield to man's authority: "The sheep,

meanwhile, poor, witless ones, return from pastures fed on wind." The climax to Dante's denunciation of sin in high places is found in canto xxvii of the *Paradise*, where all heaven flushes with red anger and shame as Peter describes the wickedness of those who turned the place he occupied into a "sewer of blood and stench." To understand the matchless beauty of this scene it is necessary to consider, in a few words, Dante's conception and construction of his paradise. He built this spiritual edifice out of light. Paradise was light, growing in intensity and crystalline beauty as he ascends from one star to another until he reaches the Empyrean. The Empyrean he finds

"Embodied light;
Whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created. All is one beam
Reflected from the summit to the first."

Heaven's multitudes are embodied light. He calls Beatrice "the day-star of mine eyes," and when he sees her she is all light, white, radiant, glorious. As they ascend from one star to another it is not by any conscious motion, but by an increased radiance on her face. This glow of light increases until she no longer smiles, for—

"Did I smile thou wouldst become
Like Semele when to ashes turned:
For mounting these Eternal Palace Stairs
My beauty so shines that,
Were no tempering interposed,
Thy mortal puissance would from its rays
Shrink, as the leaf doth from a thunderbolt."

When Dante sees the hosts in heaven,

"Faces they had of flame, and wings of gold:
The rest was whiter than the driven snow.
The fountain at whose source these drink their beams
With light supplies them in as many modes
As there are splendors that it shines on."

"Behold," says Beatrice, "this fair assemblage; stoles of snowy white." When Dante sees Saint John it is "with dazzled eyes." His sight of Christ drew from him this poetic eulogy:

"O Eternal Light!

Sole in thyself that dwell'st; and of thyself
Sole understood, past, present, or to come.
Thou smiledst on that circling which in thee
Seemed as reflected splendor, while I mused;
For I therein, methought, in its own hue
Beheld our image painted."

In such a place of light is this scene laid. Heaven rings with the Gloria, and as the song dies away this whole vast realm of white light changes into a deep, angry red:

"Such color as the sun

At eve or morning paints an adverse cloud.
Beatrice in her semblance changed:
And such eclipse in heaven, methinks, was seen
When the Most Holy suffered."

Peter rises and speaks:

"Wonder not if my hue

Be changed; my place
He who usurps on earth (my place, ay, mine,
Which in the presence of the Son of God
Is void), the same hath made my cemetery
A common sewer of puddle and of blood.
In shepherd's clothing, greedy wolves below
Range wide over all of the pastures."

I know of no scene in the whole realm of literature so striking as this. Tennyson has something like it in his last lines of *The Vision of Sin*:

"And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

If those who betray the state find their merited punishment in the lowest hell, no less those who betray the church. Judas, along with Brutus and Cassius, hangs in the jaws of Lucifer.

But to be a reformer one must be content to suffer. Dante suffered. It is needless to enter here into the various fortunes of the factions that wasted Florence. The city became the battle ground of two parties. The pope concluded to send Charles of Valois, brother of Philip of France, to pacify Florence. Dante resisted this measure. He went to Rome to enter his protest. During his absence Charles entered Florence, and for five days

pillaged the city. Dante, being one of the most resolute foes of Charles and the pope, was one of their first victims. On January 27, 1302, he was banished from the city, and if ever caught on Florentine soil was to be put to death by burning. It was a blow from which he never recovered. He says, "Through almost all parts where this language is spoken, a wanderer, almost a beggar, I have gone, showing against my will the wounds of fortune." In 1316 Florence bade him return on conditions unworthy of a patriot. He spurned the offer. He could be a wanderer on the earth, a martyr even, but not a coward. Dante, as a reformer, inspires my message. He has taught me that a righteous city and a pure state are both essential to the coming of the kingdom of God. But how can the kingdom come when our cities are ruled and controlled by men who seek office, not to serve, but to plunder? If the next great awakening is to come by preaching the social laws of Jesus this preaching will find great stimulus in this great poem. In his *De Monarchia* Dante speaks of man as having two ultimate ends: "The one the beatitude of this life," under the direction of rulers whose office is as much sanctioned by the Almighty as the rulers who guide the soul in its attainment of "the beatitude of eternal life." Dante's views may seem ideal, but another great soul has taught us that this world is a subject for redemption.

If to be a reformer one must be content to suffer, much more to be a prophet. Dante's exile for the sake of truth gnawed constantly at his heart. His first pain was the anguish of disappointment because his ideals for his country and church were so little understood. His very face seemed to reflect the darkness of his fortunes. Boccaccio, after describing Dante's features, tells us that one day in Verona, as he was walking along the street, he passed a doorway where sat a group of women. One of them said softly to the others: "Do you see the man who goes down into hell and returns when he pleases, and brings back tidings of them that are below? Do you not see how his beard is crisped and his color darkened by the heat and smoke down there?"

But Dante's keenest suffering was from the pain of his personal purification. If he was to be a prophet of God he must be

pure. Like his great predecessor, this Florentine Isaiah needed the seraph with the live coal to purge away his iniquity. Within he also had heard the "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts," and he confessed that he was a man of unclean lips. This great poem, whatever else it is, is the experience of a soul smitten with a deep sense of sin, that soul's conversion, purification, and its beatitude. The opening lines of the *Inferno* unlock the door of those caverns of sin in his own soul:

"In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood astray."

Put emphasis on the words "gloomy wood" and "astray," and the personal aspect of the *Inferno* will be clear. Dante had sinned. His fall was in middle life. No sudden gust of youthful passion, but some dreadful wrong he had committed after the death of Beatrice. He does not tell us what it was, but the words of Beatrice reveal the fact. She prayed for him:

"Nor availed me aught
To sue for inspiration, with the which
I, both in dreams of night and otherwise,
Did call him back; of them so little recked him,
Such depth he fell, that all device was short
Of his preserving save that he should view
The children of perdition."

These words of Beatrice sound modern. If we will sin we must see and feel its pain. Dante enters hell with Virgil; and as they come to the great gate of this lazar-house of woe they read the words written thereon:

"Through me you pass into the city of woe.
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primal love."

The suffering sin causes is not resentment. The critics of Dante who look on the *Inferno* as "the utterance of personal resentment" have missed its great truth. Whatever be the mystery of pain, in its presence Dante is moved only to pity and to tears. In the second circle of hell he meets Francesca, tossed about in the gloom by a furious wind. He hears her story of illicit love and intrigue with her brother-in-law. Her suffering leads him to say:

"Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves."

At the end of the story he says:

"I through compassion fainting
Seemed not far from death,
And like a corpse fell to the ground."

There is no resentment here. It is pity for sin and its consequential suffering. Dante does not even spare his friends. He weeps over them, but never excuses. Brunetto Latini, one of his teachers, who so "lately didst teach me the way for man to win eternity," Dante finds a hot, withered soul, pelted with storms of falling fire drops; but neither Brunetto nor Dante cries out against justice. Dante, from the tales he had read, knew of the sin of Francesca and his friend; he knew too well that sin here is hell, and the Inferno is but its continuation. All the great poets have been true to this great moral law. None have dared to do it violence. Shakespeare's tragedies, Jean Valjean's dream, Ottima and Sebald in Browning's *Pippa Passes*, Tennyson's *Guinevere* and *Lancelot*, hold true to the moral order of the universe, and do but teach, in a mild way, what Dante has put here in this horror of darkness, namely, that sin brings suffering here and hereafter.

Reader, Dante has a stern message here for our day. We have lost the sense of sin. This ugly ghost that haunts the vision of the great poets is hid beneath the gayety of our shallow life. Certain of our evolutionists have been teaching us that sin is but the vestige of our lower life, to be worked off and fall into disuse as physical organs do. We half believe them and are silent, hoping for the day. Dante comes to this new age with the message that sin creates its own hell. Let theology face about as it will. Let us hunt out the truth in the Bible suited to our new day, but at our peril do we neglect to teach the terrible realities of sin and its certain doom to the man who holds it until death. Dante's philosophy of hell is that the soul, by sinning, narrows itself down to its master sin, and in the presence of that one master sin the soul remains. There is no thought of the soul's escape. Hell is fixed, not as a place, but as a condition of the soul's life. There can be no escape, for in that condition there is not so much as

remorse, much less repentance. There is no hint, either, in the *Inferno* that its fires and darkness lead to either ultimate death or extinction.

In canto xxxiv, the last of the *Inferno*, Dante relates his escape. Having reached the very center of gravity, the "teacher, panting like a man forespent, departs from evil so extreme." Mr. Carroll makes this canto the climax of the whole *Inferno*, as in it Dante relates his conversion. In the *Purgatory* Dante seeks to answer the question as to the soul's purification. How is a willing soul to regain paradise? By what process is the soul cleansed of all taint of sin? This part of the *Commedia* is the most human because it reflects more clearly Dante's own struggle to be free from his own sense of sin. His theology taught him that purgatory was a place where the soul, by suffering, paid its own penalties for sin in order to satisfy divine justice. The suffering of a repentant soul was for its cure. Dante was also taught that the length of suffering could be shortened by the pious deeds and prayers of those on earth, because God loves deeds of mercy and worship much more than he loves justice. If Dante would call the *Purgatory* the story of his penance we would change the word to repentance, for here, in this halfway house of paradise, the soul is held until the stain of sin is purged away. We are not concerned so much here with his theology as we are with the poetic beauty of this part of the *Commedia*, and yet it has many helpful lessons for us. When they reach the isle of *Purgatory* Dante stretches out his face to Virgil, and he washes it with the dew still lingering on the grass. The dew restores the color to his face, which the smoke of hell had concealed. This beautiful act of the guide tells Dante that the sins of the soul must be washed away before the soul can begin its climb to paradise. After traveling the ante-purgatory Dante is carried by one Luca up to the gate of purgatory proper. There he sees three steps under a portal. The portal represents the sacrament of confession; the white marble step, sincerity; the sable represents contrition; and the red, the love of God. God's angel sat on a rock of diamond, with a blunt sword in his hand. Dante approached the angel and prostrated himself:

"Seven times

The letter that denotes the inward stain
He, on my forehead, with the blunt point
Of his drawn sword inscribed. And 'Look,' he cried,
'When entered, that thou wash these scars away.'"

The greater part of the Purgatory is taken up with Dante's ascent up the seven terraces, where one by one these seven sins are purged away. At last he arrives at the earthly paradise with a white brow. In roaming through the earthly Eden he comes upon two streams whose source is God. The lady he meets tells him that the one stream, Lethe, brings forgetfulness of sin; the other, Eunoe, brings remembrance of all good deeds. But before Dante is to plunge through the one and drink of the other he is to meet Beatrice, who will recall to him his wayward life. The whole scene here is indescribably beautiful. The deep human problem Dante grapples with is a problem which perplexes us all. If salvation saves from sin, does it also spread the mantle of oblivion over the memory of our sin? The question is not only to be free from the power and stain of sin, but to have the memory cleansed. Dante's brow is white of actual sin, but how white the memory? This question Dante solves in his own way. Beatrice descends from heaven, "in white veil with olive wreathed, beneath green mantle, robed in hue of living flame." From across the stream she begins her long speech of reproach. The whole discourse, full of gentle, stern rebuke, is intended to recall to Dante's mind his past sins, to revive the memory of his errors. He is overwhelmed in her presence:

"Remorseful goads
Shot sudden through me.
On my heart so keenly smote
The bitter consciousness that on the ground
O'erpowered I fell."

When he awoke he was being drawn through the river Lethe; and, having reached the opposite shore, the dame immersed him while the choir sang, "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean: wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." The memory of the bitter past was gone, and Beatrice revealed to him her second beauty. This may be but a poet's dream, but it is the desire of every soul

that has felt the agony of sin, then God's forgiveness, but whose memory nags the present with bitter regret and the sense of the loss of power. The soul craves a Lethe into whose waves it can plunge and say with Dante, "I do not remember that I was ever estranged from thee."

Of the Paradise it is impossible to speak much within the limits of a single article. It is the most difficult part of the *Commedia*. The only attitude of mind that will bring the student any value is that of reverence and sympathy. This attitude will give one the historic sense which is so needful to help us to understand the difficulties in constructing this part of the poem. Dante was compelled to use the material at hand. The crude astronomy of the day, the heavy theology of Aquinas, motion as expressive of joy, his conceptions of truth, all seem crude to us and sometimes grotesque; but suppose we regard all these as the rounds of a ladder to climb to a view of God. Suppose we regard the Paradise as the efforts of a pure life to record its visions of the soul when thrown into the highest religious rapture; then there will dawn upon us something of the greatness of this part of the poem. According to Dante, religion consists in a view and a knowledge of God. When this is attained the soul reaches its beatitude. Having attained his view of God, he is not to rest in heaven a cowed monk or a mystic. His prayer is that memory may hold his visions until he can record them; and, having seen God, to return and give his message to a waiting and sinful world. To my mind there can be no commentaries on the Paradise. It must find its explanation in each reader's own heart's experiences and passions for holiness and God. If Dante's efforts for a view of God and his passion for truth find no sympathy in our own life the Paradise will ever remain what Leigh called it: "A heaven libeling itself with invective against earth, and terminating in a great presumption."

Rufus J. Wyckoff.

ART. VIII.—THE PROTEST OF IMMORTALITY

(A STUDY OF THE SIXTEENTH PSALM)

THE Old Testament has nowhere lifted immortality into a stated doctrine, but it is implied, assumed, insisted upon in many of its noblest utterances. The ancient Hebrew seemed in the finest sense a practical man; he was not given to speculative thought, but was bent on living. He solved his problems not by logic, but by experience. Job's logic served him little, but his eager, groping, growing life of faith finally settled all doubts and illumined theology for all time. These men had already grasped the great truth of our modern singer, that

"'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant:
More life, and fuller;"

and it was the pressure of this "fuller" life upon them that now and then lifted the nobler souls into expressions of immortality. One of the finest in all the book is this sixteenth psalm. It runs the way of man's fuller life; it climbs from aspiration to experience, from experience to assurance. Its superb genius is couched in the first two and last two words of the psalm, "Preserve me . . . for evermore."

The longing to be preserved is as old as the race; this song in itself is a token of it. Every picture and every book is a testimony that one does not want to utterly perish from the earth, and every monument to the great and good is a testimony that we do not want men to die out of our midst. The longing runs deeper; it takes hold on being itself. The Egyptian wraps his mummy to preserve him, the savage equips his warrior for the journey, and the Athenian bathes his imagination twice a year in the refreshing thought of the Eleusinian mysteries. But it is not simply to be preserved in song, to be cherished in grateful memory, nor to be preserved in body that we long. There is another, deeper, trend to life, a larger, nobler, prayer for preservation. Note it in the child who comes into a world that is too much for him. Through

the senses he is overwhelmed, through authority almost obliterated, through desire led astray from his own central being. Then the incipient "me" within begins its effort for existence, its prayer for preservation, its struggle to hold together, to be, to be *some one*: "Preserve me lest I sink beneath the waves of sense; preserve me lest through authority I drop into an automaton; preserve me lest I stray from the scripture of my own being." Or note it in man who slowly struggles from savagery up into himself. Here is the goal of civilization, the strain and stress of the world movement; that man may be preserved; the individual man come to himself. This is the aim of democracy; for this we turn upon nature, join our fortunes with our fellows, and set our life constantly toward higher ideals. But our psalm grasps the idea of preservation in a still larger sense. The word itself here means simply an appeal to the guardianship of God. The man casts his fortunes into the hands of the Almighty. The real scope of these fortunes is brought out in the words that play through the prayer. We get a man's idea of life in his prayer. One man prays and he talks of nothing but something to eat, something to wear, something to put into his pockets; another man prays, and it is one great cry for God, the appeal of the thirsty garden for water, the groping of a flower for the sun. The second verse is a little difficult to translate, but doubtless has this significance: "I have no good beyond Thee." It is the cry for the ideal, the quest for the chief good, the bruised reed making its appeal to the sanitation of the universe, the prayer to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect. Link to this that other sentence in the third verse, that his "delight is in the saints"; not in a material golden age to come, but in a purified and glorified humanity. Here is man's noblest dream for the future, the harmony of the world. Now add to this that other thought in the fourth verse, that "sorrows shall be multiplied to them that seek another than God"; that all the fortunes of man are bound up in the purpose of the one God.

"That God who ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

We have, then, the man's ideal for progress, sainthood for the world's destiny, and the one immortal purpose of God for the goal. Progress, harmony, unity—these, they tell us, are the great discoveries of science during the last century; these, they say, are the vital principles that live at the heart of the universe, the essential and immortal constitution of worlds. And this old Hebrew poet lifts them into prayer. He is alive with the genius of worlds. Yea, already new worlds are forming on the horizon; eventually new heavens and new earths must roll into view.

But let us pass still deeper into the shrine of our poet's soul. One who prays so well must needs have a great experience, for prayer is born of experience. The great thought the man has cherished about life has found a response in the great cherishing thought of God. The gist of his experience seems to circle about this sentence: "Thou hast maintained my lot."

When God makes a seed and puts it in the world then he weaves about it a universe full of seed-ministries; he maintains its lot. When he fashions a bird, so minutely and frailly, then about it he shapes a universe full of bird-ministries; he maintains its lot. And when he brings in man, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," then he overarches him with a universe, seen and unseen, full of man-ministries. Ah, such ministries: the care of Providence, the redeeming work of the Cross, and the regenerating power of the Spirit! He maintains his lot. This lot of man has differentiated itself from the lower world. What the dividing line is and where it is drawn we know not. The gazelle outstrips us in speed, the lion in strength, the eagle in vision. Yet look again into that child's eye. There is another kind of vision; something we cannot read, cannot guess, cannot even talk about; something that differentiates the child for higher destinies; and we take him away to the church and say, "Baptize this child in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." We have set him apart for destinies not outlined in these earthly tracings. We have set him apart for communions that are not of this world, for experiences that overrun all earth boundaries. And this is the thought of the psalmist; he tells us how his life is completely involved in the life of God; "the lines have fallen" to him out of

God's hands. The measuring lines of life are not of man, but of God. Our life is "broader than the measure of man's mind," our estates too vast for the little human surveyors. The plan is with God. He is the architect of our fortunes.

But he touches another thought; the ministering "cup," the higher communion in the way, and this is of God. Along the mountain road you have come upon a little spring, and some benevolent soul has chained a cup to it for the thirsty traveler. Along that great and difficult mountain road of man that leads ever to higher things you will find by every springside the cup of God—those fountains of truth, beauty, and goodness that take their rise beneath the throne of God and the Lamb. The measuring lines are in his hands; we share his cup; "his counsels instruct us night and day." Every delver for truth is seeking the counsels of God, searching out the constitution of things.

But the psalmist is now ready for his conclusion, for his "therefore." His argument has not been built on analogy nor logic, but life. There is blood in his "therefore." It throbs with vitality. He has climbed from aspiration to experience, from experience to God, and from this new height flings forth the nobler song of assurance. And it is wonderful how truly in line with the best modern thought is this old Hebrew singer. Evolution has come at last to take its place as a process that can no more do without God than the old mechanical theory. The seed does not of itself evolve into a flower. If, as Professor Drummond suggests, it be placed "in vacuo" it will never evolve. The fact is the seed evolves through a ministry that environs it, in which it lives, moves, and has its being; and at last the scientist tells us that the universe itself is evolved through a larger ministry: One in whom it lives, moves, and has its being. And the process is ever from the lower to the higher; each new petal is touched to higher spiritualities. All this mighty moving, grinding, unfolding that is going on about us is just the spiritualization of the universe.

"Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shattered stalks
Or ruined chrysalis of one."

"These things shall wax old like a garment, and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail." O thou eternal Creator, Redeemer, Evolver, thy years shall not fail; worlds may be outworn, but thou continuest. And this is the assurance of the old Hebrew bard; it rests on the being of God—through aspirations to experience, through experience to God, through God to the great protest of immortality: "Therefore thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol; thou wilt not suffer thine holy one to see corruption;" thou wilt not cast away my immortal being with the mortal garment. It is an absolute impossibility unless God turn back the whole course of the universe. In the aspiration of man, in the experience of the soul, in the purpose of God, my destiny lies beyond.

Then the protest rises into prospect: "Thou wilt show me the path of life." God is not only the great poet who sings the real, as Mrs. Browning suggests; he is also the great artist who unveils "the path of life." With that prospect on before it is good to live; every emotion is on fire, every thought kindled to expectation, every purpose girt with power. It is not a dream path of the human imagination running its ideal way above the cloud line. Nor is it that low, sordid path of transient realism that runs zigzag among the things of time, never daring to assert its immortal meaning. It is the great highway of God shaped for the progress of man, the spiritualization of life and the destiny of being.

"Thou wilt show me the path of life." It is the way of the divine revealing; he leads and interprets. "In thy presence is fullness of joy, in thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." In our hands life withers and dies; in his hands it is touched to immortality, to tasks of infinite scope.

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be."

Gardner S. Eldredge

ART. IX.—A NEW POET: FREDERIC LAWRENCE
KNOWLES

SOME three years ago appeared a little volume of verse, *On Life's Stairway*, which evinced originality and genuine gift of phrase. It was the work of Mr. Frederic Lawrence Knowles, a graduate of the oldest Methodist college, Wesleyan, in the class of 1894. As Wesleyan men or as Methodists many of us took pride in the volume; but that pride was not due to mere loyalty for one of our own alumni or sect; it was pride arising out of recognition of really excellent poetry, poetry which noted critics did not hesitate to commend in unusual terms. Good as was this volume, it revealed certain slight extravagances, immaturities, need of development; and into Mr. Knowles's second volume, *Love Triumphant*, three years of rich development have been poured. It is in all respects a better product, a more contained, more serious, more significant product. The former faults have greatly decreased: the insistent alliteration, the slight tendency to what is merely declamatory, the occasionally ill-based sentiment, the adherence to conventionality. Especially is there growth in robustness—less of the lily and more of the oak. The bold and unequivocal religious criticism of *The Larger View*, particularly of the concluding stanzas, is indicative of this change; but the poem *A Challenge* best reflects it. A few lines follow:

"O rather, when the mad Hands through the dark,
Unseen and self-provoked, shall lash my will,
Let me the stancher bare me to the blow,
Rise, hide my hurt, suppress the groan, fold arms,
Erect and scornful, though my back may bleed,
Though flesh, nerve, sensibilities, cry out!"

Mr. Knowles has closed his Swinburne and opened his Browning. Equally noticeable is a growth in emotional power. One may select at least twenty poems in this second volume which are none of your mere pretty pieces that leave the heart beating at precisely the same rate at which they found it. And this ability to stir emotion is often combined with noble seriousness, dignity,

really valuable criticism of life. Sincerity reinforced by individuality stamps such verses as *Love Immortal*, *Credo*, and *The Twofold Prayer*. The poet is commenting upon life for himself, as a poet should; he is sanely and strongly original. There is thought touched with imagination throughout the volume. No mere versifier's imagination this, moreover; rather the imagination of those few now living poets who are unmistakably dowered with the inward vision. Where among our present-day "sweet singers" of America will you point us a half dozen who can write like this:

"Those forest-conquering heroes, dauntless, free,
By the long, treacherous cape which, then as now,
With gaunt, crook'd finger beckoned to the sea" ?

or like this:

"When June flees down her laughing lanes
As fast as foot can fall" ?

or this:

"Now am I grown Death's slave
Whom he lets live for pastime" ?

Here is imagination of the true sort, impossible to mistake; and imagination couched in that magic of phrase which denies itself to the mere versifier of attractive mediocrity. One who in reading this little book makes his first acquaintance with Mr. Knowles's work must feel something of that joy of discovery which Keats has forever expressed in a famous sonnet. I say merely something; for I should be doing the author a disservice were I to indulge in that fulsome adulation which now characterizes so much of our American criticisms in newspaper and periodicals. Yet this magic phrase is occasionally so striking that one risks little in an assertion that it reveals a possible successor to our famous group of New England poets. In no American poet since Lowell and Longfellow have any of us heard melody more sounding and noble, sentiment more simple in the mastery of simplicity—in brief, style and content of truer ring—than in such of Mr. Knowles's poems as *Laus Mortis*, *Directions to a Traveler*, and the *Ode to New England*. Here is not merely art, but art fired with "inspiration and the poet's dream." The sublime simplicity in the close of *Directions to a Traveler* abides with the reader as only true poetry can. Says Leslie Stephen, "I believe in poetry which

learns itself by heart;" and seldom was keener judgment uttered. This whole poem, which I quote below, discloses that lack of adornment, that true simplicity, which Matthew Arnold so admired in Wordsworth—"bald," he said, "as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur":

"How far must I follow this dusky way?
Till the hills grow faint in the twilight gray.
"Must I keep to the road till it drops from sight?
At the line of the sky is a path to the right.
"And what is the name of the crossroads there?
The name on the finger post is *Care*.
"And must I travel that new path far?
Till the West is bright with the Evening Star.
"And how many miles must I journey then?
Till you reach the Tavern of All Good Men.
"And how many roofs shall I have to pass?
But one: that Hostelry, thatched with grass.
"And whither thence at the dawn of day?
The Host, when He wakes you, will point the way."

Laus Mortis has almost the same simplicity, a noble melody, and in addition an Hellenic quality which makes it in every sense classic. Its greater length prevents complete quotation, but no one who takes up the volume should fail to peruse this notable performance. It has that scarcely describable dignity which is not the dignity of coldness but of justly restrained and polished workmanship. The eleventh and twelfth couplets are particularly felicitous:

"Where Life, the Sower, stands,
Scattering the ages from his swinging hands,
"Thou waitest, Reaper lone,
Until the multitudinous grain hath grown."

Still more significant, on account of its much greater length, considerably over a hundred lines, is the Ode to New England. This I venture to pronounce not unworthy of comparison with some of Lowell's work. It possesses uniformity of quality, flashes of imag-

ination and of felicitous phrase, nobility of style and substance, and lofty appeal to lofty emotions. I can quote only one stanza:

"Thou art the rough nurse of a hero-brood,
New England, and their mighty limbs by thee
Were fashioned—they, the bards, the warriors rude,
Whom Time hath dowered with fame imperishably.
But not alone for this I love thee; I
On thy bare mother-breast have laid my head,
And drunk the cool, deep silence, while the sky,
Confederate of my joy, laughed o'er my bed.
Thus have I lain till half I seemed a part—
In my clairvoyant mood—of Nature's plan;
The very landscape crept into my heart,
And they were one—the sense, the soul, of man;
My kinship with life's myriad forms I knew:
Worms in the world of green, wings in the world of blue!"

The sustained length of this poem gives promise of future power for which the comment of my preceding pages may prove inadequate. Yet it is preferable, in judgment of contemporary product, to exercise too much caution rather than too little. "Deliver me from my friends" may well have been the wish of many a literary man; for no deeper disservice can be proffered than the "foolish face of praise," the unrestrained plaudits of that false friendship which, in a mistaken loyalty, forgets its duty of serene discrimination.

J. H. N. Baker.

ART. X.—SAINT PAUL AS A POET

IN the narrower sense of a maker of verses Saint Paul was not a poet; he was too busy. But in the broader sense "one who by his powers of insight and expression presents ideas in new, harmonious, and beautiful forms" is also a poet, and sometimes a poet of the highest order. Such was Saint Paul. Not that Paul was ignorant of poetic form. He could on occasion embellish his page with the rolling hexameter. Thus in his great address to the Athenian literati on Mars' Hill he aptly quotes certain of their own poets, so aptly, indeed, that we cannot doubt that his mind was well stored with their poetry. His quotation is from Cleanthes's Hymn to Zeus, of which Lightfoot says, "Heathen devotion seldom or never soars higher than in this sublime hymn."

"Thine offspring are we;
Therefore will I hymn thy praises,
And sing thy might forever:
Thee all this universe,
Which rolls about the earth,
Obeys, wheresoever thou dost guide it,
And gladly owns thy sway."

Paul's quotation is thus given; he is setting forth "the God that made the world, and all things that are therein," and says: "He is not far from each one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your poets have said, For we also are his offspring." Paul's exact words, *Toû γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμὲν*, which have the swing of the hexameter, are found in a poem of Aratus, a Cilician like Paul himself, so famous in his day that Ovid declares that his fame shall live as long as the sun and moon endure—"Cum sole et luna semper Aratus erit." "How little," says Conybeare, "did the Athenian audience imagine that the poet's immortality would really be owing to the quotation made by the despised provincial!" Note, too, how far Paul soars above the poet whom he immortalizes as he hymns the praise of the same God: "God, . . . which is the blessed and only Potentate, who only hath immortality, dwelling in light unapproachable, whom

no man hath seen nor can see; to whom be honor and power eternal. Amen." Or when he cries: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counselor? or who hath first given unto him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to him be glory forever. Amen." If Aratus's immortality be as the sun and moon, Paul's shall be measured by the years of God. Paul's knowledge of Greek poetry was not confined to the lofty and religious. He puts into the hand of his friend Titus, bishop of Crete, a slingshot taken from the armory of Epimenides, whom Paul characterizes as "one of themselves, a prophet of their own," hard and heavy enough to crack even a Cretan skull: "Always liars and beasts are the Cretans, and inwardly sluggish." In this fine translation by Conybeare we get the very swing of the hexameter. Again to the Corinthians he gives a line from the Thais of Menander, the Athenian dramatist, so full of shrewd common sense—the wisdom of many packed into a single line by the wit of one—that it has passed into proverbial use in many tongues, including our own: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

But we fail to realize Paul's poetic training until we note how he revels in Hebrew poetry. Turn the leaves of the Revised Version, and find Paul's great epistles full of the best thoughts of the Hebrew poets, the psalmists and the prophets of Israel—seventeen distinct quotations in the Epistle to the Romans alone, in one of which the apostle probably restores several stanzas lost to us in the original and the ancient verses. In such an abundance selection is difficult. A single illustration may suffice. Paul is engaged with that most inspiring theme, the salvation of the Gentiles, and affirms that they, as well as the Jews, have cause to glorify God for his mercy: "As it is written, Therefore will I give praise unto thee among the Gentiles, and sing unto thy name. And again he saith, Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with his people. And again, Praise the Lord, all ye Gentiles; and let all the peoples praise him. And again, Isaiah saith, There shall be the root of Jesse, and he

that ariseth to rule over the Gentiles; on him shall the Gentiles hope." The fitness as well as the abundance of such citations in the writings of Paul show how profoundly he was versed in the best poetry of his people.

Nor is he unfamiliar with the Christian hymnology of his day. There is that beautiful stanza in the Epistle to the Ephesians, which we may render:

"Awake, thou that sleepest,
And from the dead arise,
And Christ shall shine upon thee;"

and the hymn to Christ in the First Epistle to Timothy:

"He who was manifest in the flesh,
Justified in the spirit,
Seen of angels,
Preached among the Gentiles,
Believed on in the world,
Received up in glory."

In moments of glowing fervor, as, for instance, when from the summit of laboriously constructed argument he gazes out upon some broad expanse of truth, Paul equals, if he does not excel, his best models in those powers of insight and expression which mark the poet of the highest order. Here again we must content ourselves with a few of the many possible illustrations. We have already cited his glorious hymns of praise to God; but not less striking are his ascriptions of praise to Christ. Take this for example: "Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross. Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Prose this may be, but it is prose on fire.

Turn we now to Saint Paul's Hymn of Love. Time forbids,

and, indeed, familiarity renders unnecessary, extended citation; but let us taste the flavor of a few lines: "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Take another taste: "Now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." Try a few lines now from the great Resurrection Hymn: "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

But perhaps the most striking prose poem that ever fell from the apostle's gifted pen is the anthem with which he closes his greatest chapter, the eighth of Romans. With this we rest our contention that this man, who perhaps never imagined it of himself, was a poet of the very first order. It is now many years since the poetic quality of this psalm of praise so impressed me that I attempted to turn it into English verse, calling it Saint Paul's Hymn. That you may perceive how thoroughly poetic it is I venture to give a few lines in that form:

"What foes have we to fear
If God be on our side?
With his protection near,
What evil can betide?
Who gave his Son for us to bleed
Will surely give us all we need.

"Who shall the saints accuse
Whom God hath justified?
Or grace to those refuse
For whom the Saviour died?
Who now before the throne of grace
Stands pleading for our fallen race?

"What power shall separate
Us from the Father's love?
Not storms of hellish hate
The steadfast soul can move;
Nor tribulation, nor distress,
Nor hunger, cold, and nakedness.

"Nay, more than conquerors,
Through him who loves us well,
Although the battle roars,
Sheer from the mouth of hell;
For he who all our strength supplies
Is greater than our enemies!

"Shall neither life nor death,
Present nor future ill,
Nor powers above, beneath,
Nor man's nor demon's will,
Nor any other creature, move
The soul that rests in Jesus' love."

But such a poet needs no help from rhyme or meter. Take his words as they glow on the sacred page, and say, Is not this man a poet? "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

David Keppel.

ART. XI.—EDMUND BURKE—AN APOSTLE OF
CONSERVATISM

MACAULAY, reading the works of Burke over again, said, "How admirable! The greatest man since Milton." Edmund Burke was born in Ireland, either in 1728 or 1729. His mother was a Catholic, his father a Protestant, and, while Edmund adhered to Protestantism, he ever had a high esteem for the creed in which his mother was reared and lived. It is said that his father was a man of irritable temper, and that father and son often fell into violent altercation. During the year 1741 Schackleton, a Quaker, became Edmund's teacher in Ballitore, and continued such for a period of two years. For five years he was a student at Trinity College, and took the degree of B.A. in 1748. The time here he employed largely in reading in the public library. "All my studies," he said while at college, "have rather proceeded from sallies of passion than from the preference of sound reason; and like all other natural appetites, have been very violent for a season, and very soon cooled, and quite absorbed in the succeeding. I often have thought it a humorous consideration to observe and, sum up all the madness of this kind I have fallen into this two years past. First, I was greatly taken with natural philosophy, which, while I should have given my mind to logic, employed me incessantly. This I call my furor mathematicus. But this worked off as soon as I began to read it in the college, as men by repletion cast off their stomachs all they have eaten. Then I turned back to logic and metaphysics. Here I remained a good while and with much pleasure, and this was my furor logicus, a disease very common in the days of ignorance, and very uncommon in these enlightened times. Next succeeded the furor historicus, which also had its day, but is now no more, being entirely absorbed in the furor poeticus." He gave, however, much attention to the study of history. History is the ark that rides triumphant on the ocean tide of humanity and preserves all that is vital in human progress. It is opulent and opens all doors, and is a disclosure of science, art, literature, philosophy, and religion. Burke saw the worth of

knowing history, and especially the story of his own island. He pathetically spoke of Ireland in these words: "I am endeavoring to get a little into the accounts of this our poor country."

In 1750 Burke found his home in London, where for nine years he abode in obscurity. But these years were of sowing seed to leap into a golden harvest, and the obscurity of this period gave root to his character. At first he gave some attention to the survey of law, mastering its principles and methods; and for the law, though aware of its drawbacks, he ever had a lofty regard. He once said: "The law is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together. But it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalize the mind in the same proportion." But the study of literature became a passion with Burke, and he wisely abandoned the bar. He attended debating clubs and theaters and traveled summers, but kept up his reading habit now fully formed. "Reading," he said, "and much reading, is good." Who objects to this? Who does not know that reading has expanded shrunken realms? The old saying is, "Beware of the man of one book." Yes, "Beware." The originality that cannot read libraries and intermeddle with all knowledge is worth our pity. It pays at times to read poor books for the suggestions they bring to us. An infirm performance in print, as well as in speech, may set us to thinking, and in all reading the vital worth is not in what we receive from what we read, but what we impart to it. But hear Burke once more: "The power, however, of diversifying the matter infinitely in your mind, and of applying it to every occasion that arises, is far better; so do not suppress the *invida vis*." Burke not only became a great reader, but also a great talker, and is known as one of the noted conversers of the eighteenth century, along with Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and others. Talking with others reveals to us our gaps in knowledge. During the year 1756 Burke's essay on Natural Society was published. The aim of the essay was to counteract the rationalism of England. He looked with great dislike upon skepticism, its icy throne surrounded by inky darkness, and saw that it is always popular through the mar-

gin it grants to behavior, and all the truths and facts of Christianity, instead of a single plank, made a landing to which to tie his vessel. In the same year Burke published his essay on *The Sublime and Beautiful*. This treatise abounds in crude and imperfect notions, such as "Variety is out of place in architecture;" "Sad colors make the sublime." According to the latter maxim, a dooryard full of evergreen trees is not funereal, but sublime. The law announced in this famous treatise is: The principles of art are not to be found in the artistic achievements of men, but in human nature itself. He said: "But art can never give the rules that make an art. This is, I believe, the reason why artists in general, and poets principally, have been confined in so narrow a circle: they have been rather imitators of one another than of nature, and this with so faithful a uniformity, and so remote an antiquity, that it is hard to say who gave the first model. I can judge but poorly of anything whilst I measure it by no other standard than itself. The true standard of the arts is in every man's power; and an easy observation of the most common, sometimes the meanest, things in nature will give the truest lights, where the greatest sagacity and industry that slights such observation must leave us in the dark, or, what is worse, amuse and mislead us by false lights. In an inquiry it is almost everything to be once on a right road." This principle announced by Burke has shed a wholesome influence upon the world of art.

Burke was appointed secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, prime minister of England, and, sent to Parliament, identified himself with the Whig party. All Americans know he spoke thrilling words in our behalf in our struggle for independence. He, however, did not deny the right of taxing the colonies in America, but he would not divorce an abstract right from expediency. He said: "The question with me is not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy. It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I ought to do. When you drive him hard the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. Nobody will be argued into slavery." When told that America was worth fighting for he said, "Certainly it is, if fighting a people be

the best way of gaining them." Burke could not stop the conflict in England as well as in America, which contest resulted in our separation from England, a victory to the mother country as well as to us, and the contest at the accession of William and Mary triumphed in constitutional liberty on English soil, and England has become a great democracy. In 1782 Burke became privy councilor and paymaster of the troops, and when Pitt took hold of the reins of the government in company with Fox he led the opposition. Afterward he acted as one of the managers of the trial of Warren Hastings, which trial lasted for ten years. Burke spoke nine days at this trial, and the closing portion of his speech for the impeachment of Hastings was elaborated sixteen times before delivery. Hastings, listening to the peroration, felt himself to be the most guilty man in the world. We give a single sentence of the peroration: "We have never said he was a tiger and a lion: no, we have said he was a weasel and a rat." If Burke did not prevent the acquittal of Hastings he secured the overthrow of a corrupt system of rule in India. The great trial was the theme of one of Macaulay's finest essays.

When the fires of the French Revolution began to flame into the sky Burke opposed the aims of the revolutionists, and his *Reflections on the Revolution of France* within the period of a single year reached nineteen thousand copies in England and thirteen thousand in France in the sales to the people. This remarkable essay, a superb contribution for the old order of things of royalty, killed the Revolution of France among English people, and was a breakwater against the disintegrating forces let loose in Europe. Still there was a principle under the French Revolution which Burke would have seen had he been true to his own maxims. God sometimes becomes weary of the monotonous run of affairs oppressive and depressive, and breaks it up with earthquake power. Great truths often live in the hearts of fanatics. A force down in the earth where the sun does not shine comes up to the surface with volcanic power.

Burke died July 17, 1797. As an orator, voice, gesture, manner, and Irish brogue were against Burke. His discursiveness, by which he did not make his orations reach unity of effect, was not

calculated to win popular applause. He was unable to substitute philosophical disquisition for impressive appeal, and his tax upon the mental energy of his hearers was such that he usually spoke to empty seats; they who left him by himself, however, would read with delight his speech in print. It was as a thinker that Burke excelled, and although he lost hearers he has won a multitude of readers. The hat he wore covered more brains and ideas than are found, as a rule, in the heads of others. His works therefore are studded with profound ideas, and on any page can be found a maxim that would do credit to Bacon. He had great wealth of imagination and was profuse in the use of striking metaphors. He drew generously from all departments of knowledge in the making of orations, which, though uttered for his day, have entered into the permanent possession of all days to come. Such a man would be guilty of exaggeration and excessive ornamentation, but, flinging these aside, what a remainder! His works are heavy, but it is always so with wheat. Garfield was a political student of Burke, and it has been said that Garfield in Congress was Burke transferred from the British Parliament. The jurisprudence of modern England has been shaped by the words of Burke. He said in a speech at Bristol that he was more indebted to his convictions than his constituents. Burke's quarrel with Fox is evidence that clay entered into his composition. Burke and Fox had been fond friends, but because Fox was the friend of the French Revolution, and though he cried with tears, "There is no loss of friendship," Burke sternly said, "Our friendship is at an end." Green in his *Short History of England* has vividly told the story of the unfortunate affair. Burke was practical as well as scientific—practical, he was able to discern differences, and, scientific, he could catch in his vision resemblances.

The great overpowering passion in the soul of Edmund Burke was love of what has been, and although an Irishman he is England's great conservative. In closing this study of Burke it may be truthfully said that every age needs something of that passion Burke constantly fed. He who cuts loose from the experiences and achievements of the past is enfeebling the present. The notion that we are the children of yesterday needs emphasis. The

century takes root in the preceding one—indeed, in all centuries whose events have fallen into the lap of history, and thus history becomes the record of an unbroken line of heroisms, failures, and happy realizations. Certainly we are not to ride in the car of time with our faces looking backward, but we may remember the starting places and the stations passed. The creeds of the past are the high-water marks of earnest inquiry and patient thought; they may be in need of restatement, revision, perhaps abandonment, but they stand for movement. Cain, who lifted his club of destruction to fall upon Abel, who adhered to what little there was in the past, was not a conservative. Abraham was the founder of a great people who kept alive through centuries the oracles of the past. Jesus was a conservative, for he fulfilled the voices of the generations behind him, and though speaking words of hope which made soft music in the ears of struggling humanity he emphasized the terrors of quaking Sinai, and his fiery indignation made men shrivel because they had left the ancient landmarks. Columbus hushing the murmurs of mutiny of angered sailors was keeping true to the traditions of other days. An army with a base of operations from which to draw welcome supplies captures cities and territories. In the mountain, white-headed because covered with eternal snows, is the nourishing breast from which flow rivers to gladden many valleys with fruits, flowers, and grains. Let Edmund Burke wear the crown of conservatism.

B. J. Houdley.

ART. XII.—SCIENCE, AND SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED

IN matters involving scientific investigation it is well for the average man to be neither too credulous nor too skeptical. It is well known that a company of famous men who were well versed in such matters mistook a stone donkey-shed on the Irish island of Arran, which shed had been built only two years, for a building erected in gray antiquity by a race of men long since extinct. That does not prove, however, that such men are generally mistaken in their conclusions concerning ancient life, art, institutions, or civilizations; but only that they are not inspired or infallible. Schiaparelli observing that the surface of the planet Mars was marked with lines running in different directions concluded they were rivers, water channels, and being an Italian he called them correctly in his own language *canali*, and this word came over into the English as canals; canals are the channels men dig for water—and so the inference that there must be men, diggers, on the planet Mars; and hence we have been hearing discussions as to the best method of signaling to these new-found kinsmen across a space of thirty millions of miles. Must we charge up to science the inaccuracies of translators? Because great mischief was done through ignorance, some fifty years ago, in Italy, when some fragments of statuary were being restored, it is not quite justifiable for men to allow the splendid finds of shattered fragments of the glorious statuary of early and middle Greek art to remain without an attempt to restore them. A reasonable reaction against the former ought not to be violent enough to drive into the latter error. Because Dr. Schliemann, on finding finely attired and bejeweled corpses, with masks and breastplates of gold, in tombs at Mycenæ, announced them to the world as the bodies of Agamemnon and his companions in arms, who were murdered after their return from the Trojan war, and was believed until it was shown that these were not buried at all like the burials described by Homer and that Æschylus located the Mycenæan king's tomb at Argos, the public mind was not justified in its swing to the opposite extreme, casting the discovery under suspicion as

something mediæval if not altogether apocryphal. Now, these same tombs are known to be older than the supposed date of Homer's poems; older, even, than Agamemnon himself! To some minds the Trojan war and the blind old poet who sang it mean simply a reference, more or less clumsy or clever, to the Northern myth of the ill treatment of the Sun Maiden. Jacob with his twelve sons is a personification of the year, the details not being completely worked out—which really is a very wise way to leave the matter, as there might be some difficulty experienced by anyone sense-bound enough not to accept such brilliant generalizations. The forty-ninth psalm is a love song composed for Ptolemy Philadelphus by some ardent admirer. There never was such a man as Homer, anyway, the Greek word *Homeros* being simply a modification of the Celtic *Omar*. But all this would have been so much more satisfactory to some minds if that matter-of-fact man, Schliemann, had not gone to work one morning with his pick-ax and shovel, under the influence of the idiotic hallucination that he really had a mission to excavate, and found—Troy! In the field of literary criticism by the scientific method, under some hands, we have seen William Tell and his apple, and Moses and his Pentateuch, relegated to the limbo of the myth; the story of King Alfred the Great's negligence in the hut of the goatherd discredited; the story of Androcles and the Lion, and the love of Pocahontas, as well as the virginity of Washington's hatchet, attacked; and Paul Revere's heroism we have seen given over to another man. On the other hand, there have issued from the same sources attempts to excuse Ivan the Terrible, to give a clean bill of health to Major André, to show that Nero has been a much-abused man, and to justify Judas Iscariot!

It is not fair to us when we turn to what claim to be scientific tomes to be treated to poetic fancies of highly wrought imaginations. There surely, if anywhere, reason is due us. It is far from a happy effect which is produced on our minds when we find a self-proclaimed devotee at the altar of science dealing us out dogma. Many states in the Union have through their respective Legislatures enacted laws prohibiting anyone from palming off on the unsuspecting housewife oleomargarine for butter; but just

how to reach and to punish him who foists his crude intellectual product on a long-suffering public, having it labeled "science," has not yet, it would seem, been considered by our Solons. Yet who has not indulged a secret wish that some noble Draco might come to give similar security to seekers after truth? Science has given us many beneficial results which are indisputable, and for them we are thankful. It is a great deal easier to believe now that God sees everywhere, hears everything, and is constantly speaking to his children than it was before science gave us the Roentgen ray, the telephone, and wireless telegraphy; or that God is everywhere and eternal than before the demonstration of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy. Blue jays, crows, and magpies, while callow in their nests, will swallow pebbles, bits of shoe-strings, or almost anything a cruel schoolboy may drop within their mouths; the English sparrow, on the contrary, will not accept any morsel offered, no matter how exquisitely choice. Neither kind is worthy our imitation; the one kind is too gullible and the other is too skeptical; yet when it comes to "science so called" there seem to be bipeds without feathers who are simply jays, crows, and magpies. A few years ago a noted character whom the South Dakota law had doomed to death was taken up by his friends for reinterment and found to be petrified. "Science so called" referred him back to a prehistoric age, and astonished the natives by the number of crows, jays, and magpies who accepted the conclusions. When Galileo saw things through his lenses there were those who disputed him and refused to look themselves; and when an Englishman put a drop of the sacred water of the Ganges under a microscope and showed a Brahman priest that it swarmed with unclean life the Brahman bought the glass and broke it: these represent the English sparrows.

Recently scientific writers put forth the theory that religion was adventitious to human nature; it was not even allowed to be an excrescence, but only a barnacle, the fraud of a priestly caste imposed upon ignorant and superstitious minds. This led to careful investigation and disproof, then, lo! as if all had forgotten their former position, these same writers tell us with an air of in-

nocence that all men are naturally religious. Last evening they assured us there were no religious teachers but fakirs; this morning that there are myriad great men, teachers, prophets, seers, sages, saints, and saviours of the race, sons of God, and that Jesus the Christ is one of them! Only one out of many! Yesterday they accused God of absenteeism from his world, like an Irish landlord whom his tenants ought to boycott for his indifference to their needs; to-day, when we have come to a knowledge of the immanence of God, these accuse him of being in suffering and in sin. This can be accounted for by the double aspect of the cross. The cross reveals at once the wickedness of men and furnishes an occasion for God, as Love, to participate in human suffering. We are not interested in making out a case, but only in ringing in a warning. Science is the handmaiden of the Most High God!

"While timid sailors reef and tack,
And hug the sheltering lee,
The boats that bring a wide world back
Put bravely out to sea."

William Love

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE certainty of final victory is one of the items in the Christian's assurance. Merivale says of the Christians of the first three centuries, "The active and growing strength of the Roman world was truly theirs—and theirs was the future of all civilized society." Not only was this true, but they *felt* it to be so. This feeling in them is remarked upon even by Ferdinand Christian Baur, when speaking of that gifted group of Christian scholars who wrote the Apologies of the early centuries: Aristides, the Athenian philosopher; Athenagoras, also a philosopher of Athens; Quadratus, author of the oldest of the Apologies; Justin Martyr; Tatian, author of the Diatessaron; Theophilus of Antioch; Melito of Sardis; Apolinarius of Hierapolis; Minucius Felix, the Roman advocate; Tertullian, and the rest. Of this great galaxy of scholars Baur says: "They seem always conscious that they are the soul of the world, the center holding everything together, the pivot on which history revolves, and assured that the world's future belongs to them. This feeling in such men is a sign that the reins of the government of the world will inevitably fall into their hands." This confidence explains and sustains the missionaries and martyrs of all centuries. In the partitioning of the world Christianity expects to take the whole for its share.

MORE OF BRIERLEY¹

THE peculiar value of Brierley's writings, as we have before said, is in their freshness, suggestiveness, and illustrative contents. These we can appreciate and profit by without adopting all his views and implications. He does not dogmatize or pose as an authority, but discusses vital themes in the essayist's free and tentative fashion. In *The Common Life* he seeks for verdicts, not from ecclesiastical authorities, but from the findings of man's everyday lot and experience; though, as a matter of fact, the verdicts he derives from life do for the most part lend illumination and confirmation to the substance of established ecclesiastical teachings. This

¹ *The Common Life*. By J. Brierley, B.A., Author of *Ourselves and the Universe*, *Studies of the Soul*, *Problems of Living*, etc. 12mo, pp. 342. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, \$1.40.

is what he says of the present volume: "What I have here attempted is to rehandle the religious raw material as contained in daily human experience; to pass by the accidents and to look into what is common to humanity; to catch, out of its myriad dialects, the accent of a universal speech, and to note what that speech actually signifies. . . . It is out of the facts of the common life, out of what the history and consciousness of man really contain, that the religious thought-structure of the future will rise. But any view of life which is to be of value must include life's highest levels. A singular philosophy has had vogue among us which has sought to deal with everything human in terms of its origins. Now, the human problem can never be solved by a mere looking backward. An oak cannot be adequately studied in an acorn. The best proof of man's spiritual faculty and inheritance is that they exist. Their presence and work in man form an actuality which no criticism and no inquiry into origins can invalidate. These essays are written with the conviction that the common life, impartially and comprehensively studied, will yield to our children as it did to our fathers irresistible arguments for faith and hope and love." The first essay, *Life's Positives*, is a fair example of the revolving and balancing method of our author's discussions. It proceeds thus:

There are times when most of us are inclined to cry out against the positive. There seems too much of it. Our next-door neighbor carries a whole cargo of positive opinions which he is anxious to unload upon us; and we travel to the ends of the earth to find the same experience. The present writer remembers the sensation with which, on sailing up the Dardanelles, he caught sight for the first time of the Mohammedan minarets which proclaimed him a Giaour, an infidel. It was with a similar consciousness that in standing in Saint Peter's at Rome he suddenly called to mind that the church he was now in, like the Turkish mosque, disposed in the same peremptory and uncompromising manner of his future. We are all damned a half-a-dozen times by the faiths we do not accept. Pondering these facts, the feeling comes over us that this thing has been a little overdone, and we are disposed to ask whether the various sects and sections of mankind might not, to the general advantage, stay a little their lust of dogmatic affirmation and give their infallibility a rest. In such moods we fall in love with the undefined and are inclined to say with Chamfort, "Let us do more, think less, and not peer too closely into the business of living." But a nearer look shows us that this feeling is only a momentary mood, which must be put aside. While talk of this sort has a certain ground, it amounts neither to a condemnation of the positive nor to the suggestion of any substitute for it. Granted that man has here pushed matters to excess, that his affirmations have sometimes to be revised and some of his propositions withdrawn; this does not prevent us from realizing that in following this line he has not, after all, been mistaken, but that his positive is really founded at bottom upon the general scheme of things. . . . The very "nature of things" insists upon the positive. It will not put up with our undefined. It forces us to decisive declaration. Take the simplest kind of illustration: A girl has received an offer of marriage. In the

tumult of her emotions she asks herself whether what she feels is really love or only a semblance. There are doubts, and who shall resolve them? She finds there is no supernatural revelation for her on this important matter; her friends cannot inform her; she possesses no psychological code that can furnish her an authoritative answer to her doubt. What shall she do? Is it the proper thing for her to refrain from deciding and remain uncommitted? No! Our maiden cannot stay on her doubt and do nothing. The world, she discovers, has not been built so as to allow that. By the sheer force of life's fact and compulsion she is obliged to make up her mind. Sooner or later she must decide, and there must be a "Yes" or a "No" with all her fate hanging upon it. A thousand similar illustrations from practical life tell the same story. The "nature of things" forces us to be positive. It extorts from us decisions and affirmations, whether we will or no.

Further, it is observed that Nature shows her approval of the positive by the way in which she endows with extraordinary authority and prevailing force the apostles and expounders of the positive. A mysterious magnetism belongs to the man who with strong conviction positively affirms something. You may state negations in the most elegant and classic style, but they effect nothing. You go on stating them, and nothing happens. But let our prophet come, with a new mandate for the soul upon his lips, and though his word be in the dialect of a Galilean peasant, the whole world is changed. Here, indeed, is Nature's grandest positive, her man with a downright and explicit message. Men bow before Christ's religious imperative because they feel that the Infinite is behind it and in it. When he offers redemption, forgiveness, peace, joy, divine empowerment, as gifts from his own spiritual wealth, they see that these things do actually belong to the inner universe, that they are attainable in the soul's consciousness. Christianity is thus the highest possible positive of the spiritual life. For it all previous positives containing any truth were preparatory. When this new and highest positive called Christianity first appeared in the world it was sneered at by such as Tacitus and Lucian and Julian as narrow, exclusive, and hostile to everything ever held as truth before. But it is appearing more and more clearly how the Christian faith, properly viewed, justifies its position as an inevitable part of the world's order. It is the culmination of a spiritual progress and evolution as sure in its operation as that which works in a nebula or a coal bed. The early Christian writers had glimpses of this which many later ones seem not to catch. They saw how the gospel fitted into the wider revelation of which all were partakers. Justin Martyr recalls the teaching of Empedocles, Pythagoras, Plato, and Socrates as illustrating the Christian eschatology; while Lactantius opens his Institutes with the argument that a belief in Divine Providence was the common property of all religions. What we now realize is that the Christian consciousness is, with an important reservation, part of the universal human consciousness. With a reservation, we say. For this universal is also a particular. As Sabatier has finely put it: "The Christian consciousness is not merely an accidental form or part of the general religious consciousness. It is a necessary and dominant part of it. . . . It is with the first term of this ideal as with the summit of a mountain. The summit is a part of the mountain, but it dominates all the other parts in their ascending stages from the depths of the valley up to itself, and by that fact it embraces them all and assigns to each its place and rank in them all." A grasp of this fact should help the modern man through many perplexities.

The essay *On Being Spiritual* asks what it is to be spiritual, and answers thus:

In brief, spirituality is two things—a perception and a performance. It is, for one thing, to realize God as everywhere in his world; to accept with reverent glad-

ness every variety of its phenomena and every phase of its experience as a new manifestation of himself. The spiritual man is he who in a sunset on the Alps, or in a sonata of Beethoven, or in a mathematical problem, or in the age-long drama of history, in the laughter of little children, in the events of his own life, in his aspirations and compunctions, sees everywhere, now the hiding and now the manifestation of that supreme and ultimate Reality which his soul tells him is Holiness and Love, and to be in harmony with Which is the one final craving and cry of his heart. And with this *perceiving* of God in all things comes a *performance*. Knowing the universe as spiritual and its law as holy, the spiritual man seeks as his dearest aim to conform his action and character to that law. Now, the law is exceeding broad. All knowledge, all science, all skill are included in it. And so the spiritual man is the broadest and not the narrowest of mankind. He seeks the best in everything. Perfection is his aim in all things. A Mozart's perfection in music has affinity with the perfection that is spiritual.

Despite many adverse appearances, there is no ground to fear that spiritual-mindedness will cease out of our world. It cannot, because this spiritual is always here. Go far enough in any honest pursuit, and you inevitably run up against it. Gregory Thaumaturgus speaks somewhere of "the sacred mathematics." He spoke out of a true perception, for all knowledge opens the way to the one shrine—the Divine. He is most spiritual whose nature thrills most deeply with the sense of the universal Presence, and who sees God at the end of every road. The finest thing Mr. Bryce finds to say in his appreciation of Gladstone is that "he led a third life also, the secret life of the soul. Religion was, above all things, that which had the strongest hold upon his thoughts and feelings." That is the hall-mark of Manhood. As we rise out of the slough of the animal, and become really human, the more clearly does the world appear to us as spiritual, and the more do we "feel through all our fleshy dress bright shoots of everlastingness."

Writing of rest and unrest, our author says that it is the idler, not the worker, who is shut out from rest. "A man who is truly himself is like a great wheel in motion; on the circumference is the sweep of a mighty movement; at the center of it is peace. The Methodist village carpenter in Adam Bede, with his feet in dry shavings, his face turned to the fair country visible through the open window, his strong arm plying the plane, while his voice rang out in hearty song, is an image of full activity, and also one of as perfect peace as is to be had in this world. It is always when a man begins to act that his boding anxieties and fears, the enemies to his peace, take flight." In one of the essays is this statement: "The strength of the Evangelical communions has lain not so much in this or that variety of doctrine or institution as in the development of strong individualities. And they secured this by driving it into men that, side by side with their weakness, lay sources of immeasurable power, which they could draw upon and appropriate by an act of faith and will. The great religious leaders by a sure instinct have fixed always upon this point. The Luthers and the Wesleys despised all other objects in preaching as compared with this central

one. And if the Christianity of to-day is to renew its strength it must regain that mood, and return to that emphasis. It is nothing less than tragical to note how, with so magnificent a work on their hands, and with human souls sick and perishing for want of this power, men in pulpits will talk on any other subject than this. The force available for moral recovery and renewing is within everybody's reach. The next great spiritual revival will begin when the church in all its sections has once more opened its eyes to this elementary fact, that side by side with human weakness are sources of illimitable power."

An essay by Auguste Sabatier on the Atonement shows how the element of the vicarious, of which the Cross is the special manifestation, founds itself in the very nature of man as a moral being; that vicarious suffering is a law of the universe and keeps the world alive. Brierley, after referring to this essay, proceeds to carry the argument a step further, and points out how the vicarious, the "for others," idea belongs essentially not only to the higher sufferings and endurances, but also to the higher strivings, to all true and sane endeavors after perfectness. That saying of Christ, "For their sakes I sanctify myself," is a great text; it goes to the very roots of things. It is a statement of the altruism of holiness, a doctrine which, when fairly grasped, exerts on every honest mind a constant and irresistible upward pressure. Heine called Goethe "the great Pagan." Perhaps Goethe never showed that side of his character more clearly than in his statement that "the man who has life in him feels himself to be here for his own sake, not for the public." That is a heathen sentiment, and not Christian.

The man who partakes of the highest life may begin for himself, but he can never end there. In religion he will, at the earlier stage, and very legitimately, want to find his own soul saved; in business he will have to look after himself, if only to save other people the worry of looking after him. But as his horizon expands he finds these personal issues swallowed up in a sense of something greater. The same thing happens in his pursuit of mental and moral culture. The first enthusiasms here center largely upon one's self. The delight of knowing, being, and doing the best is experienced as the highest of all sensations. But in any true progress there emerges in time another feeling with a flavor all its own. It is this overpowering sense of moral indebtedness. This consciousness is quite unique. The debt which presses is different from any of those known to the business or the legal world. It is not anything that our fellow men have done for us or paid to us which creates the obligation. It is something rooted in the vaster relations of being. It is the feeling that a contribution is asked of us to the invisible interests of the universe, and that a part of our business is to add something to the world's spiritual assets. As our inward development goes on we find ourselves laid hold of by a secret imperious summons to aspire to this larger, higher helpfulness. "For their sakes" we, too, are

to "sanctify ourselves." Humanity has a claim upon us to be and do our very best. We must not only follow the higher things, but follow them from more than a personal motive.

And this vicarious perfecting must have the widest range. Few things have done more harm to religion than the narrow ideas of holiness that have sometimes obtained. They are ideas descended from the dark ages, when religious professors counted it a virtue not to wash themselves, and when, as Erasmus has it, a man reckoned himself superior in holiness on the strength of not being able to read. In our own day the type of character bred upon these narrow views is vividly set forth in a description given by Phillips Brooks of some of his companions at the theological seminary. He attended a prayer meeting which they conducted, and wrote thus: "Never shall I lose the impression of the devoutness with which these men prayed and exhorted each other. Their whole souls seemed exalted and their natures were on fire. The next day I met some of these men at a Greek recitation. It would be little to say of some of the devoutest of them that they had not learned their lessons. Their whole manner and spirit showed that they *never* learned their lessons, that they had not got hold of the first principles of conscientious study, that they had no sense of responsibility or duty in the matter." . . . When religious men have come to full recognition of the fact that holiness means conscientiousness in doing one's duty of every sort; that not only the cultivation of religious emotion, but the acquirement of necessary knowledge, the training of the whole nature toward perfection—not only the consecration of one's heart to God, but the consecration of all one's powers to the service of men—are parts of sanctification, then the long-lagging church will begin to march; and it will march to the music of that great refrain, "For their sakes I sanctify myself." Our work will then be done in recognition of the fact that in every department of life we are apprenticed to the Best, for the service of All. Under the guidance and guardianship of this ideal of vicarious consecration a man can aspire and attain without pride; his successes leave him humble. When we dare not do other than our best because our brother needs that we be at our best, our attainment is a sheer good all round. This vicarious consecration, this living "for their sakes," kills hypocrisy and all the miserable pretenses of religious subterfuge. The sanctity which is to be of any use to others must be a reality, a fact of character. When holiness comes to be understood in its comprehensive sense of wholeness and sanity, as the science of noble living, and related rightly to all the great laws of the moral world, then the reign of cant will be over.

This volume on *The Common Life*, the latest from a fertile essayist's pen, published now by our Methodist Book Concern, treats a variety of serious subjects in an unconventional, but a morally as well as intellectually quickening, way. No intelligent reader, of an age to be trusted among books, will swallow it whole. But many will gather from its earnest and genuinely spiritual pages some information, along with much inspiration, incitement, hint-giving, and enkindling.

A LAY SERMON

IN September, 1879, a raw-looking farm-boy, in rudest rustic raiment, walked eleven miles from the little village of Roca to register

as a student at the University of Nebraska. This plowboy of Roca did not dream that he was on his way to the highest academic honors; but in the next twenty years he made for himself a career of unique distinction, teaching and lecturing at Johns Hopkins and Leland Stanford Universities and at the University of Nebraska. He grappled skillfully with the hard social problems of great cities. His book on American Charities is an authority and a classic. His lectures on Industrial Corporations opened a new branch of scientific study. And always his pure heart and lofty mind radiated an influence for righteousness. In a supplement to one of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science the story of Amos Griswold Warner is briefly told; and four lay sermons delivered by him in 1897 before the Chapel Union of Stanford University are printed. His hearers were mostly students interested in scientific studies, and were of various faiths, and some of no avowed faith. In order that he might reach all of them where they were, he limited the view of these addresses to this world and to forces which are apprehensible without any special revelation. The message is therefore limited. The purpose of the addresses was to derive a religious impulse from the subject-matter of scientific study, and, preaching from facts, to deduce a plea for the lifted heart and the ennobled life from the dusty things of daily experience, which it was the week-day business of his hearers to sort and study.

Naturally he finds one of the religious doctrines most easily approachable and supportable from the side of natural facts to be that of Vicarious Sacrifice. This doctrine has been sorely ridiculed and railed at by the enemies of Christianity. A certain lecturer so hated the doctrine that one man could suffer for the sins of another that he vowed never to speak upon any subject whatever without contriving to denounce that abominated doctrine. Another skeptic liked to tell of the proceedings in Chinese courts of justice, where the criminal is allowed to hire another man to take his place and to receive the lashes to which he was sentenced. When the substitute has borne the prescribed whipping, justice is held to be satisfied. And the skeptic then remarks that this seems to him a reasonable method of administering justice compared with the plan of putting the son of a ruler to death as an atonement for the disobedience of the subjects.

It must be confessed that the doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice is sometimes so baldly stated as to seem hideous. The real transgressor

escapes retribution and the punishment falls upon an innocent party, who may or may not be willing to make the expiatory offering. These innocent sufferers for the sins of others appear constantly in the pages of myth and legend as well as of religious history, from the Greek Iphigenia to the Jewish scapegoat driven into the desert with the sins of the people upon its back. Sometimes the innocent person is offered to appease the wrath of a mythological god who delights in sacrificial suffering and must be given just so much of it in return for disobedience; and sometimes, as in the Greek legends, the sacrifice is demanded by a destiny or fate too impersonal to feel anger or delight, but as unswerving as what our modern time calls Laws of Nature. But, whether it be an impersonal fate or some malign little deity that requires the suffering of the innocent, it is a well-known fact that many of the religions of the world contain in some form the idea of Vicarious Sacrifice—the sufferings of the innocent atoning for the sins of the guilty. Now, is this doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice, so widely prevalent and so deeply rooted in the human mind, a needless nightmare of belief? Are the religions of the world perverted and astray in this idea?

It seems not too much to say that anything which is common to so many and so varied religious systems presumably contains some central and essential truth. And the fact is that this despised and ridiculed doctrine, that the innocent must suffer for the guilty and that the guilty are sometimes relieved of some of the consequences of their wrongdoing through the sufferings of the innocent, is *not* based wholly on religious dogma. It is based upon observed *facts* which are a part of the system of things, and which belong to the regular course of events in the natural world. The suffering of the innocent for the guilty is a phenomenon which has existed in practically all times and places. Whether men approve of it or not, it is clearly an actual, and presumably an indispensable, part of the cosmic plan. The plan of having the innocent suffer for the guilty and the guilty profit by that suffering is not at all peculiar to religion. And the skeptic who ridicules and denounces religion for this doctrine must also ridicule and denounce the entire system of things—in short, he must denounce the universe and its Creator.

Professor Warner does not try to defend the Christian doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice, nor to explain the cosmic fact, but merely examines in a few of its bearings vicarious suffering as a fact which history records and science reports. In doing this he keeps well

within the field of easy observation and common knowledge. Following is a part of his statement:

That wrongdoing has bad effects on others than the wrongdoer is too common and too commonly observed to need much dwelling on. The murderer who has been duly hanged is not more dead than his innocent victim, and about each of them is a wide circle of relatives and associates and fellow citizens who must take more or less of the consequences of both the misdeed and its expiation. While it might be very nice if all adults could take the consequences of their own action and of nobody else's, society is not arranged that way. "He has paid the penalty," we hear it said after some noted debauchee or great defaulter has committed suicide; and then follows the reflection, "Yes, but how many others have paid it with him?" Often the one who makes a mistake or commits a crime escapes most of the consequences. The engineer or builder of a great dam is at fault, and the people of Johnstown are swept out of existence. When the tower of Siloam falls, exact justice would prescribe that only the architect and master builder should be under it; but these worthies had no doubt long since passed away. "Think ye they were sinners above all others on whom the tower of Siloam fell? I tell you, Nay." Perhaps the wife whose husband becomes a drunkard deserves to suffer for the mistake or weakness of having associated herself with a man not finally able to control his appetites; but it hardly seems just that she, as is commonly the case, should suffer far more than the brute who inflicts the suffering. The people who introduced slavery into the American colonies made a mistake and perhaps committed a sin. They were not punished for it, at least not in this world. In the Northern colonies, where slavery did not pay, their descendants were not much punished for it except during a great national convulsion. But at the South, where it proved that slavery did pay, and where it continued to pay increasingly large returns because of inventions and development that no one could have foreseen, the descendants of its introducers were most grievously punished and are being punished yet. This leaves the evils suffered by the blacks entirely out of the question. "After me the deluge," said Louis XIV, and the deluge did come long after he had passed away, and it submerged the only well-meaning king France had had for nearly two hundred years. Those that sow the wind frequently die and leave the inevitable whirlwind for some one else to reap.

Justice to individuals is not nature's specialty. Their lives are too short for her to take much account of them. Like the Greek fates, she exacts punishment for wrongdoing, but frequently exacts it from those who did not do the wrong. Instead of making special efforts to get only fit people born into the world, nature's way is to bring many into existence and then kill off those who do not suit. "If you want an omelet you must break a few eggs," said the Corsican. "If you want the fit to survive you must smash the unfit, and any others who get mixed up with them," says nature. This is effective, but looks wasteful, and it certainly is rather hard on the unfit who are pitchforked into existence without their consent, and then pitchforked out again because they did not happen to be something else than that which they have been made. Countless millions have been exterminated merely because they did not properly "adapt internal conditions to external conditions"; and yet not one of them ever understood that this was what was required of them until Herbert Spencer said so. Clearly those who indict the Grecian gods or the Hebrew God for cruelty find but a "stony stepmother" when they fly to nature. That the innocent must suffer, and often must suffer for the sins of the guilty,

is a fact so inwrought in all human affairs, so manifest in all the operations of nature, that to quarrel with it is as idle as to quarrel with the precession of the equinoxes.

Weak minds, like the friends who tried to comfort Job, have often taken the contrary view and have insisted that suffering is always and only the consequence of demerit. But anyone able to look squarely at facts, like Job himself, has seen that this is not true, and has given up trying to account for existing conditions except by falling back on faith in a higher power, and "believing where he cannot see" "that good shall somehow be the final goal of ill." It should be said, however, that as the wrongdoer stands a little nearer to the wrong than anybody else he is somewhat more likely to be hit by the consequences. In the long run and on the average this is true. Were it not true no progress would be made and nature would be convicted not only of brutality but of incompetence. This she has never been. Sermons from the text, "The wages of sin is death," can be based on facts as well as on Scripture. Because the innocent often suffer, no one need to conclude that it is a matter of indifference whether or not he is innocent. Even were the physical fortunes of the innocent and guilty the same, which, on the average, they are not, conscience and public opinion would make a difference greatly in favor of the innocent. Though the murdered man and the hanged murderer are both dead, most of us would prefer to be the former rather than the latter. Statute law is continually running correction lines through the conditions of life established by nonhuman nature, doing what it can to make the lot of the transgressor harder and harder; and the religions of the world lend their powerful aid in the same general direction.

Professor Warner then inquires whether it can be shown that any good comes out of the great mass of undeserved suffering that falls upon the relatively innocent individuals of the world, or whether all this unmerited distress is sheer waste. There it is, a fact beyond dispute. Is there any good in it? In searching with this question, as with a lighted torch in the darkness, the effort is to keep close to verifiable facts. From the great mass of undeserved suffering our preacher takes out for examination that part which the sufferers have voluntarily incurred or have joyfully borne in order to shield others from the consequences of misfortune, or weakness, or ignorance, or sin. The quantity of such suffering is not so small as cynics would have us believe. He notices this voluntary self-sacrificing suffering as prompted by love of family, love of country, and love of truth; beginning with the circle of blood-relationship where the primary affections have range and force.

1. There are the enormous sacrifices parents make for their offspring, both among lower animals and among human beings. Even among as low an order as the birds it is not true that all an individual has he will give for his life. They will give up their lives to save their young, but not their young to save their lives. Hunt the California quail when they have no nests or young, and you find that self-preservation is the first law with them and that

they know how to obey it most skillfully. But go among them when they have young, and you find that the law of self-preservation has given way before the higher law of self-sacrifice; the struggle for life has given place to "the struggle for the lives of others." This seems a trivial illustration, but perhaps for that very reason we can view it more calmly than if something nearer to ourselves were taken. The struggle to preserve offspring, to shield the immature from suffering, which their weakness and inexperience might bring upon them, has been treated at length by Drummond, under the name "the struggle for the life of others." A considerable part of each generation sacrifices itself for the next, and the higher we rise in the scale of development the greater and longer continued are such sacrifices. Drummond says that it might almost be reasoned from the facts that the whole purpose of organic life from the beginning has been the final development of mothers—the mammalia. In this order the sacrifices of parent for child are greatest and in the highest species of the order they are continued through the longest series of years. It were idle to take from literature or human experience examples of parental sacrifice. The members of a student body stand so close to the parental sacrifices by which the individuals have benefited that they see them very clearly in some ways. And yet they will quite certainly obtain a fuller and juster view of them when the perspective and experiences of years have instructed the vision and reduced the varied facts of life to more just proportions. What have been the consequences of all this sacrifice of the individuals of one generation for the individuals of the next? Is it all a waste? Is there, let us ask in reply, anything better in human affairs than the reciprocal love of parent and child which has its origin in the sacrifice of one for the protection of the other? If the tendency of evolution seems to be in the direction of greater and greater quantities of vicarious sacrifice, is it not bringing also a wealth of pure affection without which the world were poor and bleak?

As the generations of men are bound together by these heavy debts which can never be paid directly, but only by affection and gratitude and the passing on of the obligation to a succeeding generation, so, in some sort, do the sexes stand related to each other. Superficially considered, one of them seems to have committed an undue share of the sins of the world, and the other to have borne an undue share of the consequent suffering. More justly stated, one of them has served the race chiefly through action, and the other chiefly through endurance. The history of the physically weaker sex can be so written as to read like one long story of oppression and injustice. But carefully considered, much of what looked like oppression is seen to have no human origin, but to be the result of forces which neither sex could control; of those fundamental forces which have shaped our minds and bodies, and which from the beginning decreed the evolution of sex. As this fact has come to be recognized by both the life of endurance has been transmitted into the life of power. The glory of suffering gladly borne for affection's sake has transformed the woman and subdued the man. When our civil war came to an end Europe supposed that our armies could not be easily disbanded. There were many reasons that conspired to make our soldiers return gladly to the ways of peace, but perhaps the strongest was this, that so many of the soldiers knew that at home good women were waiting for them and suffering with them, and when the war was over would expect them to be men. So they were drawn back from the life of hardship and excitement and danger to the simple duties of home, and so through all the years is every manly man steadied and upheld and strengthened by the thought of those members of the race who do perhaps less than he

but endure more. What he would not do for himself or for selfish gain he is willing to do for the sake of one whose burden is different from his. Thus the overplus of endurance that falls to the lot of one sex becomes, if rightfully received and borne, a source of strength and affection and joy to all, contributing to the relation of the sexes much of that which is purest and noblest in them, and to the general endowment of the human heart an emotion fit to rank with parental and filial love.

2. Next to the affections which unite us to those near by relationship, one of the strongest human emotions is patriotism, and this also is watered by the blood and tears of self-sacrifice. It is not more true that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church than that the bodies of those who have willingly died for fatherland make the foundations of national unity and success. To atone for old wrongs or to insure peace and prosperity to their successors men of all times and many races have been willing to accept and verify in life and death the Roman adage that it is sweet to die for one's country. We can account for the survival of this sentiment by evolutionary philosophy. Races that had it survived, and those that did not have it went to pieces. But from the standpoint of the individual we can account for his action only by assuming that to him the joy of sacrificing himself for others, rendering for their sakes "the last full measure of devotion," was greater than he could realize from any course dictated by what we commonly call selfishness. The unearned suffering that came to him was transmuted by his spirit of devotion into a privilege and a glory. We have referred to the great suffering entailed upon this country by the mistake or sin of the introduction and toleration of African slavery. Here was a typical case of sin-entailed suffering, and our war President himself suggested the equation that it might be necessary that every drop of blood drawn by the lash should be paid by another drawn by the sword. Yet it was not those whose hands had wielded the lash through two hundred years from whose veins was drawn by the sword the atoning blood. In part it was from their descendants, but largely it came from the young and the strong and the brave of the land who had no measure of personal responsibility whatever for the wrong, their lives were given to expiate. We who have come upon the scene since that struggle cannot appreciate it fully, but perhaps we can appreciate it more fully than other struggles because of our nearness to it, and to those who took a part in it.

To give a vivid idea of what sacrifices the War for the Union involved on the part of those engaged, Professor Warner takes from an old magazine an account of a night in the Wilderness campaign. It was written by an officer who spent the first part of the night struggling through roadless and boggy woods to rejoin his company. His horse became disabled, and he proceeded on foot.

When he found his regiment, they were resting as well as they could in the mud of a slight depression where they were partly shielded from the fire of the enemy. It was raining, and the men were sick and weak from lack of sleep and lack of food. Their work for the night was to assault at intervals the opposing breastworks of the enemy, and after each charge up the slippery hill to retire into the mudhole to rest a little, re-form, and charge again. There was absolutely no hope that they could take the fortifications that they assailed, and yet their attacks were not to be sham attacks. Their work was

to keep up a steady and real pounding that would oblige the Confederate general to leave some thousands of his men to defend these breastworks and make it wholly out of the question for him to withdraw them to reinforce some other part of his line where the Federal forces presumably planned to make a more hopeful attack. As the officer who tells the story came up an old gray-headed private was asking an officer to excuse him from further service for the night. He was manifestly sick, and said that he had been suffering from dysentery for some days. But the officer to whom he appealed said with the petulance of fatigue that they were all more or less sick and that anybody who could stand up would have to keep his place in line. Just as he had given his answer and the applicant was turning away a bullet of unusual reach sped toward them from the enemy, and the old man dropped dead in the mud—excused.

The men who thus suffered were not responsible for the wrong in consequence of which they suffered; and the American Nation, for love of which they were willing to suffer, may truthfully say of them, "They were wounded for our transgressions, and with their stripes we are healed." And not only this nation but all nations survive and prosper because of the sacrifices of their sons, sacrifices not always bloody but always real. Always and everywhere in history the individual offers himself in some form and in some degree for the healing of the Nation. Nor is there any hope of a nation whose sons do not stand ready to sacrifice themselves for it—to die, if need be, that it may live.

3. Professor Warner points out that many noble souls have made sacrifices for the promotion of truth, for the cultivation of science, and the discovery of laws and facts which bring benefits to mankind. The sum total of self-denying work performed by those who toil at ill-remunerated tasks is very great and vastly valuable to mankind. And the spirit of self-sacrifice is in many of the world's workers. Of this there are some modern forms differing from the old. The old self-sacrifice walked the pestilential streets to aid the sick and bury the dead; the new does the slow work of the laboratory which shall discover how to prevent the plague or stamp it out forever. The Red Cross still has its heroes and heroines, mitigating by their tender ministries the horrors of battlefields; but not less heroic and useful are they who labor unselfishly against many discouragements to advance the cause of International Arbitration. Dr. O. W. Holmes was always insisting on the superior value of preventive over curative medicine. After the doctor is called there is commonly nothing to be done but to make the best of a bad business. If the spirit of the worker is right, the laboratory and the library and the school give opportunities for pure self-sacrifice in lofty service, as well as do the

battlefield and the hospital. Whoever devotes himself to service, in long, unselfish labor, adds to the well-being and diminishes the woe of the world, as surely as does he who in sudden sacrifice pours out his soul unto death upon a battlefield. In all spheres of life men and women are living to bless the world, to scatter its darkness, dry its tears, and heal its wounds—are causing their lives to “be to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony.”

Vicarious Sacrifice, suffering for the good of others, is an omnipresent fact, obviously necessary to the cosmic plan, part of the universal system of things. Does the skeptic ask, Why were the sufferings of Christ necessary to atone for, and able to remedy, the sins of the world? Ask him, Why is there in the world so much suffering of the innocent for the sake of the guilty, and so many benefits which could never have come to us except by somebody else's sacrifice and suffering? One thing is sure—wherever any part of the world's burden and woe is taken up and borne for love's sake, there a new portion of moral health, nobleness, and hopefulness comes in to strengthen and purify and sweeten the world. The Atonement of Christ—His vicarious sacrifice for the sins of the world, His suffering in our stead—is not a strange, improbable, incredible thing, but is all of a piece with the whole construction and custom of human life, and in harmony with God's way of working in all things. Whittier was not, as has been claimed by some, a Unitarian, but by his own declaration a Quaker of the Old School, who saw no reason why the Quakers and the Methodists might not unite. That he was well aware of the reasonableness of the Atonement, and of its harmony with universal laws and principles, is indicated in the lines:

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man hath calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head.

Good cause it is for thankfulness
That the world blessing of His life
With the long past is not at strife;
That the great marvel of His death
To the one order witnesseth:
No doubt of changeless goodness wakes,
No link of cause and sequence breaks,
But, *one with nature, rooted is*
In the eternal verities.

THE ARENA

THE STUDY OF CHURCH HISTORY

HALF a century ago a prominent educator observed: "There is something remarkable in the actual condition of the study of church history. While it seems to be receiving more and more cultivation from a few among us, it fails to command the attention of the educated public in the same proportion. We are strongly of the opinion that beyond the requisitions of academical and professional examination there is very little reading of church history in any way."¹ Only twenty years ago Professor Emerton, upon taking the chair of ecclesiastical history in Harvard University, could say with truth: "There are to-day not more than half a dozen colleges in the country where any adequate provision for an independent department of history has been made."² At the present time, happily, the condition so much deplored in the last quotation has been remedied to a very large degree. Every large university in America has a well-organized faculty of history and allied subjects, while a big majority of the smaller institutions of higher education have regularly organized departments of history with instructors, well-trained at home or abroad, who devote all their time to the subject. But, notwithstanding this, the statement made about church history still remains essentially true. The political, industrial, educational, and social sides of history have been emphasized by the creation of new departments with new courses of study, and by the writing of many text-books, monographs, and general treatises. Professorships of sociology, political economy, political science, constitutional law, education, and literature have been created in unprecedented numbers. Ecclesiastical history, on the contrary, has been all but ignored, even in Germany, where the greatest strides have been taken in the subject; it is still relegated to the theological faculty, though the number of philosophical students selecting it often exceeds that of theological; a very significant fact. In America it would be difficult to point out more than a very few universities or colleges where a chair in church history is put on an equality with chairs of other branches of history or of correlated subjects. Its proper place, in both scholastic and popular estimation, is in the theological seminary, and there it has always remained as a "professional" study. Even in this restricted sense, however, its intrinsic worth has placed it among the most important courses in the curriculum and given it a standing beyond "professional" circles. Some of America's greatest scholars have contributed powerfully, through the class-room, lectures, and books, to give church history its rightful place both as a "professional" and as a "liberal" branch of learning.

Until Luther led the great reformatory schism in the sixteenth century all historians, crude and unscientific though much of their work was,

¹ Bib. Rep., vol. xxvi.

² Unit. Rev., vol. xix.

recognized the necessary union of political and ecclesiastical history. The venerable Bede began his celebrated history not with the coming of Saint Augustine and his monks, but with the landing of Cæsar and his Roman cohorts. As modern civilization crept over western Europe and crossed the mighty deep to Columbia's shores, carrying with it the revolutionizing Teutonic conception of the national state with its new duties and relationships, the tendency was to magnify the political and social sides of history at the expense of the religious. The hatreds and misunderstandings of the Reformation, though doing something to rectify the "orthodox" history of the old church, really put members of the old organization wholly on the defensive and checked for centuries anything like a genuinely sympathetic and scientific study of the old church by Protestant historians. With Neander a new era opened. The growing doctrine of the separation of church and state accentuated the breach between political and religious history. The early crude conception of specialization also separated sacred from profane history and turned the former over wholly to the theologian. Secular historians took the position of Napoleon when invited to enter the holy city: "Jerusalem does not enter into the line of my operations." At last the church historian and the civic historian have joined hands and look each other in the face. They see that their aim is essentially common: to know the truth about the past. This search for truth for its own sake is purely modern—almost contemporaneous. Formerly history was written to justify or disprove some theory of political or ecclesiastical polity, or to glorify some dynasty, sect, party, or hero, or to vindicate some hypothesis or set of ideas. The historian was not a searcher for truth, but a lawyer with a cause to plead. It is generally realized now that the historian, whether he deals with the state, the church, society, education, or industry, is working an important part of the field of general history. A knowledge of each one of these institutions is necessary to supplement and explain any or all of the others. This institutional interdependence seems to be generally recognized now. "The web of history," said Professor Hatch in beginning his great work at Oxford, "is woven of one piece; it reflects the unity of human life, of which it is the record. We cannot isolate any group of facts and consider that no links of causation connect them with their predecessors or their contemporaries. Just as Professor Freeman insists on the continuity of history, so I wish to insist on its solidarity."¹ The mutual labors of scholars in correlated fields have revolutionized our historical knowledge of the early and later Middle Ages. A multitude of controverted points have vanished like ghosts. We see the old church now as we never saw it before. The Catholic Church and the mediæval papacy were the greatest of the creations of the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era. The mediæval church was not exclusively a religious organization. It was more of an ecclesiastical state. It had laws, lawyers, courts, and prisons. If not born into it, all

¹ Hatch, *An Introductory Lecture on the Study of Ecclesiastical History* (London, 1885). Comp. Gwatkin, *The Meaning of Ecclesiastical History* (Cambridge, 1891).

the people of western Europe were at least baptized into it. It levied taxes on its subjects. Standards of patriotism and treason were more sharply defined than in the modern state.¹ The evolution of this great organization is the central fact of the first thirteen centuries after Christ. It aimed to control the whole life of its subjects here and to determine their destiny hereafter. Well may our greatest American church historian, Henry C. Lea, ask: "What would have been the condition of the world if that organization had not succeeded in bearing the ark of Christianity through the wilderness of the first fifteen centuries?"²

The history of Europe, then, after the Roman period must be looked at through the eyes of the church. The character and works of that great institution must first be studied, not pathologically but sympathetically. The historian, if honest, dare not show a "lack of appreciation of the service rendered to humanity by the organization which in all ages has assumed for itself the monopoly of the heritage of Christ."³ He must recognize the fact that "ecclesiastical history is simply the spiritual side of universal history."⁴ "The value of a science depends on its own intrinsic merits," says Alzog.⁵ When the great Teacher commanded from the Mount of Olives, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," that mount became the pivot on which the whole world's history has turned. "If the Christian religion be a matter, not of mint, anise, and cummin, but of justice, mercy, and truth; if the Christian Church be not a priestly caste, or a monastic order, or a little sect, or a handful of opinions, but the whole congregation of faithful men dispersed throughout the world; if the very word which of old represented the chosen 'people' is now to be found in the 'laity'; if the biblical usage of the phrase 'ecclesia' literally justifies Tertullian's definition: *Ubi tres sunt laici, ibi est ecclesia*; then the range of the history of the church is as wide as the range of the world which it was designed to penetrate."⁶ The great difficulty with the study of church history in the past has been that teachers treated it wholly from a theological standpoint. That may have been proper when the subject was viewed as a narrow "professional" study only. A new and better conception of the subject as a part of the pregnant history of humanity has brought with it a higher estimation of its value as a cultural study. All that can be claimed for historical studies in general can be claimed for it: mental discipline, broad culture, a view of practical life, enlarged sympathies and lessened prejudices, a truer conception of duty, and a saner estimate of the significance of current events. In addition it may be ventured that no subject can be of greater vital importance to the student for the very reason that it deals with the most important of all subjects. In order to do the most good as a liberal branch of learning, church history must be taught not as theology or dogma, but as a

¹ Maitland, Canon Law in the Church of England (London, 1898), pp. 100, 101.

² Lea, Studies in Church History, p. iii.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Gwatkin, The Meaning of Ecclesiastical History, p. 8.

⁵ Alzog, Universal Church History, I, 12.

⁶ Stanley, Eastern Church, Introduction, 25.

powerful civilizing institution like the state or the school. Then it will be true that "neither can the profane historian, the jurist, the statesman, the man of letters, the artist, nor the philosopher safely neglect the study of church history."¹ Each one of these persons, as well as the minister, needs that "pragmatic view"² of all the changes and developments of the Christian Church and the influence it has exerted on all other human relations. Within the last few years, however, there has been a noticeable awakening of interest in church history both within and without college walls. The indefatigable labors of a few men like Henry C. Lea, who has given us a series of invaluable monographs on the history of the old church, have had much to do with the new status of church history. Universities are already recognizing courses in church history offered by divinity schools as "liberal arts" electives for undergraduate and postgraduate study. The writers of recent textbooks on general history, as well as in particular fields, recognize the revolution and try to make amends for the sin of omission by giving the church a prominence never recognized before by secular historians.³ Publishers have felt the popular pulse and, consequently, "Studies" and "Epochs" covering the whole range of church history have appeared in cheap and popular form from the pen of scholar and compiler. Foreign works have been translated. Journals devoted to the study of church history have been established. Lectureships have been created and endowed. Societies have been organized to further the work. Convenient editions of the "sources" are appearing. Everywhere there seems to be a reaction in favor of this misunderstood and neglected subject. An army of scholars is at work digging valuable material out of old monasteries, royal archives, private libraries, cemeteries and churches, catacombs, and every conceivable place of concealment. These labors are being rewarded by rich discoveries of valuable materials, which are immediately critically edited by competent hands and printed in translations suitable for all students. Huge collections of these sources are appearing in most of the European countries.⁴ The most significant evidence of reaction, however, lies in the fact that the most recent courses offered on the Middle Ages in our leading universities are essentially courses in church history. The name matters little so long as students approach the instructive history of western Europe from the right standpoint. Thus, at length, has come to pass the prophecy of Professor Koethe (d. 1850), made many years ago: "It is reserved to future ages, and in a special sense to the institutions of learning, to give to church history its proper place in the curriculum of studies. When its nature and importance come to be fully known and appreciated it will be no longer limited to one faculty."

The best pedagogical methods must be applied to church history in

¹ Alzog, i, 23.

² Gieseler, Ecclesiastical History, sec. 3.

³ Examine recently published texts like Emerton, *Mediæval Europe*; Robinson, *History of Western Europe*; Munro, *A History of the Middle Ages*.

⁴ The Monumenta in Germany, the Rolls Series in England, etc.

order to obtain the best results. To that end these practical suggestions are offered:

1. Emphasis ought to be laid on ideas back of events rather than on the events themselves.
2. The important ought to be distinguished from the unimportant at every step. Athanasius and Augustine are worthier subjects of study than Flavian and Optatus. The invasion and conversion of the Teutons are more important than disputes over Easter or the shape of the tonsure.
3. Original sources ought to be used so far as possible. History should be studied "from the sources of friend and foe, in the spirit of truth and love, *sine ire et studio*."¹
4. Both Protestant and Catholic secondary authorities ought to be read on every important or controverted point.
5. Origins ought to be studied with special care.
6. Transition periods rather than crises ought to be given the most time.
7. Biographies of epoch-making men like Constantine, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, Hildebrand, Saint Francis, Innocent III, etc., ought to be carefully considered.
8. Causes and results ought to be closely worked out and classified.²
9. The continuity of the church as a great force in the world ought to be ever kept in mind.
10. Differentiation ought to be thoughtfully noted through the ages.
11. The unity of history—the influence of the church upon every other institution—ought to be followed from one transitional period to another.
12. The sympathetic attitude ought to be taken at all times in judging men and movements. The student ought to stand in the center of the circle so he can see all points of the circumference—all persons, all events, all parties, all creeds, all sects, all shades of opinion—and see their true historical relations.

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THE PREACHING NEEDED BY THE TIMES

PREACHERS cannot always be young and know how to preach on capital and labor, as summaries in cities have shown the calling of auburn locks. Hair will grow gray, and heads shrink—unless Japanese, who are said since the war with China to have been putting their hats on with effort by the aid of shoe horns. Memory gets conscientious and cries out, "Preach the Word!" Tourists return and tell about Spurgeon's and Parker's thousands held Sundays and Wednesday nights and Thursday noons for forty years by "the Word." I saw Mr. Spurgeon present,

¹Schaff, Church History, Preface.

²Mace, Method in History.

on Tabernacle platform, twenty-seven volumes of his sermons to the American temperance evangelist, R. T. Booth, as not more than half of his sermonic publications, advancing now to some four thousand discourses; and, laying hand on Bible, he said that he could go on forever making new sermons while he had the Book.

In contrast with the demand for philanthropies and statesmanship in the pulpit a great portion of busy, tired men and women look up to the pulpit for spiritual food; for nerve for the coming day's shocks, for febrifuge against its worldliness; for heart's ease amid its harrowing recollections; for memory of a Sabbath Sinai to make the arm strong to strike wrong; memory of a Sabbath Bethany telling who will weep with the next mourner; memory of a pentecostal Sabbath to show why it was better that he go away. The aim of preaching is to be that which will help to secure "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," for thus people get saved; this is salvation. Adaptation to the age, the locality, the culture, the occupations of the auditors will lead equally devoted preachers to diverse preaching.

As I sat in a Presbyterian audience in Champaign, in Sunday halt while driving through to East Lynn, I thought the younger new pastor was doing skillfully and faithfully, though he did not name Christ until two thirds of his half hour had gone, and, teaching as to the influence of association, he then pleaded that his people accept Jesus as associate, that in them the text might have illustration, that men would take knowledge of them too that they had been with Jesus. I think that preaching should find resources in the Bible largely, but admit that many audiences will feel themselves better treated if principles, rather than facts, are derived and discussed and made modern in presentation and application. With imitation of Jesus in seeking likes for teaching, this electric and manufacturing and scientific age may be well served with likes which lie in the daily life of the auditors.

The age with us is practical; so should our preaching be. It chooses to think that its thinking is clear cut; so should our preaching be. It handles power; our preaching should be with the highest power the universe knows, that of the Holy Spirit. The age is feverish; we should lead it to draw from the wells of salvation every time. The age cultures immediateness; we should constantly tender a present Saviour. The age is intelligent but troubled; we should offer it the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

DOCTRINAL ASPECTS OF PAUL'S LETTER TO TITUS

In the previous expositions of Paul's letter to Titus in the REVIEW we have compassed the book in general outline and attempted to unfold its leading thoughts. There is, however, underlying these thoughts, as in all of Paul's writings, a deep undertone of doctrine, often merely intimated, but involving the Pauline conception of theology and of church administration.

In the study of the doctrinal aspects of the Epistle to Titus there are some things which differentiate this letter and other pastoral epistles from the other writings of Paul. We may note that the doctrinal elements are assumed, not argued. In the Epistles to the Galatians and the Romans particular doctrines are set forth in bold outline and the arguments for them are presented with the utmost vigor and strength. Not only is the teaching set forth, but the arguments on which the teaching rests. Here all is assumed. The writer takes it for granted that Titus, to whom the letter is addressed, understands these doctrines and will be able to contribute whatever instruction or exposition is needed by the people. Furthermore, the purpose of the epistle is to instruct the teacher, not the taught. This is a pastoral letter addressed to Titus, to whom is committed the oversight and government of the church. Its statements, therefore, assume a knowledge on his part, not necessarily on the part of the mass of the church.

A cursory study of the epistle will show incidental references to the great doctrines of salvation. The doctrine concerning God is set forth in unmistakable terms. He is represented in chapter 1, verse 1, as the One to whom Paul renders obedience; he calls himself the "servant of God." This is in harmony with the statements of Paul's conception of his relation to God elsewhere set forth in the Scriptures. God is the One whose promises can be depended upon (verse 2); it is said of God that he "cannot lie." He is Truth. God's eternity is indicated in the same verse: "God, who cannot lie, promised before times eternal." Here we have the eternity of God stated in unmistakable terms. In verse 3, last clause, God is set forth as a Saviour—"our Saviour." He is also the author of the divine Word (chap. 2. 5): "that the Word of God be not blasphemed." This undoubtedly refers to the Holy Scriptures, especially to the Old Testament Scriptures, which are here set forth as the "Word of God." In chapter 2, verse 10, God is again called a Saviour: "that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." In verse 11 he is said to be the author of grace: "the grace of God hath appeared." In verse 13 he is designated as our "great God." God's character is defined in chapter 3, verse 4: "when the kindness of God, our Saviour." God is one in whom they believed, according to chapter 3, verse 8: "to the end that they who have believed God may be careful to maintain good works." Here God is the object of confidence. We cannot read these passages without feeling that we are on ground with which we are familiar in the other writings of the apostle. This letter also contains a clear declaration of the doctrine of Jesus Christ. He is represented as one who

has sent forth his apostles and who is the subject of their preaching. Paul is the "apostle of Jesus Christ" (chap. 1. 1). Jesus Christ is also joined with God as the source of grace and peace: "grace and peace from God the Father and Christ Jesus our Saviour" (chap. 1. 4). He is also set forth as appearing again: "looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (chap. 2. 13). Verse 14 of chapter 2 is a wonderful condensation of the teachings of Paul: "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity." If we had this verse alone we would not misunderstand Paul's theological system. It is a wonderful compendium of doctrine and ethics. He redeemed mankind that he might "purify unto himself a people for his own possession, zealous of good works." In chapter 3, verse 6, there is reference to the Holy Ghost which is poured upon us richly. Jesus Christ is represented as the One through whom the Holy Ghost comes upon the people: "renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he poured out upon us richly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour." These passages illustrate the fact that the Pauline doctrines underlie this practical Epistle to Titus and afford a clear declaration of its Pauline authorship.

The doctrine of the church as set forth in this letter is a subject of interest. It is held by many that the statements concerning church order show a church organization more fully developed in every point than could have been possible during the life of Paul. Such writers have been able to give no date to it earlier than the middle of the second century. Of course if this were admitted it would place the epistle at once outside the realm of Pauline authorship. This point, however, cannot be well maintained. The epistle is addressed to Titus, whose relation to Paul was very close, and we may well argue that it was a description of the government only partially established, and which afterward was to be fully settled, rather than one already complete. If this is granted there is no difficulty in placing the epistle within the life of the apostle Paul. This view is well summarized by Gould in *The Biblical Theology of the New Testament*, page 149: "Another sign that we are in the first stages of the Catholic Church, and therefore in a later period than that of the Jewish controversy against Paul, a period in which the unity of the church is asserting itself against these divisions, is the doctrine of the church itself. Church officers in the early period were men who had certain gifts conferred on them by the Holy Spirit, and who occupied the positions involved in the exercise of these gifts, and not conferred by appointment or election. When we emerge into the period of elective officers they are bishops, elders, and deacons. And of these all three appear in the Pastoral Epistle by name. Not only name, but these general functions are exercised by the same officers in the later period of full organization. Administration is a chief mark of these offices in both periods, and the teaching office, which figures so largely in the work of these officers in the later organization, appears here for the first time, though in a rudimentary and subordinate form. But the differences between the later and earlier offices are quite as marked. In the first place, bishop and elder are interchangeable terms. In Titus 1. 5, 7, the argumentative 'for' of verse 7 is quite out of place unless bishops and elders are identical. Secondly, all these officers, bishops as well as deacons, are confined to the local church in their jurisdiction. The charge of a bishop is not a diocese, but a church. Thirdly, there are several bishops, or elders, in each

church. Fourthly, the functions are mostly administrative, the teaching office being subordinated and a distinction being made between teaching elders and others, implying, of course, that the teaching function is not common to them all. Timothy and Titus themselves are regarded as the responsible teachers, and probably the teaching continued to be done by men like them, who possessed the gift, instead of being officially designated, and whose office pertained to the general church, not to the local church. With the exception of this occasional teaching the offices are lay functions, not spiritual and so not clerical. It is the administration of affairs which is intrusted to them, not the cure of souls."

If these statements are granted, then we at once reach two conclusions of importance in the interpretation of the book: One is the nature of the heresies which Paul condemns in this epistle. It would follow that the Gnostic heresy had begun to permeate the church, but had not taken full possession of it. In other words, it was not a fully developed but an incipient Gnosticism which had gotten possession of the church and against which Titus is to contend. These interpretations remove the difficulty felt by many in assigning this epistle to the time of Saint Paul. It is affirmed that there is no time in Paul's life as narrated in the Acts of the Apostles within which to place the conditions reflected in this letter and the other pastoral epistles. If we assume, what is maintained by many, that Paul after the time mentioned in the Acts was released from prison and carried on his work with his accustomed vigor, and afterward was for a second time made a prisoner in Rome, we have sufficient time to meet the conditions found in this letter. This view has a steady tradition in its favor and will help to explain the peculiarities of the epistle. The other conclusion of importance is the fact that Christianity had become a settled system of truth which the church must guard: it was the duty of Titus to maintain "sound doctrine." There was ample time for a formulation of a system of overture before the close of Paul's life if we assume a second imprisonment, during which the Second Epistle to Timothy was written.

We may note (1) in this letter a series of directions to Titus concerning the administration of the church over which he had been placed; (2) a series of doctrinal statements which, while not argued, are stated with a clearness that marked their Pauline authorship; (3) a declaration of the nature of the church government immediately preceding the close of Paul's earthly career; (4) a view of the character of the heresies against which the church at that time and place was called upon to contend; (5) a view of the modes of thinking of the apostle Paul as he nears the close of his life. It is said by many that this letter has not the vigor of many of Paul's acknowledged writings, but no one can read this epistle without feeling the touch of that master mind and the practical sagacity of that marvelous organizer and theologian of the Christian faith.

THE LENGTH OF A SERMON

It is frequently a matter of discussion among young ministers of the gospel how long a church service should occupy, and especially what should be the proper length of a Christian sermon. We do not purpose at this time to consider it from the standpoint of special sermons on special occasions. There are

constantly arising occasions of great importance to which persons of special prominence or interest in the subject are invited, when the length of the time to be occupied is to be determined by the condition of things where the sermon is to be delivered; for example, Commencement addresses by a college president or anyone else. When a special topic is discussed it is often necessary, and, indeed, expected, that the preacher shall occupy longer than the usual time. Not to do so would disappoint the audience and leave his discourse incomplete.

The same is true of special addresses and sermons on the subject of missions, and, indeed, on special occasions which are recognized as crisis in regard to the interests involved. The reason why the longer sermon may be delivered is because both preacher and people recognize the importance of the occasion and the necessity for a thorough discussion of the point involved. Then, too, there are other cases when the sermon is to be determined by the circumstances of the case, such as dedications. Under present conditions it is quite common to raise money on such occasions as dedications or reopenings of churches. Often large expenditures of money have taken place, and it is expected that the gathering together of the people will inspire liberal giving, even although contributions have already been made, and a preacher is summoned to help accomplish the purpose they have in view. In these cases it is to be borne in mind when conducting the service what the purpose is. It is difficult sometimes for the preachers to abridge their discourses on such occasions, and yet it is often necessary to do so. It is not uncommon that the musical service is exceedingly long on that day, and it is very difficult for a preacher to get to his sermon until a large part of the time allotted to the service is exhausted. It would be well if this could be modified in some way without destroying the value of the musical part of the programme, but it is often exceedingly difficult to do it without some injury to the feelings of those who render such important services as the choirs in our churches, and this must be avoided. Nevertheless, the preacher should see to it that his sermon should not be so long as to make it impossible to give a full opportunity for the contribution of the people.

The writer of this has had considerable experience on occasions of this kind, and has found it always welcome on the part of the people when he abridged his sermon so as to give them such opportunity. He was called to officiate at the dedication of a large city church. It was in the downtown part of the city, and the people were accustomed to having dinner at twelve o'clock. He was informed that such was the case, and that unless the raising of the money was begun at eleven-thirty o'clock it would be impossible to have a collection with success. He promised them that he would be through his sermon by that time, and his sermon occupied just twenty-seven minutes. They raised all the money amid great gratification, so that at night there was no need for a collection whatever, and the whole congregation joined in a revival service. Had the preacher occupied an hour, using up the time to twelve o'clock, the same results would not have been reached, either financially or spiritually. On another occasion the musical part of the programme was exceedingly long, and the pastor was in great distress as to what to do. He came to the preacher and told him he did not know what was to be done because of the lateness of the hour. The preacher asked him at what time he ought to begin his collection. The pastor replied not later than twenty minutes to twelve o'clock. It was then twenty

minutes past eleven. The preacher promised to see to it that the collection was begun at that time, and at twenty minutes to twelve o'clock the collection was started, and the preacher received the thanks of the congregation, and the pastor afterward told him he had saved the day by that twenty-minute sermon. It is observed that some preachers are not invited for such occasions because, while congregations would be glad to have them, and to hear them with a full sermon on an ordinary occasion, they do not feel that they can trust them to come within the proper limits on such occasions as dedications, etc. These exceptional services are not the special topic we have in view. We have in mind the time to be occupied by the ordinary preacher in an ordinary sermon. It is very easy to say, as some preachers do, that they will preach until they are done and have finished their sermon. But, after all, the people will be the judge of the limit of sermons, and when a preacher's sermons are too long, although they be ever so excellent, the people will quietly be absent at the next service and perhaps constantly. It has been our experience to go to two churches of different denominations; one was where a sermon was announced on a very important topic, a sermon that had been delivered before in other cities and had been heard with great acceptance. The announcements were very extended, and there was a large congregation, but it was observed that the pastor, though he was preaching on a very special topic, concluded his sermon within thirty minutes and the whole service occupied little more than an hour. The writer visited on another occasion another church packed with people. It was one of the most fashionable and popular churches in the city of New York, where everything was of the finest order both in music and in the general conduct of the service. He observed that the preacher closed his sermon in just twenty-nine minutes, and the whole service lasted little more than one hour. Perhaps there has been no preacher in the Methodist denomination for the last quarter of a century who has been more popular than Dr. —. He has occupied two or three of the largest pastorates in the denomination, and he has been recalled to them for a second and third term. He was rarely known to preach beyond thirty minutes. One of our laymen called him the greatest preacher of the city in which he preached.

This matter, however, is of special interest to ministers who are advanced in years. It is not uncommon for a minister who is growing old to believe that he preaches better than he ever preached before, and that his sermons therefore should be longer than they were in his early days. It may be that he does preach better than he did in his youth or middle life, but the people may not appreciate his style as much as they did in years gone by, and the increase in the length of his sermons is very often attributed to increasing years, and the thought of people is that if he were younger he would not preach so long. It is on this point that older ministers need to be careful. They must remember that there is a vivacity in youth which people appreciate, and which men of long years of service do not have. The older preacher must preach according to his time of life, and be entirely natural in his form of service and the expression of his sermon. It will be a help to him in maintaining his hold on congregations, especially on the younger portion, if, notwithstanding his years in the ministry, his services are moderate in length. This thought applies alike to young and old.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

NEW SAYINGS OF JESUS

OXYRYNCHUS, situated about one hundred and twenty miles south of Cairo, was an important city of Egypt in the early centuries of our era, and, though but little known to the modern world till 1897, it has been since that time a spot quite familiar to the students of archæology. What brought this old city to notice was the discovery by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, two distinguished Oxford scholars, of a large number of papyri written between the first and seventh centuries of our era. One fragment, discovered in 1897, proved of more interest than all the rest put together. We refer to that styled *Logia Iesou* ("Sayings of Jesus"). This ancient document was fully described and discussed in our pages at that time. The large number of papyri dug up in 1897 at Oxyrynchus, among them many fragments of the Greek classics, has justified the inference that the place must have been a center of learning, both Christian and classical. The excavations of Grenfell and Hunt in 1897 were so successful that after a lapse of six years these same gentlemen returned to the identical spot, in order to make "an exhaustive examination of what has been, on the whole, the richest site in Egypt for papyri." Their second effort was crowned with success, for they brought to light another large number of ancient documents or texts of various kinds, and among them another series of *logia*, as well as a fragment of a lost gospel. And the end is not yet, for the mounds of this old seat of learning are supposed to contain treasures of incalculable value to the student of archæology. The fragment of papyrus on which this second series of "Sayings of Jesus" are written has forty-two broken lines. We say broken, for, unfortunately, not a line is quite complete or perfect. So mutilated is the fragment as to make its decipherment exceedingly hard, and much of it, perhaps, impossible. These forty-two lines are written on the reverse side of a survey list of some public lands, which, to judge from its contents and style, is a product of the second century of our era—certainly not later than 300 A. D. From this and other data it may be inferred that these fresh sayings are of about the same date as those discovered in 1897, which, according to Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, cannot be referred to a date later than 140 A. D.

The two sets have many points of resemblance as well as some striking dissimilarities. Those who have studied the *logia* discovered in 1897 have noticed the manifest lack of unity between several of the eight sayings. Each one, like a proverb, stands alone, and by itself, whereas at least four of the five discovered in 1903 form a continuous whole, and treat of the same subject, namely, "the kingdom." The new sayings seem to be the very beginning of the collection, while those of 1897 begin abruptly, on a page marked 11 and in the very middle of a saying. The fact that there were ten pages before this goes to prove that they formed a large collection, but more of this farther on. It will also be noticed that the sayings of 1903 begin with a regular introduction, which we give below. We shall not reproduce a facsimile of the fragment, nor

even a copy to show how mutilated it is, nor yet the original text with the proposed emendations of the critics. Instead of this, we shall give these *logia* to our readers in an English garb, as emended and translated by a competent New Testament and patristic scholar, Professor Swete, of Cambridge, England, who can speak upon the subject with as much authority as any European scholar. But, before proceeding further, let us place the contents of the fragment as rendered by the Cambridge professor before our readers. There are only five *logia*, but these are preceded by a short prologue, or introduction, which was probably intended to the entire collection.

PROLOGUE

"These are the true sayings which Jesus who liveth and was dead spake to Judas Thomas. And the Lord said to him, Whosoever shall hearken to these sayings, he shall in no wise taste of death."

I

"Jesus saith, Let not him who seeks the Father cease until he find him; and having found him let him be amazed; and being amazed he shall reign, and reigning shall rest."

Grenfell and Hunt render the last part of this logion: "shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom shall rest."

II

"Jesus saith, Who are they that draw you [manuscript, us] to the kingdom? The kingdom is in heaven; but they that are on the earth and the birds of the heaven and every creature that is under the earth and in Hades and the fishes of the sea, these are they that draw you to it. And the kingdom of heaven is within you, and whosoever shall know himself shall find it; for if ye shall truly know yourselves, ye are the sons and daughters of the Father Almighty, and ye shall know yourselves to be in the city of God. And ye are the city."

III

"Jesus saith, A man will not hesitate to inquire boldly about the seasons, prating of the place of glory. But ye shall hold your peace; for many that are first shall be last, and the last first, and few shall find it."

IV

"Jesus saith, Everything that is not before thy face, and that which is hidden from thee shall be revealed; for there is nothing hidden which shall not be made manifest, or buried which shall not be raised."

V

"His disciples inquire of him and say, How are we to fast? and how are we to pray? and how are we to give alms? and of such duties what are we to observe? Jesus saith, See that ye lose not your reward. Do nothing save the things that belong to the truth, for if ye do these, ye shall know a hidden mystery. I say unto you, blessed is the man who . . ."

This saying is in a very mutilated state, and the above translation is, for

the greater part, mere conjecture. Not quite two lines are anything like perfect; the other nine are broken both at the beginning and at the close. Thus only the words in the middle of the line are left. It is to be remarked that this logion differs from the other four in having a brief introduction, explanatory of the occasion on which it was spoken. It is apparently an answer by our Lord to a question propounded to him by the disciples. Professor Swete has ventured upon a much fuller emendation of the text in this particular logion than have Grenfell and Hunt, who render as follows:

"His disciples question him and say, How shall we fast and how shall we (pray?) . . . and what (commandment) shall we keep? . . . Jesus saith, . . . do not . . . of truth . . . blessed is he . . ."

As we have seen from the above, no one can afford to speak dogmatically regarding the exact contents of this mutilated papyrus. Though Professor Swete has reproduced these *logia* in such a way as to give an intelligible translation, and though he fills up the gaps with parallel clauses from the gospels, epistles, and the early fathers in such a way as to give us very smooth reading, he nevertheless frankly admits that "reconstruction in the present instance is not only hazardous, but for the most part impracticable." Contrasting the condition of the text of the *logia* of 1897 and those of 1903, he says: "The earlier discovery lent itself with comparative ease to conjectural restoration; two only of the seven sayings were seriously damaged, and with very few exceptions both the beginnings and the endings of the lines had been preserved. The new fragment, on the other hand, has been torn or cracked down the middle, and the right-hand side has disappeared; of the forty-two lines which it contained, every one has lost its ending, while the last eleven are defective also at the beginning. Thus even the average length of the lines can only be conjectured; but, judging from the four or five which can be restored with some degree of confidence, the average number of letters may well have been twenty-nine or thirty, and the normal length twelve syllables, or that of an iambic trimeter, one of the measures, as Dr. Rendel Harris has shown, which professional scribes followed in dividing their matter into *stichoi*."

Now, in what sense are these *logia* "the sayings of Jesus"? To answer this question two things at least must be considered: their origin and date of composition. Are these two fragments, discovered at Oxyrynchus, portions of a large independent collection which was circulated in Egypt during the latter part of the first century or the early part of the second? Or, have these few sayings been taken from some of the apocryphal gospels sent out in the interest of some church party or heretical sect? No less an authority than Professor Harnack maintains that the *logia* of 1897 were excerpts from the Gospel according to the Egyptians. Others again would have us believe that they are from the Gospel according to the Hebrews, or from the Gospel according to Thomas. As we know but very little about these apocryphal gospels, a logical comparison is out of the question. It is true that the fathers have quoted extensively from some of them, and some of the passages so quoted bear a striking similarity to passages in the *logia*. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt maintain that the sayings do not owe their origin to any of the apocryphal gospels; speaking of the Gospel of Thomas in particular, they say: "That there is a connection between the earlier Gospel of Thomas and the sayings is extremely likely, but this can be better

explained by supposing that the sayings influenced the gospel, than by the hypothesis that the gospel is the source of the sayings." Nor is it at all possible that the *logia* were taken directly from the canonical gospels; for though they contain much in common with these, they also have much that cannot be found in any of the four gospels, but which is clearly from other sources. The most plausible theory, therefore, is that the *logia* are from an independent collection which was circulated and read by the Christians of Egypt, and made up by some early writer from the lips of those who had enjoyed the ministry of the apostles and their contemporaries. If this supposition be true, they are almost direct from the lips of our Saviour through those who "had heard the Lord." But why are they addressed to Thomas? At first view a natural inference would be that they are excerpts from his gospel. This, however, is highly improbable, since what we know of this gospel argues against such a supposition. It has been suggested that the entire collection, divided into twelve sections, was called, "The Sayings of Jesus to the Twelve," and that each section bore the name of one of the apostles. If this be so, then this portion of the collection is that addressed to Thomas.

FRAGMENT OF A LOST GOSPEL

Here again we shall content ourselves with a mere translation of the passages found on the fragment of papyrus which was also discovered at Oxyrynchus by Drs. Grenfell and Hunt in 1903:

"(Take no thought) from morning until even nor from evening until morning, either for your food what ye shall eat or for your raiment what ye shall put on. Ye are far better than the lilies which grow but spin not. Having one garment, what do ye (lack)? . . . Who could add to your stature? He himself will give you your garment. His disciples say unto him, When wilt thou be manifest unto us, and when shall we see thee? He saith, When ye shall be stripped and not be ashamed. . . .

". . . He said the Key of Knowledge ye hid; ye entered not in yourselves, and to them that were entering in ye opened not."

Should the reader take the trouble to look up the following passages: Matt 6. 25-28, 31-33; Luke 11. 52; 12. 4, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, and John 14. 19, ff., he will see at once the great resemblance between them and those in the fragment. Nevertheless, the differences are such as to preclude the theory that the latter are taken directly from the former. Unless, therefore, it can be shown that the verses are taken from one or more of the uncanonical gospels it must be assumed that we have in this fragment a portion of another gospel, hitherto unknown to the world. If we are to believe the discoverers, the fragment was probably composed in Egypt before 150 A. D., and is intimately connected with the Gospel according to the Egyptians and the Second Epistle of Clement. Here, again, dogmatism is of no avail. All we can do is to patiently wait, hoping that Oxyrynchus may have more light to throw upon the subject.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Oskar Pfister. Twice in succession The Hague Society for the Defense of the Christian Religion has announced as a theme for a prize essay "The Justification and Tenability of the Theory of Indeterminism and its Significance for Religion and Morals." Pfister won the prize for the second essay in the series. His book is entitled *Die Willensfreiheit. Eine kritisch-systematische Untersuchung* (The Freedom of the Will. A Critical and Systematic Investigation). Berlin, 1904, G. Reimer. Pfister takes a somewhat paradoxical position. He claims that the best way to defend the freedom of the will is to defend also the theory of determinism. That is to say, while determinism and indeterminism are mutually exclusive terms, determinism and freedom of the will are mutually consistent ideas. This position is supported in part by the attempt to destroy one after the other the contentions of the indeterminist; in part by calling attention to the well-known distinction between degrees and kinds of freedom; but chiefly by reference to what he calls the retrospective and the prospective factors involved. When an act of will is considered retrospectively it must be regarded as determined; when prospectively, it must be thought of as free. When one looks at the steps leading up to an act of will the law of causal dependence requires us to regard it from the standpoint of the determinist. When the same act is looked upon as one to be performed, and the steps leading up to it are ignored, it must be thought of as free. But the fact that in the act of willing there is no sense of compulsion Pfister regards as in no sense a proof that the act is not really determined. In the passage, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure," we have a biblical utterance showing that in Paul's thought the two ideas are compatible. Of course, Pfister does not introduce this Scripture passage as proof, but as illustration. But, using it just as Pfister does in this respect, it brings out forcibly the argument for the freedom of the will, though it may prove to one who takes the psychology of Saint Paul as final the deterministic character of all volition and action. Pfister is very certain that there is not the slightest contradiction between the imperative of the first part and the affirmative of the second part of the passage. But how does he show this? Simply by denying that the imperative says anything with regard to our freedom. In other words, the sense of moral obligation and responsibility is not to be considered in deciding between determinism and indeterminism. When one considers the precarious nature of the arguments for determinism it would seem as though some weight ought to be attached to the deep and ineradicable consciousness of personal responsibility. On the deterministic theory we are actually what we are without any effort of our own. God has wrought in us absolutely all. But what a contradiction he has wrought in us on this hypothesis! For with our intellects we conclude we are not free and therefore not responsible; in our consciousness we feel ourselves free and responsible. God wrought in us the judgment of the intellect, and he

wrought in us the consciousness of freedom. The absurdity of the supposition on the basis of any worthy conception of God shows that there is an error somewhere. Is the error in our judgment or in our feelings? Until we can eradicate the feeling the exigencies of life will demand that here we give more credence to our feelings than to our judgment, if our judgment says we are not free.

Paul von Hoensbroech. Sometime in 1903 Chaplain Dabasch, a Roman Catholic member of the German Reichstag, publicly challenged anyone to find in a Jesuitical work any instance in which the principle that the end sanctifies the means is taught, and declared himself ready to pay anyone two thousand gulden (about fifteen hundred dollars) who would find such a passage. Count von Hoensbroech accepted the challenge, and his book, published in 1904, *Der Zweck heiligt die Mittel* (Berlin, C. A. Schwetschke & Sohn), gives numerous instances in which Jesuits have so taught. Dasbach denied, however, that von Hoensbroech had found any such passages, and declined to pay over the promised sum. It will be left, therefore, for men to decide for themselves whether von Hoensbroech has made out his case. Of course it is understood that many Jesuits condemn the principle in question. The point is whether any Jesuits ever taught it. It is also agreed that the words, "the end sanctifies the means," are not found in any Jesuit work. The question is as to the teaching of the principle that a morally bad act may be performed innocently if thereby a morally good end may be reached. There are not a few Protestants who would affirm that lying is innocent if it is necessary in the saving of life or property. But in all such cases it is denied that lying is a bad act, since the murderer has no right to the truth. It is necessary, therefore, to consider cases in which it must be admitted that the act is bad. To give but two instances: The Jesuit, Paul Loymann, in his *Theologia moralis, Monochii*, published in 1625, taught that if anyone had fully determined in his own mind to commit some great sin, as, for example, adultery, it was permissible, in order to prevent the greater sin, to advise a lesser one, for example, intercourse with an unmarried woman. That such intercourse is morally bad under all circumstances cannot be doubted by anyone who has not learned to call evil good. But Loymann says that in such a case *absolute suadet quod bonum est, siquidem ex duobus malis si alterum eligendum sit, bonum est, eligere minus*. It would seem that von Hoensbroech has made his point here. Again, the Jesuit, Ferdinand de Castropolao, who died in 1633, taught that it was allowable to provide anyone an opportunity to sin, or at least it was allowable not to remove the opportunity or occasion to sin, in order that he might be caught in the act and thus led to repentance. The end is thus a "*sufficiens causa honestandi permissionem*." "*Licetum esse, offerre delinquentibus occasionem peccandi ob bonos fines*." This is, if anything, even more clear than the former instance. All such teaching, whether by Jesuits or others, is contrary to Christian principle, which forbids us to do evil that good may come. But it is also disrespectful to Christianity, since it utterly fails to recognize that our Lord provided for better and more effective means of moral improvement than these weak and disgraceful concessions to the sinful passions of men. It could be wished that certain concrete instances of such baleful teaching could be effaced from Protestant history. Meanwhile the Jesuits gain

nothing by denying plain facts. It would be better to admit them and then bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Das Wesen der Religion, dargestellt an ihrer Geschichte (The Essence of Religion, Exhibited in its History). By Wilhelm Bousset. Halle a. S., Gebauer-Schwetschke. This is a remarkably clear setting forth of the peculiarities of the principal religions and types of religion known to investigators. Bousset holds that the peculiar phenomena of religion cannot be exhibited in connection with the Christian religion alone. Religion is distinguished by two marks—it is a striving after life, and it is a personal communion with God or with gods. It is always accompanied by feelings both of fear and confidence, and arises when the human mind tries to pass from the seen to the unseen world. The beginnings of religion can best be studied at present among uncivilized peoples, although life among them gives us but a relatively adequate conception of life among primitive men. Its chief characteristics in this stage are fetichism in association with the black arts, the worship of ancestors and of the dead in general. Religion is here a purely private matter, and has to do exclusively with spirits of the lower order. The moral element is lacking, and the gods sought are sensuous. In a little higher class of this same stage we find attention directed toward the gods of the skies, the stars, and of the underworld. Totemism is also seen in this class of religions. The chief characteristics of the natural religions are polytheism; growing interest in morals; gradual separation of the idea of God from natural objects, and the personalization of God; pictorial representations of the deity; temples; priests; development of myths; disappearance of the worship of the dead. Examples are the Babylonian and the Greek religions. The prophetic religions are a great step forward. Here the individual has an almost creative place, whether in Zarathustra, or Plato, or the Israelitish prophets, who are the grandest examples. Religion is devotionalized and moralized; monotheism is developed, and the external elements are shaken off. The legal religions, such as Judaism, Parseeism, Islam, the later Greek religion, Eastern and Roman Catholicism, are a retrogression from prophetism. Forms become exceedingly important. Great emphasis is laid upon the observance of religious customs, upon creeds, upon sacred books, and the like. Another class is the religions of redemption, such as Platonism and Buddhism, which esteem this life as relatively worthless and strive to escape it. The idea of God becomes vague and dim; the moral element ceases to be emphasized. The perfect religion is found where the ideas of redemption and morals unite, namely, in Christianity, which is characterized negatively by the absence of all national limitations, ceremonies, worship of the letter, and the like. Its positive peculiarities are the closest blending of religion and morality; a conception of redemption which does justice to the dignity and uniqueness of humanity in the creation, and to morality; strong individualism; the expectation of a future life; and the significance of the person of Jesus. The book closes with an estimate of the Reformation and the future of Christianity, which is one with the future of religion. There are some things in the discussion of Christianity not commendable; but, on the whole, it is a most useful and intelligent treatment of its theme.

Das Buch Hiob. Neu übersetzt und kurzerklärt (The Book of Job, Newly Translated and Briefly Expounded). By Friedrich Delitzsch. Leipzig, J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung. Originally it was Delitzsch's purpose to write merely a lecture on Job. But being in Constantinople and without helps, except the Hebrew Bible and a Hebrew Lexicon prepared by himself, his studies interested him so much that he expanded the proposed lecture into this book, which he completed in a few weeks. He is poorly satisfied with the commentaries current on Job, because they show too little appreciation and understanding of the poem as such, and because they frequently translate incorrectly. He thinks this latter defect arises from slighting the vocabulary and phraseology of the Old Testament and its related dialects. This resulted in their taking refuge in the correction of the text whenever they came upon an unusual word or phrase. He first gives a translation of chapters 1. 1 to 2. 13, and 42. 7-17, which, with Duhm and Budde, he regards as distinct from the poem itself. He then translates chapters 3 to 27; 29 to 31. 37; 38 to 39. 12; 39. 19 to 40. 14; 42. 1-6. This he holds to be the poem proper, and he calls it "The High Song of Pessimism." After this he translates the remaining chapters. The whole is accompanied with explanatory notes, philological and other. Delitzsch thinks that he has enriched the Hebrew Lexicon by means of his study of Job to the extent of sixteen new words and roots out of the text itself and fifteen out of the text together with the Assyrian Lexicon. He has also given us thirty-nine new meanings of words, or new shades of meaning. Other experts, however, cut down his figures somewhat. It is interesting to note that notwithstanding his censure of the commentators for their correction of the text he resorts to it himself in forty instances affecting the consonants and sixty affecting vowel pointings. Of these one hundred about fifty are new, many of which will be disputed by scholars. His translation, also, is not accepted in many of the instances in which he differs from the ordinary translations. The general impression among authorities on the subject seems to be that Delitzsch made a mistake in proceeding so rapidly and in the absence of his library, and that far more would have been done for the exposition of the book of Job had he built more on the work of others than he has accomplished by attempting to work alone. Delitzsch has added to his reputation for dash and daring, and confirmed the opinion held by so many concerning him, that his judgment is extremely faulty.

Virgines subintroductæ, ein Beitrag zu 1 Corinthians VII (Sub-introduced Virgins: A Contribution to the Understanding of 1 Corinthians VII). By Hans Achelis. Leipzig, 1902, Hinrichs. The author of this book gives us a valuable study of a phase of life in the early church which is generally passed over in silence by church historians, but which need in no sense to bring the blush of shame to the Christian's cheeks. We have distinct traces from about the year 100 A. D. onward for several centuries of a custom so strange to us that we can scarcely understand how it could have found a place in Christian history. It was the custom of avowed celibates of opposite sexes living in the same house in the relation of spiritual marriage. Scoffers like Gibbon have treated

this matter with such scorn that we cannot be too grateful to Achelis for setting it in its true light. In the first place, the custom was not confined, as many have thought, to the clergy. These were forbidden by the beginning of the fourth century to enter into such relationships, but the earlier practice was found among laymen as well as clergy. There are traces of it, too, in widely distant portions of the church, showing that its geographical distribution was general. What, now, could have led to such a state of affairs? Very certain is it that it was not, as many have supposed, a concession to the sex instinct. Although the custom was not confined to any one class or to any one locality, the fact remains that it seldom resulted in any violations of the vows of chastity. Tertullian recommended spiritual marriage, and Athanasius lived six years in the house of a virgin to whose house he fled in persecution. In proof of their continence these virgins were ready to submit to medical examination. It was everywhere regarded as entirely consistent with personal purity. These things could not have been had it not been felt that other causes than the natural attractions of the sexes for each other were here operative. Yet that it sprang from the theory of virginity prominent from the earliest days in the church is certain. The unmarried man needed the presence of womankind in his house if his household affairs were to receive proper attention, and the unmarried woman above all still needed the protection which only a man could afford her. It was particularly needful for the widower, to whom a second marriage was practically impossible on account of the prevalent theory that a second marriage was polygamy, to have a woman in his house who would care for its internal arrangements. It is a significant fact that of all the numerous references to the custom we have none indicating that both parties to the spiritual marriage were young. Some natural safeguards appear, therefore, to have been thrown around the practice. Still the main ground of the church's confidence that the relation would not be abused must have been in the consciousness of the individual Christian that he or she had within a power which lifted its possessor above the ordinary impulses that actuated humankind. That it was so long tolerated and even favored shows that that confidence was not misplaced. Springing as it did out of the almost necessary requirement that man and woman shall join together in the conduct of the household, and yet from the feeling that this union need not be physical but purely spiritual, the only thing to condemn about it is that it exposes those who practiced the custom to unnecessary dangers. In and of itself it is, as Achelis says, a sign of the ideal moral state of the Christians of those early days. Whether the seventh chapter of First Corinthians contains a reference to the custom with Paul's advice concerning it is more difficult to determine.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

The Sixth International Congress of Old Catholics. The gathering was held in Olten, Switzerland, September 1-4, 1904, and was attended by about three hundred delegates from Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Austria,

France, the United States, and Russia, and by representatives from the Anglican Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Those who wish a full account of the proceedings will find the addresses published in the *Revue internationale de Theologie*. It will be interesting to Americans to learn that there are in this country fifty-six Old Catholic churches, with thirty-four priests, presided over by Bishop Kozlowski, of Chicago, all of them having been organized within the last ten years.

Protestant Intolerance at Sectarian Burials. The general supposition has been that only Roman Catholics make trouble for those who wish to be buried without the aid of the priests. This supposition may be for the most part correct. But it appears that in many parts of Germany the Protestant (Lutheran) pastors are even more intolerant. A recent number of the *Christliche Welt* gives accounts of several instances in which Baptist and other ministers belonging to "sects" were either forbidden to offer so much as a prayer at the grave or were rudely interrupted while so doing. It appears that the judges of the courts strive to release all who are accused of unlawfully holding religious services at burials, but that all too many of the German Lutheran pastors are guilty of gross intolerance in this respect.

Protestantism and Suicide. Statistics abundantly demonstrate that in most respects the state of morality in Roman Catholic countries is distinctly lower than it is in Protestant. But in one point, at least—that of suicide—the Roman Catholics show to advantage. In 1892-96 the figures were, for 100,000 of the population of the strictly Roman Catholic districts of Aachen, Munster, and Oppeln, respectively 5, 7, and 8. For the same population in the strictly Protestant districts of Potsdam, Magdeburg, and Liegnitz, respectively 32, 33, and 39. In Bavaria in a population of 100,000 Roman Catholics there were 9, in the same population of Protestants 21, suicides. In France the suicides increase with great rapidity. This is accounted for by Roman Catholic authorities on the ground that the bonds of the faith are relaxing in France. The comparative rarity of suicides among Roman Catholics they account for on the theory that the confessional is a tremendous hindrance to such intentions on the part of the Romanists.

A Peculiar Mode of Helping German Prisoners. An organization has recently been effected in Hamburg, composed of Protestants and Romanists, whose purpose it is to aid those who have been imprisoned and who have served their time. The peculiarity of the purpose, aside from the fact that this is the first organized attempt of the kind in Germany, consists in the fact that the society does not contemplate helping these men to a place in society in their native land, but to aid them in emigrating to foreign countries. They will give special attention to those who have been imprisoned for the first time, and to such only after a reasonable probation has been passed subsequently to their release.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

ANY reflections of an intelligent, broad-minded, and fair-minded Jew on the Christian Christmas are likely to be of interest to the followers of Christ. In the Reader Magazine for December, 1904, are some remarks on the subject by Israel Zangwill, part of which we quote: "Historically I recognize that evolution, not revolution, is the law of human life; that traces of earlier feasts are kept in Santa Claus's stocking, and that the Christian festival took over, and transformed to higher import, the natural celebrations of the winter solstice. Holly and mistletoe do not grow in Palestine; the snowy landscapes of our Christmas cards are not known of Nazareth or Bethlehem; mince pie was not on the menu of the Magian kings; and the Christmas tree has its roots in Teutonic soil. But even as the painters of each race conceived Christ in their own image, so does each nation unthinkingly figure his activities in its own climatic setting. And perhaps in thus universalizing the Master the peoples obeyed a true instinct, for no race is able to receive lessons from 'foreigners.' The message as well as the man must be translated into native terms: a psychological fact which missionaries should understand. Nor is it in the Palestine of to-day that the true environment of the gospels can best be recovered, for though one may still meet the shepherd leading his flock, the merchant dangling sideways from his ass, or Rebecca carrying her pitcher on her shoulder, that is not the Palestine of the apostolic period, but the Palestine of the patriarchs, reproduced by decay and desolation. The Palestine through which the Galilean peasant wandered was a developed kingdom of thriving cities and opulent citizens, of Roman roads and Roman pomp. Upon those bleak hillsides where to-day only the terraces survive—the funereal monuments of fertility—the tangled branchery of olive groves lent magic to the air. That sea of Galilee, down which I have sailed in one of the only two smacks, was alive with a fleet of fishing vessels. Yes, in the palimpsest of Palestine 'tis an earlier writing than the Christian that has been revealed by the fading of the later inscriptions of her civilization. And even where in some mountain village the rainbow-hued crowd may still preserve for us the chronology of Christ, a bazaar of mother-o'-pearl mementoes will jerk us rudely back into our own era. But—saddest of all!—the hands of Philistine piety have raised churches over all the sacred spots of sacred story. Even Jacob's well is roofed over with ecclesiastic plaster; incongruous images of camels getting through church porches to drink confuse the historic imagination. Churches are, after all, a way of shutting out the heavens, and the great open-air story of the gospels seems rather to suffer asphyxiation, overlaid by these countless chapels and convents. Is it, perhaps, allegorical of the perversion of the Christ-teaching? This suspicion, that 'the secret of Jesus' has been darkened and a doctrine of Life—'work

while ye have the light, that ye may be children of light'—turned into a doctrine of Death, comes ever to my soul as I go through innumerable dark churches of Italy, those heavy, airless glooms, heavier with the sense of faded frescoes and worm-eaten pictures, and vaults and crypts and moldering frippery and mildewed relics, and saintly bones mocked by jeweled shroudings and dim-burning oil lamps—the blue sky of Italy shut out as in a pious perversity. Are these the shrines of the Master, who drew his parables and metaphors from the vineyard and the sheepfold? The paintings of the Old Masters of Art and Faith serve further to misrepresent the teaching of the Founder. Their insistence on the more dramatic elements of the great spiritual tragedy throws Christianity quite out of perspective. Doubtless 'tis more difficult to represent in art the everyday teaching of the Prophet of righteousness, the stinging Satirist of hypocrisy, the Lover of light and of little children. Unfortunately, pictures are the theological manuals of the simple (*picturae sunt idiotarum libri*), and hence the falsification of the great message of peace and good will. The living teacher was overcast by the livid light of the tomb and buried in the Latin of the church. Perhaps the masses are only able to receive Truth crucified. The humanitarian turn given to Yuletide by the genius of Dickens was at bottom a return from the caricature to the true concept. Dickens converted Christmas to Christianity. And to-day 'tis held in so truly catholic a spirit that Jewish circles have adopted it so fanatically that the little Jewish girl could ask compassionately, 'Mother, have the Christians also a Christmas?' But over large stretches of the planet and of history it is Christianity that has been converted to paganism, as the condition of its existence. Russia was baptized a thousand years ago, but seems to have a duck's back for holy water. And even in the rest of Europe upon what parlous terms the church still holds its tenure of nominal power! What parson dares speak out in a crisis, what bishop dares flourish the logia of Christ in the face of a heathen world? The old gods still govern—if they do not rule. Thor and Odin, Mars and Venus—who knows that they do not dream of a return to their ancient thrones, if, indeed, they are aware of their exile? Their shrines still await them in the forests and glades; every rock holds still an altar. And do they demand their human temples, lo! the Pantheon stands stable in Rome, and on the hill of Athens the Acropolis shines in immortal marble. Their statues are still held in adoration, and how should a poor out-moded deity understand that we worship him as art, not as divinity? It does but add to his confusion that now and anon prayers ascend to him as of yore, for how should a poor Olympian whose toe has been faith-bitten understand that he has been catalogued as pope or saint? Perchance some drowsing Druid god, as he perceives our scrupulous ritual of holly and fir branch, imagines his worship unchanged, and glads to see the vestal led under the mistletoe by his officiating priest. Perchance in the blaze of snap-dragon some purblind deity beholds his old fire offerings, and the savor of turkey mounts as incense to his Norse nostrils. Shall we rudely arouse him from his dream of dominion, shall we tell him that he and his gross

ideas were banished two millenniums ago, and that the world is now under the sway of gentleness and love? Nay, let him dream his happy dream; let sleeping gods lie. For who knows how vigorously his old lustfulness and bloodthirst might revive, who knows what new victims he might claim at his pyres, were he clearly to behold his power still unsurped, his empire still the kingdom of the world!"

THE opening article in the American Journal of Theology (Chicago) for October, 1904, is entitled "The Religious Forecast in England." Its author is A. Taylor Innes, M.A., of Edinburgh, Scotland, who discusses in a semiphilosophical, semipractical way both the situation and the outlook. He says the broad-church party in the Anglican communion has melted away. While not censuring the broad tolerance exercised and claimed by the men of this party, he questions their evangelic power thus: "The men of this tolerant virtue—*how strive they*, as compared with their fathers, upon whose souls Wesley and Chalmers smote; or with the evangelical household of last century, which fed on Olney hymns and built up missionary societies; or even with the ardent souls who stood in the van of the Oxford movement?" How definite and confident, or otherwise, this "forecast" is may be judged from these concluding words: "It is probably safe to predict that ere long the English masses will be face to face, as they have never been before, with the claims of religion and the higher life. But it would be rash to prophesy that they will embrace those claims—at least, at once. History has had too many cases of failure of a generation of men to listen to the higher call, and these failures may be repeated 'as the great ages onward roll.' Yet we discern better things in the century whose threshold we have been permitted to see. At all times the highest moral results have been attained by men *who fixed their gaze*, not upon these results directly, but *upon the central Personality* in whom they are gathered up; that is, these results have been attained through religion rather than ethics. And the attainment has *not* been by men who accepted a philosophical or ecclesiastical system, *but* rather by those *who suddenly found a bond with a Father reconciled*; and, even in their case, most of all in the first tenderness of reconciliation. It is at this stage, too, and in this form that *religion*, with its priceless ethical accompaniments, *has proved to be* powerfully sympathetic and even *contagious*. For within Christianity man's experience of religion has come in the way of pulsation and vibration and recurrent waves of life. These are bare facts and phenomena of history, and they may repeat themselves in the coming England. Religion may rise so high in the hearts of young Englishmen as to be a passion for the reconciled First Good and First Fair. And if, as these pages suggest, religion is an objective fact—the *recognition by many personalities of the central One*—then the main hope may come, not from ourselves, but from the other side. The Center of all life must have *infinite initiative*, and may well be found in his own time inconceivably responsive to the appeal of man." The chief value of the article

is in its definition of religion: "Throughout all history religion has been no mere subjective phenomenon. It has been the tie between men and the central Personality of the universe. Their apprehension of it—say, rather, of Him—was at first distorted or fragmentary; but in modern times science is perhaps doing as much as Christianity to insure that we shall never think of the universe without thinking of its oneness and its center, and that, if we admit religion into our thoughts at all, to us there is but one God. In earlier days he appealed to the mass of men, not so much as the central Mind or the central Heart, but rather as the central Conscience of the universe, from which none could escape, and to which all might appeal. The arbitrary and avenging powers of mythology had no evolutionary future, but the Hebrew recognition of a Judge of all the earth—'a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he!'—prevailed over the more local and limited ideas of that race as of all others. Their God, more and more acknowledged as the God of all, became also more and more the God with whom they had to do. And even when the national ethic was sublimed into loving the seen neighbor as oneself, it demanded first of all for one Unseen a love with all the heart and with all the soul and with all the mind. Of course, under a God-consciousness so direct as this all self-complacency broke down. It was exchanged in the multitude for a wistful look at the altar, and in select souls for an inward cry for forgiveness, while the lesson taught to both by the whole story, as prophet after prophet unfolded it to the world, was *personal dealing with that divine Personality*. The most characteristic utterance in Hebrew literature shows a conscience, burdened with treachery to a murdered friend, coming to God with the strange words, 'Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,' and refusing to depart. Christianity, throwing down all middle walls between Greek and barbarian, made *instantaneous appeal to men of every race to seek personal reconciliation with the Cause and Father of all*. The question was no longer one of races at all. Races were merely the vague, and generally the mistaken, names of groups of individual men with personalities infinitely apart, every one of which was now invited to become 'partaker of the divine nature' by a process of *beholding that other Personality* with open face. The previous history had been mainly a history of men blindly seeking God, 'if haply they might find' one, as the center of a world of dead matter evolving spirit must presumably be Spirit himself. Christianity affirmed his existence as a *living and loving Personality*, responding to the call and rejoicing in the love of man. It was an amazingly great, though surely not at all a strange, thing to affirm of the Center of the Universe. But a greater lay behind. If the center of all is a *Personality and a living heart*, it may well be that it will not leave initiative to its own creatures of clay. It will not merely be sought and found; *it may itself seek men*. And the special message of the new faith was this, that from an immeasurable distance the Center of things had *drawn near*, and from an infinite height the Absolute had *bowed down*, to attract to itself the spirits whom it had made."

In the *Atlantic Monthly* (Boston) for November, 1904, the most attractive item in a rich table of contents is Emerson's paper on "Country Life," which is part of a lecture given in Boston in 1858, every sentence of which is as fresh and fragrant as when it was written nearly half a century ago. The flavor of the whole is tasted in such passages as these: "At Niagara I have noticed that as quick as I got out of the wetting of the Fall all the grandeur changed into beauty. You cannot keep it grand, 'tis so quickly beautiful; and the sea gave me the same experience. 'Tis great and formidable, when you lie down in it, among the rocks. But on the shore, at one rod's distance, 'tis changed into a beauty as of gems and clouds. Shores in sight of each other in a warm climate, make boat builders; and whenever we find a coast broken up into bays and harbors, we find an instant effect on the intellect and industry of the people. On the seashore the play of the Atlantic with the coast! What wealth is here! Every wave is a fortune. One thinks of Etzlers and great projectors who will yet turn all this waste strength to account: what strength and fecundity, from the sea monsters, hugest of animals, to the primary forms of which it is the immense cradle, and the phosphorescent infusories;—it is one vast rolling bed of life, and every sparkle is a fish. What freedom and grace with all this might! The seeing so excellent a spectacle is a certificate to the mind that all imaginable good shall yet be realized. The sea is the chemist that dissolves the mountain and the rock; pulverizes old continents, and builds new—forever redistributing the solid matter of the globe; and performs an analogous office in perpetual new transplanting of the races of men over the surface, the exodus of nations. . . . For walking you must have a broken country. In Illinois everybody rides. There is no good walk in that state. The reason is, a square yard of it is as good as a hundred miles. You can distinguish from the cows a horse feeding, at the distance of five miles, with the naked eye. Hence, you have the monotony of Holland, and when you step out of the door, can see all that you will have seen when you have come home. In Massachusetts our land is agreeably broken, and is permeable like a park, and not like some towns in the more broken country of New Hampshire, built on three or four hills having each one side at forty-five degrees, and the other side perpendicular: so that if you go a mile, you have only the choice whether you will climb the hill on your way out, or on your way back. The more reason we have to be content with the felicity of our slopes in Massachusetts, undulating, rocky, broken, and surprising, but without this alpine inconvenience. Twenty years ago in northern Wisconsin the pinery was composed of trees so big, and so many of them, that it was impossible to walk in the country, and the traveler had nothing for it but to wade in the streams. One more inconvenience, I remember, they showed me in Illinois, that, in the bottom lands, the grass was fourteen feet high. We may well enumerate what compensating advantages we have over that country, for 'tis a commonplace, which I have frequently heard spoken in Illinois, that it was a manifest leading of the divine Providence that the New England States should have been

first settled before the Western country was known, or they would never have been settled at all. . . . Nature kills egotism and conceit, deals strictly with us, and gives sanity; so that it was the practice of the Orientals, especially of the Persians, to let insane persons wander at their own will out of the towns into the desert, and, if they liked, to associate with wild animals. In their belief wild beasts, especially gazelles, collect around an insane person, and live with him on a friendly footing. The patient found something curative in that intercourse, by which he was quieted and sometimes restored. . . . As man is the object of nature, what we study in nature is man. 'Tis true, that man only interests us. We are not to be imposed upon by the apparatus and the nomenclature of the physiologist. Agassiz studies year after year fishes and fossil anatomy of saurian and lizard and pterodactyl. But whatever he says, we know very well what he means. He pretends to be only busy with the foldings of the yolk of a turtle's egg. I can see very well what he is driving at; he means men and women. He talks about lizard, shellfish, and squid; he means John and Mary, Thomas and Ann. For nature is only a mirror in which man is reflected colossally. . . . If we believed that nature was foreign and unrelated—some rock on which souls wandering in the universe were shipwrecked—we should think all exploration of it frivolous waste of time. No, it is bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, made of us, as we of it. External nature is only a half. The geology, the astronomy, the anatomy, are all good, but 'tis all a half, and—enlarge it by astronomy never so far—remains a half. It requires a will as perfectly organized—requires man. Astronomy is a cold, desert science, with all its pompous figures—depends a little too much on the glass-grinder, too little on the mind. 'Tis of no use to show us more planets and systems. We know already what matter is, and more or less of it does not signify. He can dispose in his thought of more worlds, just as readily as of few, or one. It is his relation to one, to the first, that imports. Nay, I will say, of the two facts, the world and man, man is by much the larger half. I know that the imagination . . . is a coy, capricious power, and does not impart its secret to inquisitive persons. Sometimes a parlor in which fine persons are found, with beauty, culture, and sensibility, answers our purpose still better, striking the electric chain with which we are darkly bound—but that again is nature, and there we have again the charm which landscape gives us, in a finer form; but the persons must have had the influence of nature, must know her simple, cheap pleasures, must know what Pindar means when he says that 'water is the best of things,' and have manners that speak of reality and great elements, or we shall know no Olympus. Matter, how immensely soever enlarged by the telescope, remains the lesser half. The very science by which it is shown to you argues the force of man. Nature is vast and strong, but as soon as man knows himself as its interpreter, knows that nature and he are from one source, and that he, when humble and obedient, is nearer to the source, then all things fly into place, then there is a rider to the horse, an organized will, then nature has a lord."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Preaching in the New Age. By A. J. LYMAN, D.D. 12mo, pp. 147. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

Though mentioned several times in other pages of the REVIEW, this book has not been noticed in this department. We revert to it as to the raciest, most radiant, and most inspiring volume on preaching that has been issued in the past decade. No more tinglingly vital in verbalization of a sincere, genuine, and original personality has been put into print, in relation to the minister's work, certainly since N. J. Burton's Yale Lectures. And Dr. Lyman's lectures are superior in their absolute healthiness and robust buoyancy; in the kindling power of their glowing ideals; in the ringing summons uttered in them by a singularly gallant, virile, and chivalrous Christian manhood; and in the practical value of their definite suggestions. How could a lecturer fail to hold his hearers who first asked them to tell him what points they wish him to speak upon, what questions they desire him to answer, and then brought all his resources of power and wisdom to the task of answering in their presence their hundred questions? How could young ministers fail to listen eagerly to a man who begins thus winsomely: "I offer simply and solely this—one man's personal report of his own wrestle with a common task, as though I voiced a comrade's cheer in the rush of the charge to his younger associates who will be fighting when he falls"? He calls them always "My comrades." In the question of "How long to preach," he gives the answer of the Scotch professor, "A half hour, with a leaning to the side of mercy." Once in his student days our lecturer preached in a Connecticut church. After the service a deacon said to him, "Well, brother, I think you have about exhausted the subject—as well as the congregation." The student took the next train, a sadder and a wiser man. In a grand old church of America's metropolis, last Thanksgiving Day, the sermon, brave, clear, compact, telling, and magnificent, was exactly twenty-one minutes long. "What is preaching?" asks the minister. "He looks out upon his calling as involving at its supreme moment a wrestle with an audience. He sees in his mind's eye a thousand men waiting, careless, callous, dizzy with the week's whirl, dead in sins. In front of them the preacher asks himself, 'What is preaching? Telling these men what I think?' Why, yes, in a sense. But that alone is like talking to a fish instead of fishing for him. Preaching is not soliloquy. What, then, is it? Stating what the Bible tells? Yes, certainly, for the biblical thought is the disclosure of the Infinite through the divinely selected and inspired human development of a special race for a thousand years. But even this is not preaching. Preaching is telling all this so that it will reach men, so that it will

convince, persuade, win, save some among that thousand men. . . . Preaching is always supremely a wrestle to save, in the large sense of saving. It seeks not, as mere art may, to please, but to inform, to convince, to win its hearers. It issues in definite appeal, and its main concern is to urge that appeal effectively." The lecturer says of Dr. Richard S. Storrs, "He was the greatest pulpit orator of our land and epoch—the Cicero of Congregationalism. His mind was two minds in one. In one lobe it was facile and fluent as quicksilver, branching in every direction, and every fragment a perfect globule; while yet in the other lobe it was insistent upon consecutive logical progress as is the shining sweep of a mighty river. But his marvelously ready and perfect extemporaneous style had been formed by a steady quarter century of self-discipline with the pen." In the way of practical suggestion, Dr. Lyman says: "Begin the sermon very early in the week, and make the entire life and work of the week contribute to the sermon, not necessarily in a formal, explicit way, but dynamically. Make the entire current of everyday life, newspapers, magazine literature, hard reading in the study, social visits, parish calls, prayers by the sick and dying—make the whole orchestration of the week, sad and glad, tell in the sermon, not merely in the way of furnishing material for it, but as imparting to it tone, cadence, vital response to the environment. The total richness of the entire week should be put into that vivid, intense thirty minutes on Sunday in which the personality of the preacher wrestles in God's name with the personalities in the congregation. . . . Bring into the sermon the pastoral impressions of the week. In order to do this, never relinquish pastoral visitation, for it keeps the minister human; it puts a certain humanly sympathetic quality into preaching, which is indispensable to its power. Conduct such visitation not carelessly, but nobly, tactfully, homiletically, so to speak, and make it tell, not in the way of crude and bold allusions, but by imparting subtle delicate fragrances and cadences to the sermon. The sermon is simply the culmination of the preacher's entire ministry. It is the pastorate vocalized. It is the week-day manhood set to Sunday utterance. . . . Know your people's homes and speak to those homes on Sunday. If some fond mother asks you to come and see her baby and you think you have no time for parish babies, remember Jesus among the little ones and go. And then put, not the incident surely, but some pure, gentle touch, caught from motherhood and from yonder Judean uplands, into your sermon." The importance of brevity is reemphasized by the lecturer. He quotes Southey, "If you would be pungent, be brief. It is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn;" and Louis Stevenson. "To add irrelevant matter is not to lengthen but to *bury* it." He quotes the French *mot*, "You can do anything with a bayonet except *sit* on it," and then says, "Our mistake is that we often sit on the bayonet—when we think we have made a point we sit down on it. We camp there. Having made it sharp and clear, we keep dwelling on it till the people weary of it. They want us to move on. We must not reiterate too much. We shall not avoid platitude, but let us avoid vociferation in

platitude, and especially avoid vociferating the same platitude over and over in the same sermon. Heaven save us from oracular intensity in commonplaces!" Six qualities are insisted on as demanded in the sermon by the modern mind and need: Clearness, interestingness, progressiveness (it must "get on"), sincerity, and sympathy; and then above all there must be in our preaching "the indescribable, vital impression of the presence of the Living God, so that the people, though addressed in their own dialect and through our human personality, shall see and feel not us, but him, our Lord and Saviour." Then this is added, "What people desire in their minister is not a Sunday performer, but a *man whom they can trust seven days in the week*—trust in living and trust in dying—a man who incarnates his gospel, and who is, in his way, the thing he asks them to be in their way." Devotion to the needs of human souls must mark the minister. Beecher once said that his deepest feeling when he faced a great audience was compassion—pity for their wounds and aches, their weakness and want, their fears and hopes, their dangers and defeats, their losses and longings. Dr. Lyman does not believe in bringing "apologetics" or "criticism" much into the pulpit: "Let professors and critical experts fight the needed battles of apologetics and Biblical criticism. Let us preachers proclaim the gospel in such wise, manly, confident, unhesitating fashion, that it shall not seem to need any defense." Well for us and for our hearers if we can make our preaching as much alive as this book is!

Guidance from Robert Browning in Matters of Faith. By JOHN A. HUTTON, M.A. 12mo, pp. 148. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, 60 cents.

The purpose of this little book is not to estimate Browning, nor to admire him, but simply to urge his message as offering a basis and motive for faith and hope and love; to derive from the poet the help he offers for the serious business of living, especially in the case of those in whom the elementary instinct of faith has become depressed. To speak of "guidance from Browning" is most fit because there is in his writings always a moral strain, a passionate proclamation of some particular way as the only way for beings such as we are and placed as we are placed. Many there are who feel themselves indebted to Browning for solid and sufficient footing in the deeper things of life. These four lectures, entitled "The Case for Unbelief," "The Soul's Leap to God," "The Mystery of Evil," and "The Incarnation," were given to a class on Sunday evenings. Mr. Hutton's personal experience with Robert Browning makes him say in opening the first lecture: "Browning is never of such value as in days when something bitter has befallen us, and we are on the point of angrily blowing out our light. He is a real friend to anyone who has been defeated. He can in a wonderful way lay his hand upon your shoulder when you have failed. If at such times you listen to his words, the milk of human kindness within you will not turn sour. When you would like to 'curse God' Browning can break in upon your narrow passion with a strong, hopeful word; and behold the narrow walls fall

flat as did the walls of Jericho, and you see the things that compensate. He would like to come near you in the dark and dizzy morbid moments of your life and sit beside you to wait till you are well. He will discover to you the 'light which is in the midst of your cloud,' or, at the worst, he will promise you a day when the 'wind will come and cleanse your sky.' That is one level—I mean the emotional life—on which Browning meets a man and helps him on or brings him back to faith in God. Browning knew that the incidents of our life—the defeats, disillusionments, betrayals—give a man his point of view, his way of looking at things; and that these sometimes sow the seed of what may become harsh and hopeless unbelief. Therefore he tries to get alongside a man in all the various discomfitures of life. He appeals to us not to give way to rash decisions because of any shock, to remember that the soul is greater than mere circumstances, that even in the last push and stress of evil fortune a man may call upon his soul and be supreme. Browning serves the cause of faith by going up and down the ranks, putting new heart into men, calling upon the brave to be braver still, rebuking the cowardly with the lash of contempt, whispering something to the faint, and pleading with those who have sunk to the rear. He gives bracing treatment to the human soul in all its modern moods, and help, especially, to those who find difficulty in believing. He reasons strongly on such facts in our human situation as seem inconsistent with the sovereignty of a just and loving God. One secret of his power to help the sad, the sickly, the depressed, is his own healthiness." Carlyle, referring to Scott and Cobbett, said, "When British literature lay all puking and sprawling in Wertherism, Byronism, and other sickly sentimentalisms, nature was kind enough to send us two healthy men." Browning is a healthy man, sound and strong and sane. That is one of his qualifications for rectifying the deranged and darkened spirits of his fellow men and infecting them with his own buoyant courage. But his faith is not mere high spirits. It is aware of all the difficulties, familiar with unbelief's objections; and he faces them squarely, sturdily, victoriously. He conquers all the things which make faith hard to hold. He felt unbelief writhing like a snake beneath his heel, but he kept his foot firm upon it, and stood safe and calm. In various poems, as in *Paracelsus*, *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day*, *A Death in the Desert*, and *Ferishtah's Fancies*, he puts the case for belief in face of all perplexities and doubts. But Mr. Hutton chooses Bishop Blougram's *Apology* as the poem in which a shrewd argument for belief lies in solution. His analysis and exposition of the poem are clear and admirable. It contains the stuff for a great sermon on the advantage of belief over unbelief. The trend of it is to show that unbelief has greater difficulties than belief, that belief is more reasonable and respectable and wise and prudent than unbelief. And the method of the argument is to demand of unbelief that it be thorough-going, that it honestly follow out its course to the logical conclusion; showing at last how difficult, unprofitable, and unpleasant a thing that is to do. And then the appeal is made that, if we concede that belief is better and more feasible than

denial, we must hold to it in all weathers, not only believing when we feel inclined, but holding resolutely to belief no matter how the moment makes us feel. We must rebuke ourselves as often as we find cynicism or unbelief taking possession. We must say, This is my infirmity, my weakness, the result of moral indolence, *anything*; but it is *not* the truth. It may be that there is mist in my eyes, or clouds over my head; but it can never be that there is no eternal blue and no eternal sun. Further, we must be thorough-going, and believe *the best*. If there is a purpose running through all things, it can only be the holiest purpose. If God is he must be good beyond all our measures of goodness. If man is indeed going home, then eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the mind of man, the glorious things that wait to welcome him. At one point in Blougram's Apology, after the argument, the skeptic and denier has the test put sharply to him in this question:

"What think ye of Christ, friend, when all's done and said?
Like you this Christianity or not?
It may be false, you think; but would you *have* it true?
Has it *your* vote to be true if it can?"

When the skeptic is willing to believe, wishes he could clearly see it so, and longs to have it appear to him true, he is virtually on Christian ground. Unbelief is won't believe, not can't believe. The will to believe is in its essence faith. Mr. Hutton's second lecture begins thus: "I read in the newspaper the other day of a wonderful invention to be used in war. It was a *bomb* which would explode at the first touch of a *ray of light*. The bomb would lie inert so long as kept in the dark, but let light fall on it and instantly it would quiver and burst. Well, that is a summary of Browning's teaching on the awakening and conversion of the soul. His books teem with lines which tell of the elements and forces hid within man's soul waiting that touch of light from God which brings the flash and crash of an explosion. He shows us all sorts of souls when they are in this crisis of moral awakening, and among them the hardest and the blackest, as, for example, in *The Ring and the Book*, that abandoned and infernal villain, Guldo, whose fiendish heart is at last touched so that he rushes out of life with a cry which, perchance, the good God may hear." The author's exposition of the meaning of that great poem *Saul*, in his second and third lecture, brings out clearly Browning's grand argument. The poet tells how David played the harp before Saul who was mad—played and played until "Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." He tells how David's music kept calling to Saul the man, away beneath Saul the mistake and the failure. How David played and sang of better days, of the days when there was no goodlier man in Israel than Saul; and how, under all the playing, God was speaking to the soul of Saul. Just so, the poet means to say, God is ever playing to the spirit of man through all the ages, the Father ever speaking to his child beneath all the wildness and madness and disgrace which have gathered about him in his long absence from home.

God is ever speaking, playing, singing to his soul, if by any means the evil spirit may at length be driven out. And here lies Browning's hope for the world. Jesus Christ, God's Son, is now in this world of ours forever. He is the great Fact of history. He can never be unseated now. And all through the ages it shall be as it has been—wearied men and women, perplexed, beaten, overborne by stress of evil fortune, or by the tumult and bitterness of their own hearts, or by the mystery and insecurity of our present state of being—these, and such as these, living, sinning, and suffering souls, shall in some hour of their anguish or solitude remember Christ and think of him, and, as they think, that pure ray of light, that mild eye of God, will fall steadily upon them, until he is admitted whose right it is to occupy the whole mind of man. What this book notice has said conveys but faintly the richness of this little book. The minister who broods over these four lectures till he absorbs their substance will have the stuff for at least four great sermons simmering, seething, and fermenting in him; and will realize in some degree how great a preacher Robert Browning is—how truly he is the poet of the Soul and God.

Spiritual Power at Work: A Study of Spiritual Forces and their Application. By GEORGE HENRY HUBBARD. One volume, 16mo, pp. x, 343. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

The theme is treated in these divisions: Force, Machinery, and Work. In the first it is shown that the search for power is the problem that the Christian religion, in contrast with Buddhism, which strives merely for unaggressive purity, undertakes to solve. "The one all-pervading, all-controlling, all-achieving force in the kingdom of God is the Holy Spirit." It is as available now as at Pentecost. It is the privilege of every believer, though often regarded as a rare bestowment. The Wesleys, Whitefield, and Moody have been looked upon as prodigies, almost monstrosities. The conditions of the gift are self-surrender, desire, and purpose to use. The work appears in conviction for sin, the recognition of a righteousness that is possible and actual, and an awe of judgment, present as well as future. The divine operation is along natural, though not materialistic lines, and so means are to be employed, such as frequent assemblages of believers, prayer, and the cultivation of earnest desire. "The gift of the Holy Spirit is a distinct and real blessing, instantaneously given, and easily and clearly known." A disciple cannot grow into this experience. It is undeniable that there is a "second blessing" for every believer. In the second division the importance and necessity of machinery is noticed. Power is useless unless applied. All power, whether natural or spiritual, is from God, and even miracles are performed through media. When there is failure in result there is something wrong with the machinery, for God's power is unlimited. "All things are possible to him that believeth." "Jesus," says the author, "expected men to accept his teachings and to act upon them." There is special dynamic in prayer, which significantly accompanied the founding of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and other similar beneficent movements. Luther, Knox, Cromwell, Wesley, Edwards, Finney, and Moody were men of prayer. "The great need of many a weakened church to-day is . . . a larger, warmer, more intense prayer meeting." The "sword of the Spirit" is God's word, not simply the printed page of the Bible, which is a sheath for the sword, but the self-revelation of God to the longing heart. It may be added, however, that "word," especially in the Old Testament, as in Gen. 1, is identical with power. God's word may be spoken by Galileo, the geologist, and the progressive, thought-loving preacher. There need be no fear for the Bible, a book whose inspiration is self-evident. It survives Aristotle, Cicero, and all modern expressions of truth, and still is a living power. Spiritual force operates also in sanctified lives, as salt, light, and leaven, in spite of the fact that many reformers are imperfect and crude in plan and action. There is acknowledged power in church organization, but it must be reduced to the lowest terms possible, for there is both danger and loss in overorganization. The church is primarily evangelistic, and must not be satisfied with merely pervasive influences. Old-time revival, typified in the preaching of Whitefield and Finney rather than in the efforts of Parkhurst and Sheldon, is required to restore decaying churches and communities. The teaching function of the church is overemphasized. Modern revivals embrace almost solely children and those already under Christian influences. The author's views on the spiritual power of song are worthy of serious consideration. "Quartet choirs are the flimsy excuse of an unspiritual church for a religion that is mute when it should be militant." "That is an utterly unworthy conception of its (music's) function which makes the singing in the sanctuary a mere source of sensuous enjoyment like the opera or the concert. Perfection of harmony or taste in rendition is no criterion of the worth of church music. The true end of sacred song is to inspire to godly action, whether by arousing saints or converting sinners." Money is one of the tools of the Holy Spirit. The author terms it "the wedge of Ophir," starting with a thin edge suggestive of the beginnings of consecration in mites that grow to immense sums. The secret of evangelistic success, as illustrated by P. T. Barnum's wealth accumulated from the millions of small coins, is in the prayerful givings of the multitude. But there must be spread in the wedge. The tithe as a minimum is commended, but the rich and prosperous must devote much more for the kingdom. The third part of the book applies to work. It is shown that by the by-products of spiritual Christianity, as they appear in the political and commercial life of men, are of great value. These inevitably follow when radical conversion is the primal aim. Mission work is characteristic of the Spirit's presence. What have Paul, Saint Patrick, Cary, and Judson done! What marvelous results, as in Hawaii, Madagascar, and Japan! A salutary sign of grace is recognized in the Students' Volunteer and the Forward Movements. If any oppose foreign missions, why say "foreign"? for there is now no foreign country. One can go from Boston to Japan in less time than to Cincinnati when

the A. B. C. F. M. was organized. Missions are economically profitable. "Trade follows the Bible." The spiritual life of the home church is in peril when missions are neglected. Evangelism is to be regarded as integral work. The Wesleys above all things else were evangelists. A distinction must be observed between evangelism and revival. A religious boom is not a revival. Great revivalists, like Luther, are sometimes anathematized by the church. Spirituality also provides redemption from the evils of strong drink. All reformatory movements in temperance have been actuated by Christianity. Religion will secure social regeneration, and guards against the mistake of those who "have sought to convert their neighbors first and themselves last." So education is fostered by the spirit-filled life. All true children of God desire a closer intimacy with the Father through his works. The comparative scarcity of the male sex in the church may be attributed to a lack of spiritual efficiency. The organized church has been ritualistic, or evangelistic, or liberal, and in no one of these forms has she fully commended herself to robust men who expect an elevated standard, definite duties, virile preaching, and direct personal appeal. As most converts are secured in early life, women are in greater numbers because girls attend the meetings of the sanctuary and the boys stay away and are personally neglected. The tasks before the church of the Holy Ghost in the twentieth century are to improve the state of the heathen, remove by the intervention of gospel grace the yellow peril, tone up life's standards at home, develop a much-needed social and corporate conscience, and answer the questions of the nineteenth century—to usher in the *millennium*.

The Student's Old Testament. Narratives of the Beginnings of Hebrew History, from the Creation to the Establishment of the Hebrew Kingdom. By CHARLES FOSTER KENT, Ph.D., Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature in Yale University. With maps and a chronological chart. 8vo, pp. xxxiv, 382. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.75.

This is the first volume of a comprehensive work which is intended to cover six volumes, when completed. These will contain the entire Old Testament in a new translation of the original Hebrew, and will include also the fresh translations of such portions of the Apocrypha as are necessary to supplement the Old Testament, such, for example, as the books of the Maccabees. The translation differs from former English translations in several points, notably, at first glance, in this, that the order of the biblical books is not followed, but the text is rearranged in logical order. Thus Volume I contains those portions of the books from Genesis to Judges which set forth the "Beginnings of Human History; Traditional Ancestors of the Hebrews; Deliverance of the Hebrews from Egypt; Life of the Hebrews in the Wilderness and East of the Jordan; Conquest and Settlement of Canaan." Volume II will continue the historical narrative through the Monarchy, the Exile, the Restoration, and the Dispersion. Volume III will contain the works of the Prophets, the Epistles, and the Apocalypses. Then Volume IV will give the Law, Volume V the Songs, Psalms, and Prayers, and finally Volume VI the Proverbs and Didactic Poems. Of the practical utility of a work con-

structed upon some such scheme as this it seems to us there can be no dispute whatever. Whether we like it or not, the processes and results, real or imaginary, of modern and literary criticism have found their way, in some form, into all the newer commentaries and dictionaries of the Bible. No man who consults a commentary to learn what scholars consider the meaning of any text is free from the call to understand the casual allusion to "documents," to J and E and other symbols hardly less enigmatic. If he does not understand these things he cannot follow the discussion in the commentary at all. If failing to understand it he plunges on, eager only to get the result, a meaning for the text and not stopping to consider the arguments, he is become a mere machine and is no longer an independent thinker. This being true, the only question remaining is to consider what plan may be devised to make accessible the processes and results of criticism in the clearest and, as far as may be, in the most interesting manner. Many attempts have been made to do this, but Professor Kent seems to us to have excelled them all. The scholar will gladly have such a book at his elbow, for in it he may at any moment verify a point that eludes recollection; while, on the other hand, the veriest tyro could use the book with comfort and enlightenment. It begins with an introduction which discusses, 1. Israel's Heritage of Oral Traditions; 2. The Transmission and Crystallization of Israel's Traditions into Literature; 3. The Present Literary Form and Contents of Israel's Early Records; and, 4. Characteristics, Dates, and History of the Different Prophetic and Priestly Narratives. This entire introduction fills but forty-six pages, yet it covers with remarkable success the whole of the complicated field embraced within range of the titles. It is a sketch, indeed, but it does not read like a sketch, but contains elaboration of detail enough, yet breadth enough to make an impression of life and color. The argument is pretty close, and needs careful reading, but the margins have a judicious series of headings for each paragraph, giving a summary of its contents. But though we may cordially praise the method and execution of these brief chapters, we are by no means so certain of the argument, or of the exposition. Professor Kent seeks to differentiate the Judean from the Ephraimite prophetic narratives, and in the translation which follows does so separate them. In a few cases the reasoning is cogent, but in a considerable number it is strong enough to excite only a favorable presumption, while in still another set of passages we are totally unconvinced. In relation to the severance of the Judean and the Ephraimite documents we are quite unable to agree that it can be carried out in most cases at all. It may be easy enough to separate the priestly from the prophetic documents, but to separate the Judean from the Ephraimite is quite a different matter. Concerning it we are quite as skeptical as Driver, or more so. The translation is admirably done. The English is more modern than that of the Revised Version, but it is dignified, and entirely free from the catchy and rubbishy quality to which some recent versions have descended. It is so clear that much which requires a commentary, even in the case of the Revised Version, is here readily to be "understood by the people" without one.

Yet the elaborate and learned footnotes amount almost to a commentary upon many passages. All minor disagreements aside, this is an able and useful book.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Studies of a Booklover. By THOMAS MARC PARROTT, Professor of English in Princeton University. 12mo, pp. 301. New York: James Pott & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

"These studies are merely fragmentary records of a booklover's journeyings through the pleasantest of all lands—the land of books. . . . They attempt only to seize certain aspects, to record certain impressions, of stopping places on the journey." So says the author, who writes about "The Poetry of Matthew Arnold," "Old Edinburgh and Her Poet-Laureate," "The Autobiography of Milton," "The Personality of Dr. Johnson," "The Frugal Note of Gray," "The Charm of Goldsmith," "The Last Minstrel," and "The Vitality of Browning." Professor Parrott thinks that Arnold's place in English literature will be determined by his poetry, of which he presents a just and discriminating estimate. Arnold had neither the sentiment nor the splendor of Tennyson; nor the keen interest in life and the broad human sympathies of Browning. The author thinks there is to-day a revival of interest in Arnold's poetry. He says: "Out of the past there rises the cool, clear, flute-like note of Arnold—not broad nor deep, but charming to the lovers of purity and perfection in art. . . . In one sense he is the most classic of the Victorian poets. In poetry, as in criticism, he looked back to the Greeks as his models, and his love of clearness, of order and restraint, of firm outline and polished phrase, are largely due to his loving study of those ancient masters." With the *Studies of a Booklover* open before us our eyes fall upon a quotation from Matthew Arnold's poem, *Rugby Chapel*—the lines in which he apostrophizes the predestined and qualified leaders of mankind. Now doubtless Arnold when he wrote these lines was not thinking of Robert Browning; but how closely the words fit as a description of Browning and his message and its effect. Thus Arnold addresses the true God-given leaders of men:

"In the hour of need
Of our fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardor divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! At your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.

Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the City of God."

Surely, that description fits Robert Browning as if it had been made for him: every word of it is true concerning him. In a cynical and patronizing notice the New York Evening Post finds fault with Professor Parrott's book for not being what he explicitly says it does not pretend or attempt to be. Yet the unfair fault-finder deigns to praise one essay, the one on "Old Edinburgh and Her Poet-Laureate," as being "a spirited study of a minor and interesting figure in poetry," Robert Fergusson, from whose writings Burns drew much of his inspiration and even many of the ideas and descriptions found in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*; of whose poetry Burns said: "Rhyme I had given up; but meeting with Fergusson's Scottish Poems I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigor;" and over whose grave Burns placed a tombstone with a grateful inscription. No Scottish poet was ever so peculiarly the poet of Edinburgh and its life. Fergusson died in the public madhouse, his mania, like Cowper's, taking the religious form, in which he fancied himself a minister of the gospel and raved about the great work he would accomplish. Louis Stevenson wrote from Samoa concerning the three Roberts of Scotland—Fergusson, Burns, and himself: "We are three Robins who have touched the Scots lyre these last centuries. One is the world's. Burns did it; he came off; and he is forever. But Fergusson and I, ah! What bonds we have! Born in the same city; both sickly; both vicious; both pestered—one to the madhouse and the other nearly to madness—by a stern, damnatory creed; both seeing the stars and the moon from the same spots, and wearing shoe leather on the same ancient stones, down the same closes where our common ancestors clashed in their armor. He died in his acute, painful youth, and left models for others who were to come after." In the last of these booklover's studies we read what sounds like that which we have written elsewhere, about Browning's undaunted optimism: "In its struggle upward against the powers of evil mankind cannot afford to reject the aid of so strong and fearless a fighter as Robert Browning. A poet who can strike the note of hope in the Paris morgue is an ally not to be despised. In his optimism both temperament and reason combined. His vigorous and buoyant nature forbade him to succumb to the evil that he recognized around him; and his keen and powerful intellect found strong assurance for his instinctive hope of victory. And he found this strong assurance in *the existence of love* amid all the world's evil and misery.

"There is no good in life but love, but love!

What else looks good is some shade flung from love."

And since love is the best thing that the mind can apprehend in the world, it follows that God—and Browning was as sure of God as he was of the world—must be a God of love. And from the idea of a God of love springs the faith in immortality without which human life becomes a miserable mystery. And the faith in immortality once accepted transforms human life into a period of probation in which pain and sorrow and evil itself may be cheerfully accepted as necessary instruments in the shaping of the soul for its proper life hereafter. The belief in immor-

tality was not so much a religious dogma as a habit of mind with Browning; it seemed impossible for him to view the world except, as it were, *sub specie aeternitas*. This belief inspired much of his loftiest and strongest verse; and the optimism which sprang from this belief gives his work as a whole its strengthening and elevating power." Wordsworth's noble Ode to Duty is spoken of as "assigning to the guardianship of duty, or of everlasting law, the fragrance of the flowers on earth and the splendor of the stars in heaven." Of Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, one of the undisputed classics of our language, Henry James says that it lives, not by its plot or its characters, but by the amenity of its author, by "the frankness of his sweetness and the beautiful ease of his speech. There was scarce a difficulty, a disappointment, a humiliation, or a bitterness of which he had not intimate and repeated knowledge; and yet the heavy heart that went through all this overflows in the little book as optimism of the purest water—as good humor, as good taste, and as drollery." Milton, meditating long in advance a great poem, promised that it should be a work "not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourest, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Love Triumphant. A Book of Poems. By FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES. 12mo, pp. 168. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.

Louise Chandler Moulton estimates this volume of verse as an advance upon, and superior to, *On Life's Stairway*, by the same author, noticed here at the time of its issue. This and the previous volume give Mr. Knowles, who is known as a critic and anthologist, a foremost place among the younger American poets. One Boston critic says that he displays in *Love Triumphant* "an individuality in which the quality of maturity is conspicuous and reassuring." The same critic adds that "he never fails to make sense, and his sentiment *always* rings true," which is a good deal for a poet to achieve, because most of our current poetry needs to be read "with a steady search-light out for *reality*, and with a mental mackintosh ready for use against gush and pathos and all that foam of iridescent fancy-bubbles which look like soaring spheres, but are exactly *suds* and nothing more." Another critic says that Mr. Knowles's patriotic verses have the swing that takes the popular ear, and that his peace verses are strong. There is a wide variety of theme and treatment in these ninety poems, grouped in five clusters. In addition to the general excellence of the poems as a whole, there are here and there lines of special and outstanding beauty or power. Take the close of the sonnet *If Love were Jester at the Court of Death*:

"Better the cross, and nails through either hand,
Than Pilate's palace and a frozen soul!"

Golgotha has this brief solemn meditation:

"Our crosses are hewn from different trees,
But we all must have our Calvarys;
We may climb the height from a different side,
But we each go up to be crucified;
As we scale the steep, another may share
The dreadful load that our shoulders bear,
But the costliest sorrow is all our own—
For on the summit we bleed alone."

The Sea of Faith has seven verses like the following:

"O the Sea of Faith hath storms, God knows,
And the haven is very far;
But he is my brother-in-blood who goes
With his eye on the Polar Star,
With his hand on the canvas, his foot on the ropes,
His heart beating loud in his breast;
With dauntless courage and quenchless hopes,
And the old divine unrest!
The swift keels chafe in the Harbor of Doubt,—
They were built for the glorious blue,
Where the stout masts bend and the sailors shout,
And the wave-drenched compass is true!"

Here is a note from The Larger View:

"To old Zacchæus in his tree
What mattered leaves and botany?
His sycamore was but a seat
Whence he could watch that hallowed street.

"But now to us each elm and pine
Is vibrant with the Voice divine;
Not only from, but in the bough
Our larger creeds behold Him now."

Our poets in these modern days are bold. They grapple the piled-up and granitic prose of our material civilization and try to make its meaning melt and flow down into the fluent grace of rhyme and rhythm. We are waiting for the poet who shall sit down in a modern parlor before the steam-heating apparatus and set the iron radiator to poetry. Kipling has tried his hand on a steamship's engines in McAndrew's Hymn, with some success, and Mr. Knowles's odes To a Modern Office Building, and To a Locomotive at Night, somewhat venturesome as they seem, are not failures. The twentieth century poet must be able to ride not only Pegasus, which, by comparison, is mere child's play, but the bicycle, and the bucking broncho, and the dromedary engine, and the automobile. A cultivated friend at our elbow, of discriminating and critical taste, names The April Boy as one of the most notably fresh, breezy, elate, spontaneous, original poems in this charming volume. Here it is:

"As I went through the April-world
To watch my violets blow,
I met a child I long had loved
Whose heart was clean as snow.

"Come hither, little White-of-Soul,
Now tell me how you fare!
He ran to me, he sprang at me,
The sun was in his hair.

"His eyes were laughing like his lips,
He had an April look,
His feet were wet as ocean shells
From wading in the brook.

"And Nature, too, became a child;
As far as eye could see
The world was one big romping ground
For Earth, the Boy, and Me!

"I quite forgot my violets,
His eyes were both so blue,
His merry lips that pressed my own
Were mayflowers moist with dew;

"And as we took the road to town,
The little lad and I,
He seemed to hold the whole of Spring
And brush the Winter by.

"The birds all knew him, that I'm sure,
They ne'er sang thus for me;
The budding branches seemed to reach
To kiss each dimpled knee.

"And when I left him near his home,
'Good-bye, big man,' he said;
'Good-bye, Sir April,' I returned,—
He shouted, laughed, and fled."

Some of us, closing this volume of genuine and living poetry, cannot help seeing back of this new singer and his songs, back of the early flowing of these limpid and musical streams, a chair of English Literature in a Connecticut college which crests a slope that wets its feet in the cool, clear river below the town—a chair in which sits a great teacher, gifted, wise, masterful, patient, and faithful, to whom many owe the awakening, drawing out, and fine training of powers which are notably serving mankind to-day in many a chair and pulpit and literary office the wide world over; to whom grateful indebtedness looks back from many a life.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Autobiography, Memories, and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. 451, 482. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, \$6.

Incidents and views of the vagrant life of a mental and physical wanderer, an intellectual Bohemian, who has advocated successively in various lands many contrarious ideas and beliefs; whose career is one of contradictions, passing from proslavery to antislavery and from Methodism to the coldest rationalism; and who intimates that "one third of his life was given to error, another third to exchanging it for other error, and the last third to efforts to unsay the errors and undo the mistakes of the other two thirds." Our natural and warranted inference is that, if his life could be extended another decade or two, this man who, by his own showing, is "unstable as water," a professional skeptic who is "everything by turns and nothing long," would renounce his present views and pass on to others equally untenable. In the story of his early life he tells that the basement of his father's house in Virginia was fitted up for evening prayer meetings which were conducted by local preachers; and he confesses now that "it was through the beautiful Methodist hymns that religious feeling first reached" him. In old age he says that Charles Wesley's great hymn, "Come, O Thou Traveler Unknown," has been his song in many a night wherein he has wrestled with phantoms. At the age of fifteen he entered Dickinson College, and he gives interesting reminiscences of the men who were on the faculty in his time—John McClintock and George R. Crooks (whom he calls "broad-church Methodists and original thinkers"), William Allen, Spencer F. Baird, and Robert Emory—"an ideal college president; what he said when he called on my brother and myself I cannot remember, but when he left we were ready to die for him." "Many of the students at Dickinson were preparing for the ministry. They were trained to the ideal of Durbin, to conceive their theme perfectly, study it, and bring it to bear on the listener's reason, to make it realistic with life, and beauty, or even with intellectual passion; but there must be no loudness nor thumping." The sermon that made the deepest impression on young Conway at Carlisle was by Professor Crooks, on Charity, with the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians for a text, after reading which the preacher exclaimed, "What a coronet of brilliants around the brow of Charity!" Conway recollects some of the strong preachers of the days of his youth in Maryland and Virginia, who made him think the pulpit the summit of the world. Norval Wilson, father of our Bishop Alphaeus W. Wilson of the Methodist Church, South, is thus described: "He was a well-bred man of fifty years. Intellectual power looked out of his light gray eyes. Never did preacher speak to my inmost soul like this man. He was almost inaudible when beginning his sermon, and his voice never rose to a high pitch; but as he proceeded his eyes kindled with a strange fire, his tremulous tones came as if from æolian chords in his breast, and my heart lay like a charmed bird in his hand. There was no rhetorical trick, no sensational phrase, none of the stock stories of the pulpit, but convictions personally thought out and uttered with few gestures and self-forgetting simplicity. His mission

was to the individual heart; his word came from the depth of his heart, and deep answered unto deep. Our eyes at times were filled with happy tears. When the enchantment ceased I longed to clasp his knees." Some who know Bishop Alphæus Wilson will see in this picture of his father a resemblance to the son. Dr. E. B. Prettyman, of Baltimore, was for a time Conway's chum in college. Conway graduating when a little over seventeen, selected "Old Age" as the theme of his commencement oration. He confesses that he was the practical joker who caused Dr. Jesse T. Peck, when president of Dickinson, to be carried to a lunatic asylum in Staunton, Virginia, as a crazy man. Young Conway was shocked by this strange incident which happened in 1850 in an Episcopal church in Richmond: "After the benediction my aunt stopped to speak to the rector and his family. We were in the vestry, and there the clergyman invited us to enjoy with him the remainder of the bread and wine he had just been using in the communion service." Conway's account of how he was turned from the practice of law to the Methodist ministry is curious. He attributes his sudden change to Emerson's Essays. This is Conway's explanation. "These essays leavened my Methodism imperceptibly by idealizing the whole of life as Methodism oversanctified it. Emerson's transcendentalism corresponded with Methodist transcendentalism at various points. The personal character of spiritual life, the soul finding the Divine in the solitude of the individual life, the mission ordained for every human being—these are interpretations of the Methodist doctrines of conversion, the inward witness of the Spirit, progressive sanctification, and the divine 'call' to the ministry. I believe that my early study of Emerson's Essays raised Methodism in my eyes, for this religious organization was, in Virginia, alive, earnest, and not much interested in dogmas. I never heard a Methodist sermon about the Trinity." Later on, it seems likely, some other elements in the Emersonian leaven did something toward disintegrating and dissolving his Methodist faith. In 1851 this young Baltimore Conference preacher writes to Emerson thus: "I am a minister of the Christian religion—the only way for the world to reënter Paradise. I have read your writings sentence by sentence; and have shed many burning tears over them, because you gain my assent to laws which I have not courage to practice. By the Law sin revives and I die. I sometimes feel as if you made for me a second Fall from which there is no redemption by any atonement." In Emerson's reply to him we read this: "The earth is full of frivolous people who are bending their whole force on trifles, and these are baptized with every grand and holy name, remaining, of course, totally inadequate to occupy any earnest mind; and so skeptics are made. A true soul will always disdain to be moved except by what natively commands it, though it should go sad and solitary in search of its Master a thousand years. The few superior persons in each community are so by their steadfastness to reality and their neglect of appearances. This is the euphrasy and rue that purge the intellect and insure insight." A subtle change came over the young itinerant's preaching which soon seemed so far-off, remote, and unrelated, that a cultivated lady at Urbanna said to him, gently, "Brother, you

seemed to be speaking to us from the moon." Association with some Hicksite Quakers and some fascinating Unitarian women hastened his apostasy from Methodism, which was completed by Dr. Dewey and Dr. W. H. Furness, who urged him to go to the Harvard Divinity School. Twenty-five years later, a Boston Methodist minister wrote in *Zion's Herald* of having met young Conway on his first Sunday in Boston at the Marlboro Hotel, and of finding him much vexed at a sermon he had heard that day from Theodore Parker and rather homesick for his old Methodism. Mr. Conway acknowledges that his diary of that date confirms the Boston minister's statement. He also confesses how on Sunday afternoons and holidays he used to steal by himself into the chapel of Harvard Divinity School to play on the organ. "There," he says, "I solaced my heart with the sweet old tunes that remained with me from my Methodist days, and which surrounded me with a 'choir invisible,' but not in any invisible world—choirs that were still chanting in Virginia, in Maryland, and in my old college at Carlisle." He tells us that Agassiz had a horror of atheists; they excited in him impatience and disgust; he flushed with anger when referring to a certain German, exclaiming, "He says himself he is an atheist." Agassiz could not tolerate the idea of self-evolution in organic nature. Mr. Conway tells us that the three beautiful daughters of Dr. Norton, chief professor in the Divinity School, used to be spoken of as "The Evidences of Christianity." It was Professor Norton's custom at family prayer to offer a special petition against the influence of Theodore Parker's unbelief. A Cambridge man once said, when asked what was going on at the Divinity School, "One professor is milking the barren heifer, and the other is holding the sieve." At one time when there were very few students, an old minister reported finding "only three seniors, one a mystic, one a skeptic, and the other a dyspeptic." Dr., afterward Bishop, F. D. Huntington when he abandoned Unitarianism, declared that the Divinity School was steeped in unbelief, resulting from a general decline of moral earnestness. In 1855 Conway called on Walt Whitman in Camden, and found engravings of Silenus and Bacchus to be the only decorations of his room. Silenus and Bacchus! Well, well! Were these his gods? A great many persons of note come to view in these two volumes of reminiscences. Much is seen and heard of Carlyle. He is quoted as calling the Anglican Church "the apotheosis of decency." Of Swedenborg he said, "He was just crazy enough to be unable to distinguish between inward and outward impressions." Emerson said of Carlyle, "He was a trip-hammer with an æolian attachment." After Emerson's visit to Carlyle the latter made this private record concerning the visitor from Concord: "Came here and stayed with us several days. Very *exotic*. Differed from me much as a gymnosophist sitting idle on a flowery bank may differ from a wearied worker and wrestler passing that way with many of his bones broken. Good of him I could get none, except from his friendly looks and elevated, polite ways." Yet he later came to love Emerson, speaking of him as "the cleanest intellect on this planet." It is time to notice that the one most conspicuous thread

running through Mr. Conway's account of his life is what he calls his "earthward pilgrimage," his gradual giving up of all definite faith in everything beyond "earth to earth and dust to dust." Earth and its life are real—that sums up his creed. He tells us how he first gave up his Methodist Messiah for the Unitarian Christ of the Cambridge professors, and then gave that up for a merely human Jesus, and finally gave up faith in a personal God. In 1857, revisiting Virginia, and finding himself called upon to offer prayer, he made the attempt, and justified himself in doing so by saying, "I was still a theist in the attenuated sense that there is in nature a stream of tendency that makes for righteousness." But in 1900 Frances Power Cobbe spoke of Conway as "abandoning the idea of a moral agent at the helm of the universe." On page 391 of his second volume, Conway speaks of "the enthusiasm which atheism can kindle." Half a century ago this "freethinker" left the Baltimore Conference "to enter on the path of free inquiry." He much resembles his friend, Professor W. K. Clifford, whom he describes as having "gone through all the phases of religious faith into well informed freedom"—freedom which has for its supreme discovery a bankrupt universe, and which stands naked, desolate, and forlorn, under an empty heaven upon a soulless earth. Where all divine and sacred meaning is emptied out of existence, what is to keep it from putrefaction or frivolity? Near the close of these two volumes—which enormously exaggerate the importance of the life they narrate—Conway writes in this foolish fashion: "When a man's supernatural faith has departed, and his early dreams have turned to illusions, his haven is Paris. There at least the work of creation continues. Sitting in the *atelier* of fine sculptors, like Rodin and Spicer-Simson, and seeing clay spiritualized in noblest forms, or among the painters who transform humble models into saints and goddesses, I have felt that with these chiefly the wayworn, weather-beaten pilgrims who have sought shrines only to find them tinsel, and entered temples that crumbled round them, find some blue sky still bending over the world. Here, at least, is no dogmatizing, but master-builders surrounding the human spirit with the truth and beauty of life." How much of seriousness can be left in a mind capable of writing on such a subject such senseless drivel as that? This boasted "freethinking" finally achieves for the mind a vacuum in which all sane and profitable thinking is asphyxiated. New York has not forgotten Dr. O. B. Frothingham who, after trying to promulgate his "freethinkers'" unfaith for a quarter of a century, found that it led to nothing, made no headway, awakened no interest, won no audience; and then made open confession of his failure, vacated his gospelless pulpit, and quit his fruitless quest, retiring into the silence which becomes a man who has no message that is of any comfort or value to mankind. A thinker as free and fearless as Frothingham or Conway wrote what such as they would do well to heed:

"I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth or out of it,
And hath so far advanced thee to be wise."

History of the Moorish Empire in Europe. By S. P. SCOTT, Author of *Through Spain*. Three volumes, 8vo, pp. xlii, 761; ix, 687; ix, 496. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, cloth, \$10.

These ample volumes, which traverse in part ground previously covered by Irving and Prescott, manifest a great and, to our thinking, an undue admiration of the Moors and of Mohammedanism; they may, indeed, be called a glorification of both. It must be admitted that the story of the reign of the Moors in Europe is magnificently told, with a sort of Oriental splendor in the stately and sonorous rhetoric, and a wealth of historic learning. The tone of the author's eulogy of the Moors is heard at the outset in the second sentence of his preface when he speaks of "that great race whose achievements in science, literature, and the arts have inspired the marvelous progress of the present age, and whose influence extends to the limits of Europe and America." The author feels it necessary to explain that he cherishes no animosity toward the Spanish people; rather admires and pities them; and says that "their faults are those entailed by a pernicious inheritance and a corrupt religion, which have perverted their principles, destroyed their power, and tarnished their glory." From Mohammed's alleged greatness considerable subtractions have to be made because of his weakness, superstitiousness, and wickedness. "He feared darkness and was afraid to be left alone without a light; he cried like a child under the slightest physical suffering; he was an implicit believer in the virtues of even numbers and the unluckiness of odd numbers, and lived in constant apprehension of sorcery; while the evil eye was to him a calamitous and dreaded reality. He often regulated his conduct by dreams and omens of the most puerile character. He was guilty of petty affectations and unexpected exhibitions of weakness; he dyed his hair and stained his hands with henna, and displayed an amusing self-consciousness and vanity when in the presence of any of the opposite sex. He was inordinately jealous, and to this must be attributed the seraglio, the veil, and the seclusion of women. He declared that he loved, above all things else, perfumes and women. He approved, and extensively practiced, polygamy [toward which not only Mohammedans but our author also is very indulgent, the author excusing it as a necessity among some peoples and saying that the moral aspect of polygamy seems to be only a question of latitude, and intimating to northern and western nations that they should refrain from judging the Orientals]. Furthermore, the responsibility for the assassination of prisoners, the employment of hired murderers, and other deeds of blood, is clearly fixed by evidence upon Mohammed." Such was the ignorant, vain, lustful, and murderous man who claimed to be the prophet of the Almighty, from whom he pretended to have received, through the angel Gabriel, the Koran. Contempt for, and distrust of, women characterized Mohammed and his followers. He said the majority of those in hell were women. The Arabs had a saying, which they often quoted, "Never trust in women, nor rely upon their vows, for their pleasure and displeasure depend upon their passions. They offer a false affection, while perfidy lurks within their garments.

Be admonished and guard against their stratagems." With immense accumulation of detail, and imposing order, the author unfolds the history of the Moors in Spain, from the day when Tarik landed at Gibraltar to the hour when Boabdil surrendered the keys of the Alhambra; and portrays impressively the extent and might of the Moorish empire. "Its military power became a standing menace to every state of Christendom. Its fleets of armed galleys dominated the seas. The Saracens of Sicily sacked the suburbs of Rome and insulted the Holy Father in the Vatican. In every trade center of the East and West, in the streets of Delhi and Canton, in the bazaars of Damascus, along the crowded quays of Alexandria, beside the scattered wells of the Sahara, at the great fairs of Sweden, Germany, and Russia, in the splendid markets of Constantinople, the Moorish merchants and brokers of Spain outstripped all commercial competitors in the amounts of their purchases and the shrewdness of their bargains. . . . In rapidity of conquest, in extent of dominion, in successful propagation of religious belief, in ability to profit by the resources of nature, in profundity of knowledge and versatility of intellect, no people have ever approached the Arabs. Their conquests were secured and made permanent by that peculiar provision which, appealing to the strongest of human passions and sanctioned by the injunctions of their Prophet, permitted them to appropriate the women of vanquished nations. . . . Of all the dynasties ever established by the followers of Mohammed that of the Ommeyades of Spain ranks highest." This historian proceeds to glorify that Moorish dynasty as follows: "Of its noble deeds, in war and in peace, every individual of Moslem faith or Arab lineage may well be proud; proud of its long line of illustrious princes; proud of its mighty conquests; proud of its civilization, which surpassed the splendors of imperial Rome, and whose arts modern science has found it impossible to successfully imitate; proud of its unequaled agricultural prosperity; proud of the exquisite beauty of its edifices, still preëminently attractive even in their decay; proud of its academical system, with its perfect organization, its colleges, its lyceums, its libraries; proud of the vast attainments of its scholars, its surgeons, its chemists, its botanists, its mathematicians, its astronomers; proud of the theories of its philosophers, which for a thousand years, amidst the incessant fluctuations of human opinion and infinite variations of religious belief, have retained their original form, and are accepted as correct by the most enlightened thinkers of the present age." Most extraordinary, if true! The author closes by lamenting the destruction of this amazing empire as a misfortune to be forever deplored. This is his lofty lamentation: "Evil was the day for human progress when from his battlemented walls the Moor looked down upon the signing of a truce craftily devised for the betrayal of his kindred; evil was the day when upon the red towers of the Alhambra, decorated by the emirs with profuse and unexampled magnificence, and which for seven centuries had been the stronghold of Moslem power, the home of Moslem art, were raised the victorious banners of the Spanish monarchy, suggestive, it is true, of incredible

achievement, of undaunted valor, of heroic self-sacrifice, and of imperishable renown, yet at the same time harbingers of an endless train of national calamities which, like avenging and relentless furies, stalked unseen in the wake of the exultant conqueror." So ends this three-volume book, fairly illustrating in the closing passage the author's grand, if not grandiloquent, style, in which, it should be confessed, there is considerable fascination. One is tempted to say that the story of the Moors in Spain is here "decorated," like "the red towers of the Alhambra," with "profuse and unexampled magnificence." Yet fairness requires us to say that this able work well repays the twenty years of hard study and labor which it cost; albeit it leaves us wondering whether there has been any empire whose history is worth recording except that of the Moors in Spain.

A Yankee on the Yangtze. By WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

This is the sprightly record of a globe-trotter's journey from Shanghai through the Central Kingdom to Burma. It is called by a competent critic "the best contemporaneous account of the life of the common people of China in city and country." The author being an experienced traveler in many lands and a practiced observer, speaking Chinese and traveling *à la Chinoise*, was exceptionally qualified to understand and describe things aright. He is not a missionary nor a preacher, but a sharp critic of everything and everybody, including missionaries, whom especially he watched and studied. He thinks these good people are fallible, and make mistakes like the rest of us; but he testifies to "the culture, kindness, and common sense of the missionary body as a whole." He has found them "vastly superior to the tramp critics who accept the good offices of the missionaries, are entertained at their tables with the best they have, and then go away to criticise their entertainers." He tells of one such, a traveler across China, who was graciously welcomed in a missionary's home and entertained free. The ladies of the household were courteous to him and fed him generously, and gave him all the cream from the day's milk, denying themselves in this and other respects for this traveling stranger. He ate his fill, drank all their cream, received their gentle courtesies, and afterward sneered at these ladies, and disparaged them one by one! And this brave man! this chivalrous gentleman!—say, rather, this dog!—figured afterward at home as a critic of missions and missionaries! The author tells of another traveler who went hunting in India. He and his gun were alike loaded; one with powder and ball, the other with whisky. He could not hold the gun, and his native servant had to do the shooting for him. Yet this man had his opinion of missions and missionaries, and in the club at home his statements will be believed as those of a competent witness testifying from personal knowledge! The writer of *A Yankee on the Yangtze* thinks that missionaries often keep too few servants, and that they ought to keep and use firearms to replenish their tables with game, adding variety to their limited bill of fare. He did not hear one missionary

complain of the smallness of his salary, though many highly educated, able, and capable men are giving their lives to missionary work with less to live on than a common uneducated laborer, a post-hole digger, earns at home. He commends the business methods of the missionaries, and says: "They handle in the most careful way the money given by the Lord's people. The China Inland Mission undertook to finance me across China. That is, in Shanghai, I turned over so many hundred gold dollars to them, and they gave me sight drafts on any place where they have central stations and wherever I would want money. Without exception, everything was properly done. Good business men are attending to the mission merchandise. The missionaries are doing splendid work, and their self-sacrifice and devotion are beyond all praise. Never have I seen money made to go further in accomplishing the purpose for which it was given. As I look back over my travels I think of the many men and women whom I saw laboring to lift the Chinese into a better life. Far from home and friends, they are doing a grand work without snivelling. Their work should appeal to all classes, not only to those who care for souls, but to all who are interested in science or in trade and commerce. For the missionaries write the best books of information about the lands and the peoples, and open the way for commerce and business of every kind. The missionaries set the Chinese an example of high spiritual living, and for this they are hated and slandered by the European winebibber and profligate. The highest officers of the United States government in the cities of China employ as translators and interpreters men trained as missionaries, and the men who now do the translating for the American Minister in Peking and for the Consul-General in Shanghai got their knowledge of China and its language as missionaries in the slums of Chinese cities. But what I admired most in missionaries was their unselfish devotion to duty and their inflexible determination to win. None seemed discouraged, and not one doubted the final result. And yet the English language is inadequate to describe the conditions of filth and misery amid which they often live and work. The stench and foulnesses of Chinese towns and cities can scarcely be imagined. Christian missionaries make their abode there because immortal souls are there. They are nobly doing a splendid work and are entitled to cordial sympathy and adequate support." In the city of Wan, on the Yangtze River, the author was piloted around the city by a Chinaman who turned out to be an evangelist of the Inland Mission, of whom our traveler gives the following account: "He was a man of great mental strength, with high rank as a scholar. He first heard the gospel in Hankow. Six years ago he was engaged to teach Chinese to one of the missionaries. In spite of his Confucian training, he became interested in the story of Christ which he and his pupil were reading together, and as the narrative approached the climax of Calvary the pagan teacher became intensely absorbed. One morning, while his pupil was out of the room for a short time, he read all about the Crucifixion, and the missionary reëntering the room found him with his head bowed and silently weeping. He declared that

henceforth he would be a follower of the Saviour who died for the world. He called together his Confucian friends and burned his family idols in their presence. Though disowned by his family, and persecuted by the Literati, he stands fast in the faith. During the Boxer troubles in 1900 he traveled great distances at his own expense to encourage, protect, and help the Christians at distant out-stations. When some of the missionaries were fleeing toward the coast he went out at his own peril to help them to a place of safety. From the time he read in the New Testament the account of the Crucifixion until now, he has fearlessly and actively identified himself with the Christian cause." This is simply the old, old story—one more proof of the power of the Cross to melt the heart and transform and transfigure the life. This Yankee on the Yangtze says that since the Boxer troubles the respect and confidence of multitudes of the Chinese toward the Christians have greatly increased, one reason for this being the splendid courage and patience and devotion shown by the missionaries and native converts in the dangers and sufferings of that trying time. The Chinese like to belong to a society that has backbone, and they see that the Christian church is that kind of a society. This traveler sees some advantage for Christianity in the results of the Boxer uprising. He says the story of the collapse of that ineffectual movement against the Christians has spread all through China, and, together with the increase of taxes for the payment of the indemnities, has brought home to three hundred millions of people some report of the religion of the Christians as well as a new conception of the strength of Christian nations. He thinks the Christians who died as martyrs at the hands of the Boxers may do more by dying for Christ than they could have done by living. And he says that if the missionaries take advantage of the present situation, Central and Northern China will be evangelized in the near future. He applies to the Chinese the dictum of Voltaire concerning his own countrymen: "They always come late to things, but they do come at last."

MISCELLANEOUS

Players and Vagabonds. By VIOLA ROSEBORO. 12mo, pp. 334. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

This is a book outside our world. The only thing in it that touches our sphere is the curious story of "The Clown and the Missionary," in which the author tells how the only circus clown she ever knew sailed to China as a Christian missionary. On the steamer *Baltic*, bound from New York to Liverpool, was a pale, watery-eyed youth, who on land lived by the violent vivacities of a sawdust buffoon, but who was seen every day on shipboard reading a pocket edition of the Holy Scriptures. On the fly-leaf of his Bible was written in a girl's hand, "To my beloved brother, Teddy, from his loving sister. 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'" Teddy was on his way to see his sister, the dear giver of the little Bible, who, though a mere theatrical scene-painter, had actually had one of her pictures accepted by the Royal Academy.

Of this and his sister's goodness Teddy was proud of telling. On board, also, was a poorly dressed, but gentle and intelligent missionary, home for a while from China, now on his way to a great Exeter Hall meeting in London, whence he would return to his field of labor. The clown and the missionary became acquainted during the voyage to England. His sister and her Bible had awakened religious aspirations in the poor little circus performer. At Queenstown a letter came on board bringing him the dreadful news that his sister was dead. This was the missionary's opportunity to comfort him with the words of the Master, and to deepen religion in his soul. And it ended in the clown's clinging to the missionary and begging to be allowed to go with him to China and help him somehow in his work, by doing anything he wanted him to do. Teddy, when asked about his sudden and queer plan for becoming a missionary, explained thus: "Why, you know the missionary's different from most religious folks; he just takes things naturally. I've saved some money, and my sister has left me a little. I can go out there, and he says he can give me things to do for him as a lay worker, and that I can be of some use to him, and that it will be easier for me to be in good standing there than here in England. I don't care how it is, but I'd like to stay with him and do something some way for religion, you know, for the real thing. I don't know what I'll do when my money is all gone. They'd never want to support me as if I was a real missionary; I wouldn't be worth it. But, anyway, they'll let me be a Christian out there." And the missionary, when inquired of, explained thus: "Yes, Teddy is going with me. He seems so little capable of the ordinary ways of entering upon a religious life that I don't know what channel of usefulness would be open to him at home. He wants to come with me, and it seems to me a good step; things are simpler out there. I don't think he'll come back here. I think he may in time be taken fully into the work." Such is the gist of the story of "The Clown and the Missionary." Some of our readers have heard William Taylor tell how he once started mission work in a South American city with nobody to help him except a rough, profane Englishman who kept a liquor saloon there, whom Taylor utilized for all he was worth—who first assisted Taylor in his meetings by scaring off the rowdies with his fists, and who later, having been converted in the meetings, gave up the liquor business, and took full charge and leadership of the mission when Taylor left for other fields. Starting a mission with no earthly capital except one rum-seller was a characteristic William-Taylor enterprise. It was like threshing a mountain with a worm. And a missionary, it seems, can utilize a circus clown, fresh from the sawdust ring.

